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Joaquin Miller's

POEMS

POETIC PLAYS

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**JOAQUIN MILLER AT THE TIME OF WRITING THE
DANITES. FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT IN THE POSSES-
SION OF MRS. FRANK LESLIE (THE BARONESS DE BAZUS)**

Best Edition

JOSEPH ROSSINI
POETRY

[in six volumes]

Volume Six
Poetic Plays



San Francisco
The Whitaker & Ray Company
1910



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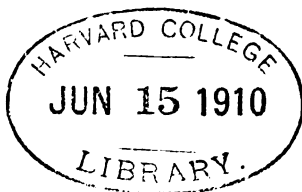
Volume Six
Poetic Plays



San Francisco
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TO
MY PARENTS
HULINGS
AND MARGARET WITT MILLER

PREFACE

Years ago when the "Songs of the Sierras" had made some stir in London, an alert actor there, liking the new and musical name "Sierras," helped me put two of my magazine sketches together, "The First Woman in the Forks" and "The Last Man of Mexican Camp," as a play, called the first "Fam'lies of the Sierras." Then I put it into book form and published it in London and Chicago under this name. Soon after a retired actor, Fitzgerald of Philadelphia, put it again into a play for Kittie Blanchard, a deserving actress who produced it in New York. She paid me the better part of ten thousand dollars royalties, and as she was very capable and popular, she was allowed all sorts of liberties in the story. For example, having a child she wished to put on the stage, the little tot is shot to death in the first act by the Danites; thrilling! And then the Chinaman, intended as comedy, is made almost a villain, simply to please the gallery. But all this sort of thing, as in the other plays here published, must be brushed aside, and the better strains must be told on the stage hereafter, if told at all, as here set down.

The Chinese are not thieves; nor are the Mormons murderers. True, some of their fanatics led the Mountain Meadow massacre, but they were no worse, and certainly not better, than the Missouri mob that butchered Joseph Smith and his brother, Hiram, founders of the Mormon Church.

But it is not likely they will see the footlights soon again. For we are fast forgetting open and honest nature. The wild woods, the mountains,

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the robust, sincere and half wild men of the open air we have put aside for clothes and "curled darlings"; while the play of today must not only smell of the lamp but smell of something even more "shady," and poetic truth earns only a French shrug of the shoulders.

The play "Forty Nine" was also a book and play together. It has much the same setting as the Danites, but is a better play with a higher purpose. An illustrated story of the patient Argonaut, a modern Ulysses struggling to again see his wife, babe and dog.

An "Oregon Idyl" was likewise a story and book together. I like it the best of all my plays; maybe because I love the woods and loved nearly all the characters herein.

"Tally-Ho" was founded on Horace Greeley's spirited sketch of his crossing the Sierras with Hank Monk, the dashing stage driver. This play started off with great promise. Joe Jefferson was its godfather; John Sousa wrote the music, and the present leading member of Congress from San Francisco played a part. Hank Monk was a most lovable man, but he went all to pieces, as you see him in the play. In fact, the bottle, the bowie knife and the rope are most monstrously conspicuous in these few plays I have chosen to preserve. But this is literally the truth of those stormy old days; "the brief and abstract chronicle of the time."

However all these hard and tempestuous days are well behind us and we may hope soon to see a drunken man as seldom on the stage as on the street. The fact is there has long been too many men on the stage; too many men, both drunk and

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sober. The stage is really and truly no place for a manly man. As for the "matinee idol," he ought to be put with the extinct animals.

As the Greeks never allowed a woman on the stage, so we of today should never allow a man on the stage save perhaps as the "heavy villain."

With more women and fewer men on the stage we surely would have far less drunkenness there, either real or affected, and the demand for "cloves" would not be nearly so great in front as now.

You and I may not live to see it, but I venture the prophecy and should like to write it down in red, that the next generation will see the stage almost exclusively in the hands of women. And women, who are so much finer and far seeing than men, will begin to write our plays; as they should have done long since. The hope and possible salvation of the Stage is Woman.

*"There were giants in the earth in those days . .
. . the same become mighty men which were of old;
men of renown."*

BIBLE.

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THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SANDY.—*"A king, this man Sandy; a poet, a painter, a mighty moralist; a man who could not write his own name."*

THE PARSON.—*So-called because he could "out-swear any man in the Camp."*

THE JUDGE.—*Chosen, because he was fit for nothing else in this "Glorious climate of California."*

BILL HICKMAN.—*A Danite Chief.*

CARTER.—*Companion to Hickman.*

LIMBER TIM.—*Sandy's "Limber Pardner."*

WASHIE WASHIE.—*"A Helpless little Heathen."*

BILLY PIPER.—*"That Cussed Boy."*

THE WIDOW.—*A Missionary to the Mines.*

CAPT. TOMMY.—*A woman with a bad name but a good heart.*

BUNKERHILL.—*Companion to Capt. Tommy.*

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

ACT I.

SCENE: "*The Howlin' Wilderness.*" Saloon. Bar. Water bucket on table. Mining tools, rocker, etc. Miners discovered lounging about. The Judge and Limber Tim at bar, drinking.

JUDGE. Well, well, well. And so that boy, Billy Piper, is livin' in that old cabin up the Middle Fork where them three miners handed in their checks to the Danites?

LIMBER TIM. Livin' there all alone by hisself, Judge!

JUDGE. Why, I wouldn't live in that 'ere cabin all alone by myself, Tim, for that cradle full of gold.

TIM. It's been empty, that cabin, 'bout a year, Judge.

JUDGE. Empty as a bran new coffin, Tim.

TIM. And folks just about as willin' to get into it, as into a bran new coffin, I guess.

JUDGE. Tim, me and Sandy had gone out to help the emigrants, where we seed that poor gal, Nancy Williams, killed, and we warn't here. But you was. Tell me how it was the Danites killed 'em all three in that cabin, and you fellows didn't smell a mouse till it was all over. (*Miners gather around.*)

TIM. Well, them three miners was kind o' exclusive like, just as if they war a bit afraid of suthin'. They come from Hannibal, Missouri. But they was good miners and good neighbors, too, and was a makin' money like mud.

JUDGE. Yes, hard workers. Struck it, too, in the

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channel afore Sandy and me went out to meet the emigrants that time?

TIM. Yes, you remember 'em, Judge. All strong, healthy, handsome fellows. But you see—shoo! Be careful, boys, when you speak of it—but they was of that hundred masked men that killed the Mormon Prophet, Joe Smith.

JUDGE. And the Danites hunted 'em down, every one, even away out here in the heart of the Sierras.

TIM. Yes. Three as fine, hearty fellows as ever you see, and a makin' money like dirt, when along comes a chap, gets in with 'em, and the first thing you know, a rope breaks in the shaft, and one of 'em is killed. Then the water breaks in one night, and one is drowned. And then the last one of the three is found dead at the foot of the crag yonder.

JUDGE. And nobody suspectin' nothin' all this time?

TIM. No. But they did, at last, and when me and the boys went there and found that long-haired stranger chap gone, and all their clothes, and all the gold scattered over the floor, why we knew it was—Shoo! Danites!

JUDGE. Left all their clothes, and just lots of gold scattered all over the cabin floor! When I got back, and heard about the gold, I went right up—

TIM. But too late, Judge. The old clothes was there, but the gold—well, that had evaporated.

JUDGE. Yes, you had been there, Tim. I don't want any more old clothes, and come to think, I don't want any gold that comes to a fellow's hand like that. Why, boys, that little old cabin is haunted, and that boy a livin' in it.

TIM. And all alone, boys.

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JUDGE. Well, if that boy don't see ghosts in that cabin, livin' all alone by hisself like that—there ain't any, that's all. How long's he been there, Tim?

TIM. I don't know. Month or two, maybe. You see after the men was all dead, and that stranger chap skipped out, nobody liked to go near the cabin; kinder 'fraid of the Danites. (*Enter Bill Hickman and Carter L. C.*)

JUDGE. Shoo Tim! See! (*Miners fall back down L.*)

HICKMAN. (*Making sign to Barkeeper.*) Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels so that his rider shall fall backwards. (*They grasp hands, drink and exit L. C.*)

TIM. Them's Danites.

JUDGE. (*Grasping pickhandle.*) Well, as Judge of this ar camp, I'd just like to purify this glorious climate of California with—

TIM. Judge! Judge! The Bar keep too? a Danite; didn't you see the grip he gave? You don't know who is and who ain't. Now just you remember them three poor fellows up the Canyon and keep still: Hello! My Pard. (*Enter Sandy and the Parson L. C. and cross to Bar.*)

SANDY. Come boys. (*All make rush to Bar.*) Well, you are all alive here I see.

PARSON. None of these 'uns dead Sandy, eh? (*All laugh.*) But poor Dolores. Just been a help-in' Capt. Tommy and Bunkerhill put her in the coffin.

SANDY. Was starved to death. Yes she was boys, and right here. Yes, and Tim, when you went to get a subscription for the Dutchman that broke his leg—

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TIM. Why she sot up in bed and took off a ring, and——

SANDY. Took off a ring—her marriage ring—the last one she had, and you didn't have sense enough to see it. Oh, I don't blame you Tim, that was her way, you know. She was starvin' then. But boys look here; the Parson he wrote "Small Pox," on that butcher's door, that refused her meat, and now—well, he'll go into bankruptcy.

ALL. Good! Good! Served him right!

JUDGE. But, I say, Sandy, did you see them strangers?

SANDY. The tall, religious sort of chaps?

JUDGE. Talkin' about Dan bein' a serpent in the path.

SANDY. Yes. Seed 'em lookin' at the dead body of Dolores, down there. What of it? You seem skeered.

JUDGE. Danites!

TIM. Danites in the Sierras!

SANDY. What!

JUDGE. Yes, Danites. And the very fellows, too, I think, that you and me run across when we went out to meet the emigrants, after we found this 'ere minin' camp.

SANDY. That shot—that hunted down the last of the Williams and shot, shot her—that pretty, that sweetly pretty girl that, that we found, Judge, and tried to save and bring back to camp to the boys?

JUDGE. The same hungry, Bible-howlin' varmits, I do believe.

SANDY. Judge, I'll be revenged for that poor girl's death if it takes me ten years. Why, there she came to us just at the gray of dawn, just as we seed the gold of the mornin' star croppin' out of the

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heavens; came to us, weary, torn, half-dead with hunger and fright, flyin' into camp like a wounded dove, there on the bank of the deep, foamin' Truckee river. "Why, poor little bird," I said, and I put my arms about her and took her up when she fell at our feet, boys, and laid her away to rest under the tree, by the bank, Judge, you know, and watched over her, we two did, Judge, as if she'd been our own kid. And then, Judge, when she waked up, you remember, and we fed her, and she talked and told us all. And how we promised and swore to save her, Judge. And then, just as we got all packed up and ready to come back, the Danites came burstin' in upon us, leadin' the Ingins, and all of 'em a shootin' at that poor, helpless baby, that never did anybody any harm.

JUDGE. (*Crying and wiping eyes.*) That alkali dust out there hurts my eyes yet. (*Rushes to bar and drinks.*) That strengthens the eyes.

SANDY. And then, boys, after the battle was over and I turned to look for her—Gone! Gone! Only the deep, dark river rollin' between its willow walls. Gone! Gone! Only the dark and ugly river gurglin', sweepin' and rollin' by, and the willows leanin' over it and drippin' and drippin' and bendin' to the ugly waters. Leanin' and weepin' as if in tears for her. Only the dark river rollin' there under the bendin' willows and—and—and my heart as cold and empty as a dead man's hand.

TIM. Why, Sandy, my poor old pard, we'll all stand by you and help you git even on 'em.

PARSON. Stand by you agin the Danites, Sandy, till the cows come home; and thar's my hand.

SANDY. (*Wiping his eyes and going.*) If them's them, Judge, I'll find 'em and raise 'em out of their

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boots. No, you needn't come, boys. If I can find 'em, that's all I ask. Let me have 'em all to myself, boys. (*Exit, L. C.*)

JUDGE. Poor Sand. He loved her, boys. And she was pretty. So sweetly pretty. And to go and get shot and drowned like that, when we was fightin' for her.

TIM. Why he talks about her yet in his sleep, Parson. But he wouldn't know her if he seed her.

JUDGE. Only seed her by the camp-fire, boys. But he hain't been the same man since.

PARSON. Always was a little soft here. (*Taps heart.*) But he's good, Tim. I ain't sayin' nothin' agin' your pard. Only he's tender hearted. (*Enter Washee Washee, L. C.*)

WASHEE WASHEE. (*Down stage.*) I say, Plosson, plack tlain comee.

JUDGE. (*Aside.*) The pack train! Then there will be some news. And maybe some strangers; and maybe some business. Must brush up a bit.

WASHEE. Yes, plack tlain comee down way uppee mountain, an' a somebodee alle samee a Captin' Tommy; Blunkel hillee.

TIM. All the same Capt. Tommy?

PARSON. All the same Bunkerhill? Now you git out of here. You've been lyin' enough. Git, I tell you. (*Kicks at him and Washee exits, L. C.*) Lie! Why, that Chinaman can lie the bark off a tree. (*All laugh.*)

JUDGE. Guess he can steal some, too, Parson.

PARSON. Steal? He even steals from himself, just to keep his hand in. (*Enter Sandy, L. C.*)

SANDY. Couldn't find 'em. And that's what makes me think it *was* Danites. Judge, they come

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and go as if they came up out of, or sink into the ground, like that.

TIM. Maybe they're gone up to the haunted cabin to see Billy Piper?

JUDGE. Oh, do you know, Parson, Stubbs here, says he's a wearin' of them dead men's old clothes?

PARSON. Hold on, I've got an idea! That boy Billy Piper's a Danite!

SANDY. Now look here, Parson, you don't like that boy, I know.

PARSON. No. I don't like nobody that lives all alone by hisself and in a place like that. Why, the blood ain't hardly dry yet, where them three men died, and he a livin' there.

SANDY. Well, now, maybe he ain't got no other place to stay. And he ain't strong, you know. Why, the first time I ever seed him, I met him in the trail, and he got out of it as I come by, and held down his head, all for the world like a timid bit of a girl, Judge. And when I said, "boy, what's your name?" he stammered, and as if he wanted to get away, Judge, and at last, with his head still held down, he told me his name—Billy Piper—then smiled so sadly, like *her*, Judge, and went on.

JUDGE. Well, Sandy, ain't nothin' wonderful 'bout it, is there?

SANDY. No, Judge, not that. It's only Billy Piper, that's all. That's his name, boys. And don't you go for to nick-name him. But, Judge, that smile was like *her*—like *her* smile, *her's*.

TIM. Oh, now, Sandy, don't; that's a good fellow. Forget all about that.

JUDGE. Yes. Talk about—'bout suthin' new, talk about the weather—this glorious climate of California, and—and—and—take a drink?

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

SANDY. Why, of course, boys. That's all right. But you, Parson, don't be too hard on little Billy Piper. I know it does make one feel kind o' skeery to think where he lives, and how he lives. But he's squar', squar', Parson.

TIM. And a poet. Yes. Says pretty things as he stands lookin' up at the moon, a wheelin' through the pine tops; prettier things than you can find in a book.

SANDY. And says things as sets you a thinkin', too. Why, he says to hisself today, kind o' quiet like, when some of the boys was tauntin' Bunker about the hump on her back, says he, takin' Bunker-hill's hand, says he, "God has made some women a little bit plain, in order that He might have some women that is perfectly good."

TIM. Just like a book, ain't it?

JUDGE. A little shaky here. (*Taps head.*) Maybe he's had trouble.

SANDY. Jest so, Judge, jest so. O, but I say, boys. Forgot to tell you. Seed Soapy Dan the stoorkeeper just now, when I went out to look for them fellows and what do you think? Why his pack train is comin' in, and a missionary is a comin' in on it, too.

ALL. A Missionary!

PARSON. A—a—now look here? Not a missionary? Of all things under the heavens, or on the earth, what use have we for a missionary here?

ALL. No use, no use at all.

JUDGE. No! We're too good *now*.

PARSON. A derved sight too good!

JUDGE. Why it's insinervations, that's what it is.

TIM. Better send him to the Cannibal Islands, eh, Parson?

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PARSON. Do they take us for Cannibals out here, in this 'ere camp?

JUDGE. He'll want to be Judge and everything else.

PARSON. It is an insult. A roarin', howlin' insult, for that 'ere storekeeper to let 'em come in here on his mules. And if he sets foot in here, boys, and he will set foot in here, he'll come in here to take up a collection right off—O yes, I know 'em. I seed 'em in Missouri and on the Mississippi, and seed 'em when I went down the river and took ship. Oh I know the white choker gentry. They will have the best in the land and pay nothing. They never miss a meal and never pay a cent. A Boston missionary, bah!

JUDGE. (*Shakes pickhandle.*) Well, then, gentlemen, it's my official opinion, as judge of this 'ere camp, that we'd best find him guilty on the spot, and execute him when he arrives.

PARSON. Tried, and found guilty.

ALL. Yes; let's all go for him.

TIM. O, but he won't come in here.

PARSON. Won't he, though? This is the sittin' room of the hotel. He'll come to the hotel to get his fodder, won't he? O they always have the best in the land, the broad-brimmed, long-legged, lean, lantern-jawed, hymn-howlin', white chokered sons of guns. I'm down on 'em, I am.

SANDY. Well, guess we'd better all go for him, eh, boys?

PARSON. O, no. Don't let's go for him. Let's pass around the hat for brother Tompkinsonsonson; let's take up a collection; do suthin' religious.

TIM. (*Taking drink from bucket.*) Let's all be baptized. (*All laugh.*)

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PARSON. Bully for Tim! Let's baptize the missionary!

SANDY. That's the idea, boys. Say, boys. Look here. When he comes in at that door——

PARSON. Baptize him, then and thar. Yes! Let's baptize him and give him his new name, like all the rest of us.

SANDY. (*All sitting; pans; water.*) We'll do it, and I'll be chief mourner.

TIM. Wonder if he's a sprinkler or a dipper?

SANDY. Well, we'll make him think he's a dipper.

PARSON. Won't he look funny though, with his broad-brimmed Quaker hat all wilted down like a cabbage leaf?

TIM. An' his long-tailed coat all a streamin'.

SANDY. And his umbrella won't do him no good, for the water will rain from below. (*All roar. Enter Washee Washee.*)

WASHEE. Missonalie—longee cloatee—comee.

PARSON. He's a comin' right in. Told you so, boys. Washee, take that, and give him one for his mother. (*Hands water.*) Comin' in. Told you so.

SANDY. There, boys! Pullin' at the latch-string. Give it to him. (*Enter Widow, bag in hand, scar on cheek. Miners fall back.*)

ALL. Calico!

WIDOW. I am the missionary.

PARSON. The missionary!

SANDY. (*To miners; down water.*) Yes, and the very kind of missionary the camp wanted.

WIDOW. (*Aside.*) Why, they all had gold-pans in their hands. How industrious these honest miners are.

PARSON. Say, Sandy, let's send to the Board of Missions for a thousand missionaries.

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

WIDOW. I sent word by the storekeeper that I was coming. I hope you were ready to receive the missionary?

JUDGE. Hem! We—we was ready to receive the missionary, mum, but—but not that kind of a missionary, mum.

SANDY. But we're glad, we're glad it is this kind of one, all the same.

PARSON. (*Brushing up and coming close to the widow.*) Yes we are, mum, by the — (hand over mouth.)

SANDY. The biggest strike, Judge, since we found the Forks. Now go in. Make a speech. Speak for me. Don't let the parson have it all to say.

JUDGE. This glorious climate, California, mum. Mum, mum, welcome. Welcome, mum, to the—the—the—to—Married, mum? (*Widow shakes head. Miners wild with delight.*) California widow, perhaps? (*She modestly turns away.*) A widder, boys. A real, squar', modest mite of a widder.

PARSON. Yes, she's a widder. And pretty. God bless the pretty widder.

SANDY. A widder! A California widder?

JUDGE. Yes, yes, Sandy. That's all right. You see the other kind never gets this far. They seem to spile first.

PARSON. Have suthin' to drink, widder?

WIDOW. O no, thank you. But if you could show me a room——

PARSON. The best room in the Forks is yourn till you can get a cabin of your own. This way. (*Showing her off, R.*)

SANDY. Yes; but we all must be allowed to pay for it together, Parson.

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

WIDOW. Parson?

SANDY. This is the Parson, mum.

WIDOW. O, I'm so glad. I shall have you preach at every service. (*Exit, R.*)

ALL. Have you preach? (*All laugh.*)

PARSON. Have me preach?

SANDY. Why, she don't know we call you the Parson because you can out cuss any man in the camp. Come! My treat! (*All rush to bar.*)

JUDGE. Who's goin' to be baptized now, Parson?

PARSON. I am. Yes, I am, boys. I'm converted; and I'm willin' to be baptized.

SANDY. Leastwise, we don't baptize the widder, no way. (*Sadly.*) But what strange wind or storm blew her away in here among the crags and pines, boys? And so pretty, too; pretty as poor little Nancy Williams. And the scar? But pshaw, no. This cannot be her.

PARSON. Pretty, pretty, and good as gold. But she's had trouble, old pard. That's been a bullet made that scar.

SANDY. That's just what set me to thinkin' just now. And I want to look at her pretty face agin, boys. For you see them Danites came just as she came. Now we couldn't find the body of Nancy Williams, Judge, you know, and with that scar and them Danites, I tell you this might be Nancy Williams, and if——

JUDGE. Sandy! Sandy! You—— That's not possible. You're always thinkin' of poor Nancy Williams. Why that river rolls over her, Sandy. Forget her, do. Now, here's this 'ar widder——

TIM. O that pretty widder. (*Straightening up collar.*) I'm goin' to fix myself up.

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

PARSON. And me, too. (*Miners repeat this and all exit, leaving Sandy.*)

WIDOW. (*Entering.*) All alone? And so thoughtful and still.

SANDY. (*Starts.*) Why I—I was a thinkin' a bit, widder. I—the boys have gone to fix up, I guess. You see you're the first woman in the Forks, mum.

WIDOW. And are there no ladies here then?

SANDY. Ladies? No, no ladies, mum. No children. No young folks at all. Only one. Billy Piper. A pale-faced, lonesome little fellow that lives all alone by hisself.

WIDOW. Why, how sad for him. I shall seek him out and console him.

SANDY. You mind me, mum, of a face that I saw once in the dusk and in trouble; a sweet, sad face, that vanished away like a dear, tender dream. But no, no, you are taller than she.

WIDOW. Why, how strange. I must have you tell me all about it. But here are your friends. (*Miners entering dressed loudly, drink, and edge up to widow.*)

PARSON. Now Sandy's had her five minutes all by hisself. She's talked to him five whole minutes. I'd a been converted and baptized by this time. (*Enter Billy Piper; pick and pan.*)

SANDY. This is the boy Billy Piper, mum, that lives all alone by hisself.

WIDOW. I'm very glad to know you. We shall be the best of friends.

BILLY. O, I thank you so much. (*Aside.*) A woman. And a kind, true woman, too. Life will not be so hard now. No, not so utterly desolate.

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But Sandy! How he looks at her. Looks at her tenderly as he once looked at me.

WIDOW. And you are a little miner. I should so like to dig the pure gold from the earth, too.

BILLY. Then come, and I will show you how it is done. (*Exit.*)

PARSON. Curse that Danite boy! His smooth tongue and face will win that widder's heart in five minutes. Well, if she don't baptize him, I will, and in deeper water than he thinks. (*Goes to door. Shouts outside.*) Hello! Boys after that Chinaman again!

WASHEE. Blandee! Blandee! Me likee blandee. (*Drinks again.*) Blandee makee Chinaman feel allee same likee flighten clock. (*Going to door.*) Melican man no comee. No catchee Chinaman. (*Drinks.*) Melican man he no comee. Chinaman he no go. (*Shouts outside. Enter miners, excited.*)

PARSON. There he is, boys. (*Rush at Washee.*)

TIM. Well, he's got 'em. You bet he has. Let's search him.

JUDGE. Yes, search him. And if you find he's got anything, why I'll find him guilty.

PARSON. Yes, and if you find him guilty, Judge, he's got to swing.

JUDGE. Got anything more, Washee? If you got anything the law will make you give it up. You can't go on breakin' the seventh commandment like that, in this glorious climate of California, I can tell you. No, not while I'm Judge, you can't. Got anything about you? (*Seizes queue, and pulls about.*) Got anything about you, I say?

WASHEE. Yesee. My gotee that! (*Draws pistol, Judge backs.*)

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PARSON. He's drawed a pistol! A Chinaman dares to draw a pistol! Has it come to this in California? A Chinaman draws a pistol on a white man in California! Bring that rope. (*Miners hand rope.*)

JUDGE. (*Hiding behind Sandy.*) Hang him! Hang him! And I'll pronounce sentence of death on him afterwards.

SANDY. (*Takes pistol.*) Hand in your checks, Washee, Washee.

PARSON. Here boys! Out to the nearest tree. (*Throws noose over Washee's head; other end to miners. Dragging to door. Shouting wildly: "Hang him!" Enter widow, C., with Billy. She lifts hand; all let go. Washee at her feet. She throws off rope. Miners down stage in shame.*)

Curtain.

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ACT II.

SCENE: *Moonlight on the Sierras. Rocky Run crossing the stage; ledge overhanging; set cabin, practical door, foot of run, background of distant snow-capped peaks.*

(Enter Hickman and Carter from R. I. E.)

HICKMAN. That's her cabin. The missionary. Humph! As if we could not find her out, though she professed herself a saint. Her time has come.

CARTER. Yes. But it seems to me, after she has escaped the bullet and the flood, and hid away here, toiling too as she does, it is hard to kill her. May-be the Lord has willed to spare her.

HICK. *(Close and solemn.)* And Dan shall be a serpent in the path, that biteth the horse's heel till his rider falleth backward. Is she not sentenced to death? Do we not hold our commission for her execution?

CARTER. But I—I'm tired of this hunting down helpless women. As long as it was men I did my part, but now—well she had no hand in the Prophet's death.

HICK. But her father had. And are *you* to sit in judgment now on this? You are not the judge. You are only the executioner. No! She and all her kindred shall perish from the earth. For I will be revenged, saith the Lord, unto the third and fourth generation.

CARTER. And I am to kill her? Enter that cabin like a thief and kill her with this knife? This hand? I will not! I——

HICK. And be an apostate? And die by *this* knife? And *this* hand?

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CARTER. I will defend myself.

HICK. Fool! Defend yourself against the destroying angels? Whistle against the winds of the Sierras, but defy not the Danites of the Church. Hush! (*Exit, R. 1. E. Enter Widow and Billy from cabin, L.*)

BILLY. How beautiful! The whole moon's heart is poured out into the mighty Sierras. O, what a miracle; the moon and golden stars; and all the majesty and mystery of this calm, still world to love. O, life is not so hard now.

WIDOW. And you love the world, with all your sad, hard life?

BILLY. And why not? Is it less beautiful because *I* have had troubles? My sweet friend, it seems to me the highest, the holiest religion that we can have, is to love this world, and the beauty, the mystery, the majesty that environs us.

WIDOW. How strange all this from one so young. I came here, a missionary, to teach; I am being taught. But stay awhile yet. You see by the moonlight on the mountain, it is not so late as you thought. We may still read another chapter of your little Testament.

BILLY. No, I must go now. Besides, I know Sandy is coming this evening. Oh, I know you expect him. And he, he would not like to see me here.

WIDOW. And why not? His is a high, loyal nature, above the petty quarrels and jealousies of the camp. Come, come in and wait till he calls. Then you see you will not leave me alone.

BILLY. Alone? And do you fear to be alone? Oh! do you, too, shudder and start at strange sounds and signs as I do? Last night, up yonder on the

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banks of the stream, in my cabin in the thick woods, as I lay there I heard footsteps about my cabin. I heard the chapparal and manzanita crackle, as if monsters prowled about; wild beasts, waiting to devour me.

WIDOW. Then come in. You shall not go till you are at least in better heart. (*Into cabin. Enter Parson up canyon at back, breathless, pick on shoulder.*)

PARSON. Well! That is a climb for you. If I'd lost my footin' comin' up that precipice, good-bye Parson. But it was a mile around by the trail, and I wanted to get to the widder's cabin afore Sandy. She's in thar'. Lord love her! The sweetest thing in these 'ere Sierras. These 'ere Sierras? The sweetest and the prettiest in this universal world. Yes, and the boys all know it. They all knowed it when she came. But when she took this 'ere cabin, and took in that cussed, thievin' little heathen, kind o' absorbed him like, and set up to washin' the boys' clothes; workin' like the rest of us—when I see'd that 'ere little widder a bendin' over a wash-tub, earnin' her bread by the sweat of her brow; wearin' a diadem of diamonds on her forehead; well, I thought of my mother and my sister, an' it made me better—better—and I loved her so, I loved her so. (*Has been coming down Run; is at door. Stops and listens.*) The widder readin'? And—and to him—that boy Piper. That brat that's either Danite, Devil or imp? I'll—I'll strangle him. I'll take him by the throat and choke the life out of him with these two hands and chuckle with delight while doin' it. He's comin' out. I'll wait till I catch him alone and then I'll throttle him. (*Exit, L. Enter Billy and widow.*)

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BILLY. O, yes. I am quite strong now. It was only a passing shadow; as the clouds will sometimes shut out the light of the sun or the beauty of yon moon. I suppose such moments come to us all. Good-night. My cabin is not far.

WIDOW. And if anything happens, or you feel at all sad or lonely, come back, and Sandy, if he comes, I am sure will be glad to take you to his own cabin and cheer you up.

BILLY. Sandy! You know not what you say. But no. It is *I* rather, that know not what *I* say. Good-night.

WIDOW. Good-night. And come again soon to read the other chapters.

BILLY. I will come. Good-night. (*Widow closes door. Billy looks off.*) How full of rest and peace the whole world seems. But I? I am as the dove that was sent forth from out the Ark and found not where to set its foot. The olive branch? It is not for me. (*Enter Judge and Tim, L.*)

TIM. Yes, Judge, my pard's cut the sand clean from under the Parson's feet, I guess. He's goin' to pop to-night, he tells me, if he can only pump up the spunk to do it. (*Takes bottle from boot leg; they drink; he returns it.*)

JUDGE. Goin' to get married? Well Tim, in this glorious climate of California, I tell you one feels like—like—well, as if he must do suthin', Tim.

TIM. If there was only more women, Judge.

JUDGE. That's it Tim. I tell you, it makes me feel sort of, of warlike to think about what Sandy's goin' to do. I tell you, in this glorious climate of of California—— (*Billy down stage and they meet.*)

TIM. Billy Piper at the widder's agin? Judge,

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you're the Judge of this 'ere camp. Set him up.

JUDGE. Billy, as Judge of this 'ere camp I must say that you ain't doin' the squar'. The boys talk powerful rough about you and her. You're a cryin' shame to the —the—the—this glorious climate of California. And Billy for the reputation of this 'ere camp I think I'll punch your head. (*About to strike. Enter Capt. Tommy and Bunkerhill, L.*)

CAPT. TOMMY. (*Fist in Judge's face.*) Touch that boy and I'll knock the corn juice out of you. Yes I will, and you too. Light out, Billy. (*Exit Billy, R. 3 E.*) You bald-headed, gum-suckin' old idiot.

BUNKERHILL. Tackle a boy, eh? 'Bout the only thing in the camp you could lick anyhow; both of you.

JUDGE. Well, Capt. Tommy, I'm magistrate and must not fight. But Tim—speak to her, Tim.

TIM. Yes, he's a magistrate; and you've got to keep the peace too, or he'll—

CAPT. TOMMY. Well, do *you* want to take it up? You long-legged, jackass rabbit you. Come on, both of you. I'm your match.

BUNKERHILL. Takes both of 'em to make one man. (*Enter Widow from cabin.*)

JUDGE. Ahem! The widder! Good evenin', marm. I'll put 'em under arrest for bein' drunk and disorderly, if they disturb you, marm.

CAPT. TOMMY. Widder, sorry to disturb you. Bunker and me is allers in trouble. Allers, allers. And not allers for faults of our own, mum; it's the bad name, mum.

BUNKERHILL. It's the bad name, mum. And we must bear it. Good-night, widder, good-night. (*Going.*)

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CAPT. TOMMY. Don't think too hard of us. We hain't had no bringin' up, like better women has. But we won't never make no rows anymore, mum, if you'll forgive us.

WIDOW. Forgive you? You have done me no harm, and if you have trouble, young ladies, remember it is yourselves you harm. You do yourselves harm, young ladies.

CAPT. TOMMY. (*To Bunker.*) Young ladies! She called us young ladies.

BUNKERHILL. She's a good 'un, Tommy. A good, squar' woman. (*Both returning.*)

CAPT. TOMMY. (*Weeping.*) Widder, between us rolls a wide river that has borne Bunker and me from the high, sunny shore where you stand to the dark, muddy t'other side; and I'll not try to cross it, widder. But God bless you for callin' us young ladies. We was good once, and we had mothers once. Yes, we had, mothers, and fathers, and little baby brothers and sisters, and— (*Tim affected. Judge takes out handkerchief.*)

BUNKERHILL. Yes, fathers and mothers and little brothers and sisters that loved us, before we fell into the dark river that bore us 'far from the high, white shore where you stand, widder.

WIDOW. (*Offering hands.*) The river is not so wide that my hands will not reach across it. If my feet are on the solid bank, take my hand, hold strong and come up and stand by my side. (*They hesitate, grasp her hands and kiss them.*)

JUDGE. Tim, I feel as if I'd been to meetin' in Missouri and, and, got religion.

TIM. You old fool, you're a cryin'; Capt. Tommy, she's a cryin'; and Bunker—she's a—(*Breaks down.*)

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JUDGE. Capt. Tommy, I'm an old, busted, bald-headed old—well, I guess I am an old fool. But you've made me better. And if you'll take me for better or for worse——

TIM. And me, too, Bunker. I'm hot lead in a bullet ladle. All melted up. Take me? (*Both greatly amazed. Confer aside, then frankly forward.*)

BUNKER. Well, if you'll be good to Billy, and to everybody.

TIM. Good to Billy? You will make us good to all. Good! But come. Now let us go tell Sandy. (*Both embrace; ladies take arms and going.*)

JUDGE. O, this glorious climate of California!

WIDOW. You will all come to see me?

JUDGE. We will come. Good-night. (*Exit, R. 3 E; Widow looking after. Enter Sandy, L. 1 E.*)

SANDY. Why, widder, you—you out here? You—you waitin' here for me, widder? Say yes, widder. Say you were waitin' for me, and it will be as if the sun, and the moon, and the stars all together shone out over the Sierras, and made this another Eden, with its one sweet woman in the center of God's own garden of fruits and flowers, and—and——

WIDOW. Why, Sandy! You used to sit for hours in my cabin and not say one word, and now, you talk like a running brook.

SANDY. No, no, widder. I can't talk. I never could. I never can, widder. But widder, it's not them that can talk that feel. You hear the waters thunderin' down that ar' canyon over thar'? They are shallow and foamy, and wild. But where they meet the river away down below, they are calm and still. But, they are deep and strong, and clear.

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So widder, it seems to me with the hearts of men and women. And widder, when I stood thinkin' of you, to-day——

WIDOW. You thought of me to-day?

SANDY. To-day? Yesterday! To-morrow! Forever! O, widder, as I bent to my work in the runnin' water, the white clouds far up above me tangled in the high, dark tops of the pines, the gold shinin' there in the dark loam and muck, as the pure waters poured over it; the gold as pure and true, and as beautiful as your noble life, my lady, I thought of you, how that you was like that gold in the loam and in the muck, among us all. And——and——

WIDOW. Us all? (*Aside.*) Why can't he speak up for himself, now that he has learned to speak? (*Aloud.*) And you think I have done good here——for *us* all?

SANDY. Good! You have been the seasons of the year. The spring and summer, and the fruit and flower of the year, to every one of us. Why, we'd a hung that cussed Chinaman. We would. Yes, and never a thought about it after he was buried. And, why we hain't hardly had a funeral since you came, and we used to have 'em every Sunday, when only Bunker and Capt. Tommy and poor dead Dolores was here. O, yes, you've helped us, widder.

WIDOW. Helped *us*. Has the little missionary done *you* no good, Sandy?

SANDY. O, yes, you—yes, you—you—you—washed my shirt.

WIDOW. Oh Sandy!

SANDY. Yes, that was good in you, widder. But you see that's considerable trouble to a feller too, as

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well as help. For when a feller has to send his pard with his shirt and go to bed till it gets back——

WIDOW. Why Sandy, haven't you but one shirt?

SANDY. But one shirt? Do you think a man wants a thousand shirts in the Sierras?

WIDOW. O Sandy, you do need a missionary, indeed you do, Sandy. You want a missionary badly. (*Sandy starts, and for the first time seems to understand.*)

SANDY. I—I—yes, widder, I do want a missionary; I need a missionary. I—I—the great, rough heathen of this 'ere camp. Never did a cannibal hunger for a missionary as my heart hungers for—— Widder, will you—can you—can you—will you be my missionary?—my wife?

WIDOW. Sandy, here is my hand; my heart you ought to have known has long been yours. (*Offering hand.*)

SANDY. You—you—you don't mean it? Is it me that's to have you? Rough, bluff, bearded old Sandy. Not the Parson; not slim Limber Tim, not that gentle, sweet boy, Billy Piper, but Sandy? Sandy, strong as a pine in Winter, and rough as the bark of a tree. And this—this soft, lily-like hand to be laid in his! O, widder, you don't mean to give me this dear, tremblin' little hand, do you? Soft and white, and flutterin' like a dove that has just been caught. Is this little hand to be mine for storms or sunny weather, widder?

WIDOW. Yes, Sandy.

SANDY. (*Taking her in his arms.*) Jerusalem! Mine! Mine! My wife! Mine, to work for, to plan for, to love and to live for! Mine! Mine! Mine! My beauty! Mine! Mine, at last! (*Re-*

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flecting.) But, widder, my cabin is a rough place. Only a little log hut.

WIDOW. Sandy, great love is content to live in a very small house.

SANDY. True, widder, true. Love, real unselfish love, it seems to me, could be content under the trees; in the boughs of the trees, like the birds; in the mountains; everywhere that love—that love—finds love—to—love, love.

WIDOW. Yes, Sandy. Anywhere that love finds love.

SANDY. Yes, yes. You see I know about what it is I want to say, but I can't say it as well as you can.

WIDOW. Nonsense, Sandy. But the moon is low, and——

SANDY. And I must go. Well, you're right. But before I go, widder, if you love me—(*Embraces and kisses her.*) Moses in the bulrushes! The world is a bigger world now. I seem to stand on the summit of the Sierras, six feet two inches taller than the tallest mountain top. Oh, widder, this is Paradise with its one little woman, and now you're goin' to drive me out of it.

WIDOW. Yes, you must go now. You see we are here in the open trail, and the miners on the night-watch, passing to and from their tunnels, will think it strange on seeing us together so late.

SANDY. Right, widder. It's a man's place to brighten a woman's name, not to soil it. Good-night.

WIDOW. To-morrow, Sandy. Good-night. (*Exits into cabin.*)

SANDY. To-morrow! O, moon, go down! And sun rise up and set, for I can never wait. To-morrow! And I kissed her! And her soul overflowed and filled mine full as a river flooding its willow

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banks. I must tell Tim, and Tim will tell the Judge, and the Judge will tell the boys, and the boys will bust. For it's too much happiness for one little camp to hold. To-morrow! Mine! My wife! (*Starting to go.*) And I kissed her, and kissed her, and—— (*Turns to go up stage, and meets Parson face to face.*)

PARSON. Talkin' in your sleep, Sandy? 'Pears to me you're actin' mighty queer, eh? Been seein' the widder agin'? Mustn't get excited where woman is concerned. Sort of like buck ager. Miss your game, sure, if you get excited, Sandy.

SANDY. O, yes, I know all about that, you know. Oh, I'm not—not afraid of a little woman like that.

PARSON. Well, say, old pard, Sandy, you—you didn't really have a serious talk with her? Squar', now, Sandy. Squar' as a coffin lid, Sandy. We were old pards once, you and me, Sandy. We don't want to send each other up on the hill thar, Sandy. So you'll be squar' with me, an' I'll be squar' with you. I love that 'ere woman thar, and——

SANDY. Well—well. The fact is, Parson—you can't help it, I guess. Now, I'll tell you. That 'ere little woman, she's—come and take a drink.

PARSON. No, thank you, Sandy. Got to set my night-watch in the tunnel, and change my drifters. But it's to be a squar' fight, Sandy, and there's my hand. And if you git her, Sandy—git her squar'!

SANDY. Squar', Parson. Squar'! (*Exit L, 1 E.*)

PARSON. Good-night. Got him out of the way, and I'll see her right off, and tell her—tell her like a man I love her. (*About to enter cabin. Limber Tim and Billy enter R. 3 E.*) Pshaw! Here comes Tim and that cussed boy. (*Exit L, behind cabin.*)

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BILLY. There is somebody prowling about my cabin, Tim. I can't; I won't stay there to-night.

TIM. Well, you do look skeered. (*Aside.*) Ghosts, I'll bet a gold mine! (*Aloud.*) Three men, wasn't there? Your face is white as snow, Billy.

BILLY. And my hair will be as white. O, Tim, I tell you there are two men, and —

TIM. Three! (*Aside.*) There was three of 'em killed, and they've come back. (*To Billy.*) Pull up, Billy. I'll tell my pard, Sandy. But you see his mind is awful full now. O, he's got a powerful mind. But it takes it all, and more too, to tend to her. (*Pointing to cabin.*)

BILLY. And he really loves, and will marry her?

TIM. That's the little game, he's tryin' to play, Billy. Guess he's got the keerds to do it too. I tell you the moon shines mighty bright for my pard to-night, Billy. Oh, he's a happy man I can tell you.

BILLY. Tim, tell me this. Why is it that the graveyards are always on a hill? Is it because it is a little nearer heaven?

TIM. (*Turning away.*) Well, I—I—well Billy, I don't take to graveyards and sich like. May be it's a prettier view up thar'. But then they can't see, with their eyes full of dust.

BILLY. No. Nor feel, nor understand, nor suffer. Love and be unloved, know and be unknown through all the weary years of this weary, loveless life. Oh, Tim, Tim! (*Tim knocks at door. Enter Widow.*)

TIM. Widder! Billy's took sick. Poetry; pretty; stars; grave yards and sich. Mustard plaster, physic and peppermint tea. Take care of him, widder, till I tell Sandy. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

WIDOW. What is the matter, Billy?

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BILLY. Sandy. Has he been here, as you expected, and told you all?

WIDOW. All, all. And I am so happy.

BILLY. And *I* am so miserable.

WIDOW. O, Billy, why is this? Why are you so miserable when your friends are to be so happy? Can you not tell me? Can you not trust me? And can you not trust Sandy, too?

BILLY. No, no, no. Down to the door of the tomb, even over the dark river, alone I must bear my secret, my sufferings and my cross. O, you cannot guess. You will never know the dark and dreadful truth, the mystery, the awful crimes——

WIDOW. Crimes! Crimes! Then you are—you are a Danite?

BILLY. I, a Danite? I?

WIDOW. Yes, I see it all now. Men have been seen prowling about your cabin at night. They have been seen to enter it in your absence.

BILLY. Merciful heavens, what do you say? Then I am doomed. Oh, if it would come. If it would come now! Now! Sudden, and swift, and certain. Now! Oh, this suspense is more than death. This waiting day and night, night and day, for the executioner to strike. Come! Come! O, I cannot bear this any longer. Come, death! Father in heaven take—take me! Pity and take me now. Oh! Oh! This is death! (*Falls.*)

WIDOW. What terrible thing is this? Will no one come? He is dying, and no one to help. Dying, choking to death. (*Opens collar.*) A woman!

BILLY. Hush. A whisper would be my death warrant. (*Danites appear on cliff watching.*) You hold the secret of my life. You hold my *life* itself.

WIDOW. You are——

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BILLY. Nancy Williams. (*Danites disappear.*)
But you will keep my secret?

WIDOW. As these Sierras keep the secrets of their Creator.

BILLY. Thank you! thank you! My sister, my friend. And when all is over; when dying from this constant strain and terror; when dead in my cabin yonder; then bring him, with some wild flowers, and once let him, whom you so love, stoop and kiss the cold, cold face of her who loved him, oh, so tenderly.

WIDOW. And you love him as he loved you?

BILLY. As *you* love him, and as I shall love him while life lasts, my sister and my friend. But from him, even until death, this secret is sacred as the secrets of the grave.

WIDOW. As you will; sacred as the grave.

BILLY. And now good-night. Tim will be back soon. No, I dare not enter your cabin now. Let them still believe me of the Danites. I hear footsteps, go! Good night. (*Exit widow into cabin. Enter Danites, R.*)

BILLY. (*L.*) The Danites! (*Exits R, 3. E.*)

HICKMAN. Keep watch down the trail. Men will be passing soon to and from the tunnels on the night-watch. We must not be seen. Look sharp. This is the woman. I heard the boy call her name—Nancy Williams—as I leaned from the cliff there. The work must be done, and done now. (*Tests knife, and cautiously opens door.*)

CARTER. Shoo! Some one is coming down the trail. Out! Back! (*Enter widow.*)

WIDOW. Some one opening my door. Well, what is it you want, sir?

HICK. You. Your time has come. (*Throws*
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light of lantern in her face, and grasping knife. Enter Parson, L.)

PARSON. Hello! Hello! Now what are you doin' around the widder's cabin, eh? 'Pears to me everybody in camp, night and day's a hoverin' round this 'ere cabin of yourn, widder. Who are they? Say, who are you fellows anyhow? (*Hick. and Carter retreat R. Parsons following them, seizes Hick., holds him, and looks long and hard in his face.*)

HICK. Well, friend, you'll know me when you see me again, won't you?

PARSON. Yes, I will. Yes, I will know you, and know you in a way that you will remember, if ever I see you hangin' 'round this little woman's cabin agin'. Know you when I see you? Now, you just set a peg thar, and remember that the longest day you live I'll know you, you bet.

HICK. Be patient, my friend, I meant no offense.

PARSON. Didn't you, though? Well, I'll remember you, and know you all the same when I see you. Who are you fellows, anyhow?

HICK. Only Prospectors. Good night, Sir. (*Exit both R.*)

PARSON. Prospectors, eh? Well prospectors don't prospect at midnight. They're ground-sluice robbers, I'll bet. You look out for them fellers, widder, they're on the steal. (*Aside R.*) All by herself; and Sandy sound asleep. Bet I'll never get another such a chance. (*To widow.*) Pretty late ain't it widder? Pretty fine night, but pretty late.

WIDOW. Yes! late. But it seems to me nights like this were not made for sleep.

PARSON. (*Aside.*) Not made for sleep; but made for love. O, what a hint. That's what she means. Oh, was there ever anything so smart as a

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smart woman in such things? (*Aloud.*) Ahem! No, not made for sleep. You're right there, widder. (*Aside.*) Ain't she pretty and smart? Ain't she smart? I'll just press her here on that point. (*Aloud.*) No, these moonlight nights were not made for sleep, but for—for—— Now what were these moonlight nights in the Sierras made for, widder?

WIDOW. For meditation and prayer.

PARSON. (*Aside.*) Won't somebody please set down on my head. This is the end of the Parson. (*To widow.*) Why, widder, you—you—I understand now. And it's Billy—but to have you love a thing like Billy, widder, that there's been so much talk and secrets about. I tell you to beware of Billy. Beware of Billy. He's a sneak; a sneak. A Danite! And I'll throttle him yet. Yes, he is a Danite; and I will kill him.

WIDOW. Parson, for shame! You asked me if you could do me a favor just now; you can.

PARSON. Name it! And if it's to throw him over that cliff, I'll do it. I'll do it.

WIDOW. No. You will befriend and defend poor little Billy Piper. Do it with your life!

PARSON. Oh, widder, anything but that. Why he's a snake. A snake in the grass. He has put you to shame before all the camp. All the camp is talkin' about his sneakin' in and out of your cabin, day and night, and——

WIDOW. You insult me! (*Going.*) And now show me that you are the man Sandy is, by befriending that boy, or never speak to me again. (*Exit into cabin.*)

PARSON. By defending that boy! That boy who seeks to ruin her! And to have her slam the door

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in my face. O, I could twist his neck as if it were a wisp of straw. Slam your door in my face like that? I'll be revenged on you and on him if ever I—— (*Enter Billy R. 3. E. running and looking back.*)

BILLY. By my cabin! I dare not go home!

PARSON. (*Suddenly confronts, Billy C.*) So youngster! (*Seizing him.*) Come here! (*Pulls him down C.*) Come here with me! Now, look here! What have you been doin' at the widder's? Do you hear? Answer! Say—I'll just pitch you over them rocks there, and break your infernal slim neck—(*Pulls him up, run.*) Come here! Now you tell me the truth! What a' you been doin' at the widder's? Say! (*Shakes him.*) Don't you know that if you go on in this way, you will fall over this bluff some night, and break your infernal little neck? Don't you know that? Speak! you boy—you brat. (*Shaking him.*) Well, I'll save you the trouble of slippin' off of here; yes, the boys will like it. They'll all say, they knew you'd break your neck some night. Now look here, sir! You've got just one minute to live; to say what you want to say, quick. When that flyin' cloud covers that 'ere star yonder, you die, and may Gold help you—and me. Speak now! Come! come! speak but once before I—murder you.

BILLY. (*Falling on knees, hands clasped.*) Please, Parson, may I pray? (*Parson lets go; staggers back; Widow appears at door of cabin with candle, shading eyes.*)

Curtain.

THE DANITES IN THE SIERRAS

ACT III.

SCENE: *Sandy's cabin—Flowers on table, curtains on walls and at window, R. C.; practical door, L. C.; fire; gun; door, R. H.; cradle; widow discovered rocking cradle; Capt. Tommy and Bunkerhill sewing; both greatly improved.*

BUNKERHILL. Well, if I was Billy, I'd take the hint, I would, and leave camp. He won't fight; he can't work. He's got no spirit for nothin'.

CAPT. TOMMY. Guess we'd better 'ave let Limber and Judge shake him out of his boots, that night, eh? He's no good, I guess, eh?

BUNKERHILL. Yes, but it ain't in me, and it ain't in you, Tommy, for to see two on one. The bottom dog in the fight, that captures me. But guess Limber and Judge were right when they wanted him to git.

CAPT. TOMMY. Well, what is he anyhow? Danite or devil?

BUNKERHILL. Can't say, Capt. Tommy. Mrs. Judge. Beg pardon, Mrs. Judge.

CAPT. T. All right, Mrs. Tim, 'pology is accepted.

BUNKERHILL. Well, as I was sayin', I don't know whether he's Danite or devil. But I do know he's no man. (*Widow starts.*) Why, yes, widder. And the sooner you know it the better. Why, don't the whole camp hate and despise him? You're the only friend he's got. You and Sandy. And you're the very ones he hurts the most.

CAPT. T. Why he's just a ruinin' of your character in this 'ere camp, widder. Society must be respected.

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BUNKERHILL. Yes, widder; we ladies can't afford to fly into the face of society.

CAPT. T. Yes, widder; only last night, the Judge he says to me, he says, says he, "now that I'm a family man," says he, "I must have respect for society."

BUNKERHILL. O, I tell you, I wouldn't fly into the face of society for nothin' in this world. (*To Capt. T.*) It would be the saddest day of my life when I'd have to cut the widder for the sake of society, but she must be keeful.

WIDOW. And why should all men hate poor little Billy Piper so?

BUNKERHILL. (*To Capt. T.*) Shall I tell her, Tommy?

CAPT. T. Yes, tell her. Hit's for her own good.

BUNKERHILL. Well then, they hates him so because you loves him so.

WIDOW. Love him? Well, yes, I do, and pity him from the bottom of my heart. Oh, if we but had money, gold, plenty of gold, Sandy and me, we would leave here. We would go away silently and secretly some night, to another land, and take him away out of it all. Yes, I do love him.

CAPT. T. (*To Bunker.*) Well, that just fetches me. What will society say to that?

BUNKERHILL. The butcher's wife will cut her.

CAPT. T. The baker's wife turned all streaked and striped last night as she told me about Billy comin' here so much. I never!

BUNKERHILL. Well, I never.

CAPT. T. Why, the new Parson's wife won't even look this way.

BUNKERHILL. Hexcept when she goes out to

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take up a collection. Capt. Tommy, Mrs. Judge; beggin' pardon, Mrs. Judge.

CAPT. T. Well, if she'd a married the old Parson, I tell you, ther'd been no hangin' round of Billy Piper at the parsonage. Why, he'd a kicked him out, and respected society, he would.

BUNKERHILL. Poor Parson. Wish he had a got her. Why, he's all broke up. He's a perfect walkin' corpse. Asks always 'bout the widder when I meets him on the trail; tender like; so tender like, Capt. Tommy, with his eyes all wet, and a lookin' to the ground.

CAPT. T. Well, now, the old Parson's not a corpse, I guess. Look here, I seed him at the store, a fixin' of his irons; heelin' himself like a fightin' cock. Yes, he did look powerful pale. But the Judge says to me, last night, says he, "Mrs. Judge, I hearn the Parson's bull pup bark"; that's his pistol, you know, Bunker. And the Judge, he says to me, says he, "there's goin' to be a row." And the Judge, he says to me, says he, "I know there's goin' to be a row, because, as I came home, I heard the Dutch undertaker hammerin' away like mad." And the Judge, he says to me, says he, "Mrs. Judge, that undertaker is a good business man, and a very obligin' man; he allers looks ahead, and when he's sure there's goin' to be a row at the Forks, he takes the size of his man and makes his coffin in advance." (*Enter Judge and Tim; dressed; polite.*)

JUDGE. Good mornin', madam; Mrs. Sandy; good mornin'. A very infusin' sermon last Sunday, Mrs. Sandy. Sorry you was not out. Musn't neglect the church, Mrs. Sandy. Splendid sermon 'bout—'bout — And splendid collection. Took up a damned

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splendid collection. Got my handkerchief hemmed, Capt. Tommy? (*Glasses; to table, takes up baby garment; Capt. T. hides face.*) You don't mean to say that—that—that—— God bless you, Tommy, God bless you. Oh, this glorious climate of California. Tim, let's take our wives home and go on a tear. (*Arms to ladies.*) Good-bye, widder.

CAPT. T. Good-bye, widder. And, say, widder, we love you, but be careful about Billy Piper, won't you?

BUNKERHILL. Widder, that's so; we loves you. You made suthin' of us, and we'll try to don't forgit it. But there's trouble comin', widder. Cut Billy, and tell Sandy to look out for the Parson.

JUDGE. Come, my family. Oh, this glorious climate of California. (*Exit Judge, Tim, Capt. T, and Bunker, L. C.*)

WIDOW. They are so happy. And the great bald-headed boy, the Judge, is the happiest of all. O, they have so improved the poor girls. 'Tis love that makes the world go round, my baby. And you, my little pet, smiling there, I wonder what these Sierras hold in their hearts for you? And I wonder, as I look in your rosebud face, what manner of men and women will grow here in this strong, strange land, so new from the Creator's hand? Shall there be born under the burning sun of the Sierras a race of poets? Of good and eloquent men? Or men, mighty for ill? These are your mother's thoughts, my darling, as she tries to fill her little place in life and do her duty to her baby and to her husband. (*Enter Sandy; gold pan, pick, shovel; pan on table; pick and shovel by door.*) Oh, Sandy, I was just thinking of you, just saying, *my husband*.

SANDY. My wife! And the baby is well?

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WIDOW. Smiling, Sandy.

SANDY. So it is; smilin' like a new Spring mornin', when the sun leaps up a laughin' from its bed. Now this is happiness. This 'ere is the edge of God-land, my pretty. I think if I should go on and on a thousand years, a hundred thousand miles, my darlin', I wouldn't get nearer to the Garden of Eden, that the preacher tells about, than I am now.

WIDOW. And this little home is Paradise to you, as it is to me, Sandy?

SANDY. Paradise! It is the best part of Paradise. It is the warm south side of Paradise, my darlin'. But there, I must put up the gold in the bag, and put it under the hearthstone for baby. (*Cleaning gold.*)

WIDOW. If we only had plenty of it, Sandy.

SANDY. My pretty, is there anything you want?

WIDOW. No, Sandy. Not that I really want.

SANDY. But what is it, my pretty? Now, come, there's a cloud over your face. Don't my darlin', don't. This is Paradise; and the new preacher tells us that never a cloud or a rude wind crossed the Garden of Eden. Yonder are our walls; the white watch towers of the Sierras, keeping eternal guard over *our* Garden of Eden here in the heart of the Sierras. Now, what is it?

WIDOW. Why nothing at all, Sandy. Only I was thinking this morning that if we had plenty of gold, a great, great plenty Sandy; so that you had so much, you might never have to work so hard anymore, that,—that—

SANDY. Well my pretty? O, I see. You would give it to my old pard, the Parson. That's right; that's good. He's goin' away and will need it. I'll make him take this— —

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WIDOW. No, no, Sandy. He is not going. He is mad, desperate; and will do you harm if you go near him. Do not speak to him. Do not go near him.

SANDY. Well I won't then, if he's mad with me, my pretty. No sir'ee. And I'll buckle on a bulldog, too. (*Buckles on and tapping pistol.*) Bark at him, boy. Bark at him. Bite him if he bothers us. But I say, what is this you want with gold? Take all there is. Take it, my pretty, and do as you please with it. Is it Washee Washee that wants to bring out some more of his seventy cousins? Or is it the old man that got washed through the ground sluice? No; I won't ask you; take it. For what do I want with it but to please you? What good is all the gold in the Sierras if you are not satisfied and happy? Say, my beauty, do you know I said to myself to-day, says I: * * * *The heart of woman is like the heart of our Sierras; some find gold there and some do not; much depends on the prospector.*

WIDOW. Now that's so, Sandy; but take it back Sandy; you have worked too hard for this, for me to give it away to poor little—(*Shouts, widow to window, R. C.*) Why, what can that be, Sandy?

SANDY. Is it the Parson, my pretty?

WIDOW. Why no, it's Billy Piper! And the boys howling and running after him! Oh Sandy! (*Enter Billy, breathless.*)

BILLY. (*Behind Sandy; enter mob*) Sandy! Sandy! They have run me out of my cabin. They threaten to kill me.

SANDY. Run him out of his cabin?

TIM. Yes, and we'll hang him to the nearest tree!

SANDY. Now hold up, Tim! And tell me what's

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he done? And what all you men are runnin' after a boy like that for?

ALL. Bah!

JUDGE. A boy like that! And you a family man?

TIM. Them Danites was seen a sneakin' about his cabin only ten minutes ago. And that's why I say run him out.

JUDGE. Yes, I say git.

ALL. Yes, run him out!

CAPT. T. Too many on one, Bunker. I'm goin' in for the bottom dog, and society can just go to the devil. (*Throws off bonnet and rolls up sleeves.*)

JUDGE. Now, my Capt. Tommy, just think what society——

CAPT. T. Shut up! You bald-headed old jack-ass! I'm just goin' in on this fight, bet your life.

BUNKERHILL. Yes; we're all gettin' too dern'd respectable, anyhow. (*Throws hat.*)

WIDOW. Sandy, Sandy, stand by Billy.

ALL. He's a Danite!

SANDY. Stand back! I don't care what he is, or what he has done. He has come to me for protection. Why, if the meanest Digger Injin runs to another Injin for protection, won't he protect him? Well, now, this boy is as safe here as if he were my own kid.

BILLY. O thank you, Sandy! Thank you with all my poor broken heart. But it won't be for long Sandy. It won't be for long, and then you shall know all. She will tell you all. (*Exit L. C.*)

SANDY. She! She will tell me all? Why this mystery? Why this——

WIDOW. Sandy, what do you mean? Can you not trust your wife?

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SANDY. I *can* trust you. I *do* and I *will* to the end of my life and of yours.

JUDGE. That's right. Family man myself; trust your wife. Now you see, Sandy, the boys been askin' me to make a sort of explanation of this 'ere intrudin' into your house like this 'ere. You see, Sandy, we was makin' up a purse for—for your family. And as the boys had never seed a baby, and—and as I—as we wanted to see how they look, we had concluded to call *en massy*. But just as we was a comin' down the trail we seed two Danites skulkin' about Billy Piper's cabin. And on the spur the boys went for him. But we brought the purse all the same, and here it is (*Purse to Tim.*)

TIM. As the pardner of—of my pardner, I—I have been appointed a committee of this 'ere delegation to deliver this 'ere dust and make the speech for the occasion. Widder—— (*Breaks down.*)

JUDGE. (*Pushing himself forward.*) Widder in—in this— glorious climate of California—— (*Breaks down.*)

TIM. Widder, this 'ere bag of gold what you now behold; this purse of pure bright gold, dug from out the—the Sierras. This purse of gold widder, is—is—is—yourn.

WIDOW. Mine, mine? All mine to do what I will with it?

TIM. Yourn, widder, all yourn. Yourn to git up and git, out of this hole in the ground, to go back to the States and live like a Christian, as you are, and git away from all that's bad here in this hole in the ground, like a wild beast in a carawan.

ALL. Bully for Tim!

JUDGE. And now let the boys see your family, Sandy.

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SANDY. Here, Washee Washee, give it to Mrs. Sandy and set up the bottles for the boys. (*Washee, who has been feeding baby by fire, with bottle and spoon, gives baby bottles, etc. Widow sits, C.*)

ALL. Oh! Oh! what is that? The little cuss!

TIM. Little thing to make sich a big row, eh, Sandy?

WASHEE. He Judgee babee, baldee headee. He no Sandee.

TIM. You speak to the boys, Judge; that effort of mine exhausted me. (*Judge, attitude for speech; to table, drinks, and again striking attitude; drinks again.*)

JUDGE. Gentlemen of—of the committee! Fellow citizens, this, what you now behold is—is—(*stops and widow whispers in ear.*) This which you now behold before you is—is an—an infant. The first white born baby citizen ever born in these Sierras. The first, but not the—the—(*Capt. T. stops him.*) Feller citizens, this little infant sleeping here in it's mother's arms, with the mighty snow-peaks of the Sierras about us; this innocent little sleepin' infant, which has been born to us here gentlemen, shows us that—well, in fact shows us—shows us what can be done in this glorious climate of California. (*All shout and file past, and look at baby.*)

TIM. (*Going.*) Well come boys, I've got a family myself and must be lookin' after mine. (*Exit L. C. Re-enter.*) Sandy! Sandy! Heel yourself! The Parson! The Parson with his bull pups—shootin' irons.

WIDOW. Oh, Sandy! Sandy!

SANDY. (*Hand on pistol.*) Stand back, boys, and let him come. Quiet, quiet, my girl. (*Parson enters hand behind; down, and walks quickly*

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toward Sandy; Sandy raises pistol; Parson, after emotion.)

PARSON. I've been a waitin' to see you, Sandy, a waitin' a long time.

SANDY. Stop!

PARSON. Sandy I'm goin' away from here. I can't stand it any longer. Your cabin here will be too small now, so I want you to promise me to take care of the parsonage till I come back.

SANDY. The parsonage?

PARSON. Yes, that's what the boys call my cabin. The parsonage. You'll move in there, at once. It's full of good things for winter. You'll take my cabin, and all that's there in it, I say you'll take it at once. Promise me that. (*Handing key.*) There's the key. Now say you will.

SANDY. Yes, I will.

PARSON. It was your luck, Sandy, to git her. Good-bye, old pard. Widder—I—what! You shake hands with me, the poor, old, played out Parson, after I broke my word with you! Widder! God bless you! Yes, yes! God bless you both! (*Exit.*)

SANDY. Poor, honest old Parson. Thare's many a worse man than he in mighty high places, boys.

TIM. (*At door looking up.*) Yes, Sandy, and he is climbing for a high place now.

SANDY. What! Gone already! And it's dark and snowin'.

TIM. Started up the steep mountain right here. A climbin' and climbin' right straight up the mountain; as if he was a climbin' for the mornin' star.

SANDY. And may he reach it, and find rest at last, Tim.

ALL. And find rest at last.

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TIM. But Sandy, you must move into the Parsonage. Yes, you must. You see, you promised it. And then it takes a pretty big cabin to hold a pretty small baby. (*All laugh and gather around table and drink.*)

JUDGE. Well, one more boys, to—to——

TIM. To it. But come, boys, it's gettin' dark. (*All drink and exit C.*)

WIDOW. My baby! What a name, Sandy. IT!

SANDY. Poor, poor old Parson. It's a hard world on some of us, widder.

WIDOW. It is hard on some, those who cannot work and are all the time persecuted and misunderstood. Now Sandy, dear, do you know who I am going to give that gold to which the miners gave me just now? Come, guess. Can't you guess, Sandy, dear?

SANDY. Why, no, widder. I can't guess. To who?

WIDOW. Why to Billy Piper.

SANDY. (*Starting.*) To Billy Piper! No, no, not to him. You know not what you say. You know not what you ask of me to bear. You know not what you are asking me to bear, my wife. That boy? Why now that he is once out of my cabin I will kill him as I would a rattlesnake wherever I can find him. (*Enter Tim, running and breathless, L. C.*)

TIM. Sandy! Sandy! The Danites! Your gun Sandy! The two Danites have just left Billy Piper's cabin, their dark lanterns in their hands and are coming this way through the Chapparal. Quick your gun! Billy's in with them.

SANDY. (*Reaching gun.*) Billy Piper in with them! Danite or devil, this shall be the end of him.

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WIDOW. Sandy, you will not, you *shall* not harm him. You shall not leave this cabin till you promise you will not harm him. See, Sandy, see, on my knees I beg of you. Never before on my knees to aught but my maker Sandy, yet you see me here now on my knees to you.

SANDY. You take from me my life and my honor.

WIDOW. Sandy, Sandy! Do not be so blind. It is to save your soul.

SANDY. What!

WIDOW. It is to save your soul from the stain of innocent blood. Will you not believe her whom you promised to trust to the end of your life, and of hers?

SANDY. Yes, yes! I *can* and I *do* trust you. I will not harm him.

WIDOW. O brave, generous Sandy. But I ask more still. Promise me that you will protect him. Yes, protect him as you would protect me with this strong right arm, Sandy.

SANDY. Why, widder, I——

WIDOW. O Sandy, promise me, promise me. I feel that something dark and dreadful is about to happen. I see him lying dead in his innocent blood with no one to pity, to pray for, or to understand. Oh promise me Sandy, that whatever happens, you will be his friend and defender to the end.

SANDY. I promise.

WIDOW. Swear it.

SANDY. I swear it. (*Exit with Tim.*)

WIDOW. The Danites here, and on his track! Oh this is too dreadful to believe. (*Noises, L.*) What is that? It may be poor Billy now trying to find his way to my door, in the dark and cold. I will go find him, help him, save him. (*Snatches*

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up candle.) Lie still my baby. (*Ex. L. hastily. Enter Billy, C, cold and snow.*)

BILLY. It is a fit night for the bloody deeds of the Danites. But I must not stay here. Where can she be! I must see her, and then fly, fly, fly! (*Sees cradle.*) Oh she's not far off. (*Kneels by cradle. Enter widow. Very dark stage.*)

WIDOW. Why how dark it has grown! The wind has blown out my candle too. I left some matches here somewhere. (*Feels about, comes to cradle and finds Billy.*) Billy! You here! But Sandy must not see you here now. Quick! hide here; I hear some one. (*Hides Billy behind curtain, and down stage. Door opens softly. Danites enter and come stealthily down stage.*)

HICKMAN. I saw her enter at that door, not a minute since. She *must* be here. (*Sees widow.*) Ah, there! (*Hickman conceals lantern; advances on widow from behind with knife and strikes her; then child. Widow screams and dies as crowd rushes in. Danites exit unseen, L. H. Sandy and Capt. Tommy bend over widow.*)

CAPT. TOMMY. She is dead! Murdered in cold blood!

SANDY. Dead! My wife dead! Oh, has the sun gone down forever? Dead? Dead?

TIM. Yes! (*Pointing to Billy.*) And there is her murderer.

JUDGE. Hang him to the cabin loft.

ALL. Hang him! Hang him! Hang him!

SANDY. No, you *shall not* hang him. (*Springs between as they attempt to seize Billy.*) I promised that poor, poor, dead woman there to defend this boy, and I'll *do* it, or die right here.

Curtain.

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ACT IV.

SCENE—*Old mining camp. Moss-grown cabin R. Set tree L. Sunrise on the Sierras. Lapse of three years. Enter Limber Tim, L., with Judge, older and better dressed.*

TIM. Warn't down to the saloon last night and don't know the news, eh?

JUDGE. No, no. Since I've come to be a family man, I'm sort of exclusive; got to set an example for my family. But what's this news?

TIM. The Parson's back.

JUDGE. What! Him that loved the widder so? No! Impossible! Why he went away North to Frazer River; got smashed up in a mine there I hear; washed through a flume and his limbs all broke up till he had as many joints as a sea crab. O, no, he can't never get back here.

TIM. But he *is* back. And the sorriest wreck, too, that ever you seed, I reckon. Ought to have seed him and Sandy meet. Cried like babies, both on 'em. Come back here to be buried up on the hill there, he says.

JUDGE. Well, well, well! The Parson wasn't bad, Tim; he was about the best of the old boys of forty-nine, 'ceptin always Sandy. And Sandy, after the murder of the widder and his kid—well he's all broke up body and mind. Spec' he's 'bout as near gone up the flume as the Parson is. But I must get round and see how Billy Piper is this mornin'. The school master, what's boardin' 'round, came home by his cabin here, and didn't see him at all last night; but Tim, he seed a black cat a sittin' in the door a washin' of its face. It's a bad

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sign when you see a black, Capt. Tommy, my wife, Missus Judge, says. Guess that boy's pretty sick. (*Going.*)

TIM. (*Aside.*) That boy. 'Pears to me that varmint won't never grow to be a man. And he twists *his* wife and my wife right around his cussed little fingers, and makes 'em look after him. Well, Judge can look after him, cussed if I will. (*To Judge.*) O, I say, Judge; there was two others came to camp last night, too.

JUDGE. Two others? Who?

TIM. Don't know 'zactly. Quartz speculators, they say: Mormon elders, I say.

JUDGE. Mormon elders! Bet a dog skin they're Danites. But so long; must look after Billy and get back to my family. (*Going L. 3 E., meets Hickman and Carter disguised. They shake hands and converse up stage.*)

TIM. (*Solus.*) Hello! Here's them Quartz speculators now, and Judge shakin' hands and jist a talkin'. 'Spec he's tryin to impress them with the glorious climate of California. Guess I'll go back down to the "howlin' wilderness." Judge will be powerful dry time *he* gets there, if he keeps on talkin' like that. (*Exit L. 1.*)

HICKMAN. (*Coming down stage.*) And so you are a family man and your wife was one of the first families of the Sierras?

JUDGE. Family man; yes, sir; and my wife is one of the very first families. The very first. That is, she and Mrs. Limber Tim. Mr. Limber Tim's member of the Legislature now, wife, family name Bunkerhill, of the Bunkerhills of Boston. Yes, my wife and his wife, too, trace family clean back to

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Boston, sir. Yes, proud to say I'm a family man, sir.

HICKMAN. But this widow the miners spoke of as one of the first settlers? She who came as a sort of missionary. She here yet?

JUDGE. Dead. Buried up yonder, sir, with her baby. First baby born in the Sierras, sir.

HICK. Dead, eh? Fever? Natural death, or accident?

JUDGE. No, sir! Neither natural death nor accident. No, sir! But murder! Why, that was the pitifullest thing; and it was the meanest murder that ever happened, I reckon. The boys at first thought it might be Sandy; for he was mad because of Billy Piper, that night. And then the boys thought it might be Billy, because;—well, because they didn't like him, never did, and never will, I guess. But when they came to examine Sandy, there was no blood on the knife he had in his belt. And, as to Billy, well, he had no knife at all.

CARTER. Why, we heard about this last night.

JUDGE. Dare say; dare say; may be the miners talked about it last night. They don't forget it. You bet.

CARTER. Mother and child found murdered?

HICK. And no trace of the murderers was ever found?

JUDGE. None. It's the queerest case that ever was, I reckon. For whatever beast or devil could murder a little baby like that, asleep and helpless? Why! Well sir, since I've come to be a family man, sir—if I should ever find a man that murdered a baby—sir—as judge of this 'ere camp, I'd hang him first and try him afterwards.

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HICK. Yes, yes. That's all right. But this boy Billy; he here still?

JUDGE. There's his cabin. Same old cabin been in for years; the same one the Danites killed three fellers in. Pretty sick, too, I guess. Wife told me to drop in, see how he is. You'll excuse me. Must go in and see the boy and get back to my family. (*Exit into cabin.*)

HICK. (*To Carter.*) That boy is Nancy Williams!

CARTER. Well, and if it is, she's dying, they say. Can't you wait till nature does the work for you?

HICK. Though that boy should, by nature, die to-morrow, our duty is to slay to-day.

CARTER. You seem to thirst for blood. A wife and babe dead at our hands will cry for revenge yet. Make no more mistakes like that. If this should not be she——

HICK. It is she! There shall be no second mistake. Look here. (*Takes out small Testament.*) Yesterday, I saw this boy's face, as he sat reading up yonder, by his mine; our eyes met as I stood over him. His lips trembled with fear, and his eyes fell. He remembered the time, on the Plains, years ago, when we were commissioned to slay the last of the Williams'. I say that boy is the last of the family. I know it.

CARTER. Then, I say, you must do the murder yourself, if it is to be done on such slender evidence as your word.

HICK. It is not to be done on slender evidence. Look here! Frightened, he let this fall and slunk away.

CARTER. A little, old Testament. Well?

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HICK. The boy was reading this as I appeared and spoke to him.

CARTER. Well, he might read something worse than a Testament.

HICK. But, look here! On the fly leaf. Read this dim and faded dedication. "TO NANCY WILLIAMS, FROM HER AFFECTIONATE MOTHER, NANCY WILLIAMS, CARTHAGE, MISSOURI, 1850.

CARTER. Too true! Too true! He *must* die. But not here. Give him a chance to fly. It is not as safe as it was when we were here before. The Vigilantes!

HICK. Ha! ha! I have thought of all that. The Vigilantes shall be for us. They will be made to accuse him of the widow's death. Did the Judge not say he is suspected?

CARTER. Yes, yes. Let them then accuse and hang him. But see, the door opens. He is coming from the cabin.

HICK. I'll back till that man is gone, and you go stir up the Vigilantes. Tell them he murdered the widow and her child. I'll console him with this. (*Lifts Testament. Exit Carter, L. Enter Billy from cabin, R, supported by Judge, who seats him by the door. Hick. up stage, behind tree, L.*)

JUDGE. Now don't break up here, just as the birds begin to sing and the leaves come out. I'll send my family 'round to cheer you.

BILLY. You are so kind. Do send her; and the children, too. And please won't you let them stay? Let them stay all day. Yes, and all night. O, all the time, always.

JUDGE. Why now, don't tremble like that. I'll—I'll send my family 'round. Why, it's the sweetest day that ever was in this glorious climate of Cali-

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fornia. (*Aside.*) O, I can't bear to see a body cry. I'll go and send 'round my family. (*Going L.*)

BILLY. And you won't be long? You won't leave me long? You will not?

JUDGE. Why, no, Billy. I'll send my family right 'round.

BILLY. And Sandy. You will tell Sandy to come. will you not? I have kept away from him, and he from me, all this time; ever since she, and—and the baby died. But, now you will bring him. For I feel that the sands of my life are almost run. My feet touch the dark waters of death. I hear the ocean of Eternity before me.

JUDGE. (*Takes out handkerchief and going, L.*) Confound it! This bright sun on the snow hurts my eyes.

HICK. (*Coming from behind tree, and speaking to Judge aside.*) Ah, going? I've been thinking, Judge, about that murder of the widow. A very remarkable case. And do you know, I have a theory? Yes. It's that boy. No, don't start. What's the matter with him now? Conscience! Conscience stricken! Of course it's very sad. The idea is not mine. I got it from the miners last night. If the boy wasn't sick, they'd *hang* him now. As for Sandy, poor man, he is certain the boy did it. My friend has gone down to lay his opinion before the camp. For my part, I am very sorry for the boy.

JUDGE. Well, now, 'tween you me, I think—
(*Aside.*) But if my family, Capt. Tommy, was to hear me—O Lord! (*To Hick.*) But I'll go and send 'round my family.

HICK. Yes. Meantime, while you are gone, I will offer him consolation. (*Exit Judge, L. 2. E.*
Hick. approaches Billy from behind, and taps shoul-

der.) Beg pardon, but is this yours? A little Testament I picked up where you sat reading yesterday. Is it yours?

BILLY. Yes, yes. Oh, thank you. It is mine; given me by my mother——

HICK. Yes. I thought it was yours; I saw your name on the fly-leaf. No mistake about it, I suppose? That is your name!

BILLY. (*Looks up and sees face; starts.*) No, no, no! Not my name. No, no, no!

HICK. Well, I think it is yours, and you had better keep it; and read it, too. You will not live long. (*Aside and going.*) Condemned out of your own mouth! Now to make them believe that this is the murderer, and the last seed of this cursed tree is uprooted. (*Exit L.*)

BILLY. (*Rising, and wildly.*) At last! My time has come at last! Over her grave they have reached me at last; and it no longer lifts between me and a dreadful death at these men's hands. Fly! Fly! But where? And how? (*Staggers and leans against cabin for support.*) I have no strength to fly! I have no heart or will. All, all, ends here! I must die here! Now! That knife! That knife that entered her heart, that pierced the baby's breast, dripping with its mother's blood! Oh! (*Falls at cabin door. Enter Parson, dragging a leg, old and broken up, L. I. E. Billy starts up and about to enter cabin.*)

BILLY. They come! They come! O, will not Sandy help me now?

PARSON. Billy Piper, no. Don't—don't go.

BILLY. Why, who are you? And what do you want here?

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PARSON. Have a few years then made such a change in me?

BILLY. The Parson!

PARSON. Yes, the Parson. Come back to the Forks to die.

BILLY. To die?

PARSON. Yes. To die, and lay my bones by the side of hers, up yonder on the hill.

BILLY. And you loved her so?

PARSON. (*Half falls to seat on log.*) Loved her so? Can't you understand, that when a man like me loves, he loves but once, and but one thing in all this world?

BILLY. O, yes, I understand. For I, too, loved her, Parson.

PARSON. (*Starting up, and crosses.*) Yes, you loved her, too. But how? To put her to shame; to make her the mockery and shame of the camp; to hide away in her cabin like a spotted house-snake; to creep there like a reptile warmed to life by her hearth-stone in winter, and then sting her to death after she warmed you into life.

BILLY. And do you think I ever harmed her?

PARSON. Ever harmed her? Ever harmed her? She is dead and beyond the reach of word or deed. A few more days and I shall meet her. But here, standing here on the edge of the dark river, I tell you, you murdered her.

BILLY. I? Great heavens! What do you mean!

PARSON. I mean what they say down there, now, this morning. Yes, they are saying it now. No, don't start, or run away. I am powerless to harm or to help now. But I, when I heard that, that you murdered her that night, I hobbled up here; I wanted this revenge before they came. I wanted

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to see you, to tell you that while I gave her all that I had, and climbed that mountain in the storm, and went forth to begin life over, a broken man, you stayed here, a Danite, to take, first, her good name, and then her life, her baby's life, and Sandy's life, and now my life, too.

BILLY. (*Starts, staggers forward, lifts hand with Testament.*) Parson, hear me! And look in my face! Do you not see the dark shadow of the Angel's wings that are to waft my soul away? Oh, I, too, am sadly broken. And to-day, to-night, maybe this very hour, from somewhere, a hand will strike to lay me low in death. We stand beside the dark river together.

PARSON. Why, boy, you tremble. Your hand is cold and helpless. And you are not guilty?

BILLY. Guilty? Do you see this? The last, the only gift of my poor murdered mother, who died by the Danites' hands.

PARSON. Why, you! You not a Danite? Then swear by the book; swear by the book that you never did her harm by word or deed.

BILLY. (*Falling on knees and lifting book.*) By the holy book and by my mother's memory, I swear!

PARSON. Why, what is this? The boy tells the truth! The boy is honest and true. Some devilish work is against him, and I will stand by him. I'll stand by you, boy. You are true as the stars in heaven. I know it—I know it. I'll meet them. I'll face and fight them all, all as I did— (*half falls,*) no, no, not as I did. I'm on the down grade and can't reach the brake. But stand up, boy, and be strong. You are young yet, and the world is all before you. And while I live, you'll find a friend in me. Yes, in the old Parson, to the last drop of

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blood. Yes, yes. I'll die right here by your side when they come. Don't you be skeered, Billy. When they come, I'll come, too, and be your friend to the last bone and muscle in the old Parson's body. (*Leads Billy to seat on log by cabin, and exit, R. 1. E.*)

BILLY. A friend at last! O, then there is hope. I may at last escape from this and again be strong and well. O, thank Heaven for one friend at least. But I am so afraid! (*Enter Hick. and Carter, L. 2. E.*)

HICK. You shall see and be satisfied. The Vigilantes are gathering and will be here. We have only to say that he has confessed the murder to us, and the work is done. (*Crosses, taps Billy on shoulder.*) I have come back to console you. We will talk over the holy little book, which your mother gave you before she died. You see you will not live long. (*Half exposes knife.*)

BILLY. No, no, no! Not with the knife! No! Oh, no, no. See! I am but a woman, a poor weak girl.

HICK. (*To Carter.*) You see. (*To Billy.*) Yes, we have come to offer you the consolation of religion.

BILLY. My God! My God! Why is this cup given me to drink?

CARTER. Here! Some one comes! (*Pulls Hick aside.*) Quick. (*Both exit, L. 2. Enter Sandy, R. u. E.*)

SANDY. Why, Billy? Don't you know me? It's been a long time, Billy; but there's my hand. What! Got the fever, Billy?

BILLY. O, Sandy, Sandy! I'm so glad you have come at last, for my time to die has come.

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SANDY. No. no. Now you look here. I'm goin' to take care of you after this, whether the camp likes it or not. Yes, I will; and just 'cause they make it too hard on you. I'll come to your cabin and stay right here.

BILLY. No, Sandy. But let the school children come, and not be frightened and run away. Let some one stay with me all the time. O, please, all the time, Sandy.

SANDY. I will stay with you all the time. Yes, I will. Why not? What else am I fit for now?

BILLY. No, Sandy, no. But when it's all, all over, Sandy, I want to be laid by her side, Sandy. She was so good to me; so unselfish; pure as the lily's inmost leaf; white and high as yonder snowy mountains in their crown of clouds. Yes, by her side. Promise me that, Sandy; by her side.

SANDY. (*Aside.*) By her side! (*Aloud.*) Well, yes. Yes Billy, by her side.

BILLY. And, Sandy, you will set up a little granite stone, and you will place on that stone the name that you find in this book.

SANDY. The name I find in that book?

BILLY. Promise me. Trust me and promise me. It is a little thing I ask and the last, the last I shall ever ask of any one. A little stone by your own hand, and the name you find here, Sandy. Promise! O, promise me this last, last, request. No, don't open the book now; don't look at the book now; but promise me.

SANDY. I promise.

BILLY. O, thank you; thank you. Why, what is that! O, Sandy, I tremble at every sound. It may be that it is death calling me now. Help me!

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Help! (*Enter Capt. T. and Bunker, running, and out of breath.*)

CAPT. T. Sandy! Sandy! (*Twisting up hair.*) Now, where's that bald-headed old mule of mine?

SANDY. Why, what's up in the Forks, now?

BUNKER. What's up? Why them strangers have called out the Vigilantes. They say that this boy, Billy Piper, has confessed he killed her; yes, her and the baby.

SANDY. Then I'll kill him. (*About to strike.*)

CAPT. T. (*Catching him.*) You're a fool! Come here! That boy is—well that boy is—is—well, if you don't stand up and fight for him— O, a man never has no sense, no how. (*Bunker and she roll up sleeves.*)

BUNKER. (*Talking off, L.*) If you want to pitch in, just pitch into us.

SANDY. Well, if he's squar'.

CAPT. T. Squar'. In there, Billy. (*Pushes him into Cabin and closes door.*) You just win this fight and swing them Danites! Yes, Danites! Nobody dares say it but me and Bunkerhill. I tell you they are Danites. Shoo, here they come!

(*Enter judge, L., puffing and blowing, and mopping face. Shouts heard. Capt. T. catches him and spins him round.*)

JUDGE. A hot mornin' for the glorious climate of—

CAPT. T. Now you fight on the right side, you old simpleton, or it'll be hotter. And I'll teach you suthin' about the glorious climate of California you never heard of before.

BUNKERHILL. And there's Tim a leadin' of the Vigilants! (*Enter Tim L.*) Here! (*Wheels him in place by Sandy and Judge.*) There's your place.

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(*Enter mob of miners L., led by Hick. and Carter.*)

TIM. But Billy's got to go, Bunker.

MINERS. Yes, run him out!

PARSON. (*Entering L. i E. and drawing pistol.*)
What's that? You run out Billy Piper? Poor, sickly little Billy, that never gets any bigger and never has a beard? Look here! When you run him out, you do it right here over my bones. (*Pistol at face of Hick.*)

HICK. But he is a murderer. He has confessed to us both that it was he who murdered that poor wife and babe. He is a murderer and must die.

PARSON. That voice! That face! Didn't I tell you we should meet again? And didn't I tell you I should know you when we met? (*Tears off beard disguise from Hick's face.*) These are the men I saw at her cabin. These are the men that murdered her. Danites! Danites! Danites! Boys, what shall be their sentence? (*Enter Washee Washee down C. brandishing razor.*)

JUDGE. (*Draws long pistol; down centre.*) Well, as I am the only Judge in this part of this glorious climate of California, I pronounce them guilty and sentence them to die with their boots on.

ALL. Hang them! Hang them! (*Hick. and Carter are seized and hurried off L.*)

CAPT. T. Well, I guess the Judge will look after them. And Bunker, we better look after Billy. Sandy, you stay here; we may need you. Billy's pretty sick. But he won't be half so sick, when they're dancin' in the air.

SANDY. I'll stop right here, and if I can help poor Billy, say so.

BUNKERHILL. You're right. Billy's the best

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friend you ever had. (*Exit with Capt. T. into cabin. Enter Tim and Judge, followed by miners.*)

TIM. Well, they're on their way, Sandy.

SANDY. To San Francisco?

JUDGE. To Kingdom Come!

SANDY. Good, good! Served 'em right. True, it don't bring her and the babe back to us boys; but we can be kind to Billy now. Poor little Billy. We've been mighty hard on him.

TIM. Well, I feel kind o' cheap about it, too. Let's go in and cheer him up.

JUDGE. And get him out in this glorious—
(*About to lead into cabin. Is met by Capt. T.*)

CAPT. T. Stop! Only women must enter that cabin now. For it is a woman who has lived there all these years. Billy Piper is no more.

ALL. What, dead?

BUNKERHILL. (*Leading out Billy in woman's dress.*) Yes, Billy Piper is dead. But Nancy Williams lives!

ALL. Nancy Williams!

PARSON. Shake hands! Shake hands with the old Parson. (*Takes hand, shakes and kisses it.*) And Sandy, old pard, I know where this little hand, like a fluttered bird, wants to fly to. (*Gives hand to Sandy.*)

SANDY. And you give me your hand, to—to—to—keep always?

BILLY. To keep as the stars keep place in heaven, Sandy.

MINERS. (*Forward; hats in hand.*) We all begs your pardon, Miss.

SANDY. Yes, we all do. We don't mean bad; but it's a rough country, and we're rough, and we've not been good to you. But there is an old and

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beautiful story in the Bible—(*to audience*)—you've all heard it before you learned to read, I reckon. It is of that other Eden. There the living God met man face to face, communed with him every day in his own form. And yet that man fell. Well, now, we don't claim to be better than they were in Eden, even in the heart of the Sierras.

Curtain.

**FORTY-NINE—AN IDYL DRAMA OF
THE SIERRAS
IN FOUR ACTS**

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FORTY-NINE.—*A relic of bygone days. "I've been here since '49, and I reckon I ought to know."*

CHARLES DEVINE.—*"My Pard."*

LUCKY TOM GULLY.—*A real, heavy villian, who becomes chief of the Vigilantes.*

COL. SNOWE.—*An old lawyer, "who never lost a case."*

COL. BILLY.—*"A total wreck."*

BLACK SAM.—*An aged colored person.*

CAPT. HAMPTON.—*Captain of Vigilantes.*

CARROTS.—*"Twenty-four karots fine and all pure gold."*

OLD MISSISSIP.—*Saloon keeper.*

BELLE.—*Reputed daughter of Mississip.*

MRS. DEVINE.—*Mother of Charles.*

FORTY-NINE—AN IDYL DRAMA OF THE SIERRAS

IN FOUR ACTS

ACT I.

SCENE: *Mrs. Devine's Parlor: Nauvoo.—Table, C., with book.*

Sam discovered seated reading. Knock at door.

SAM. Massa Charley, spec'. Come in sah.
(*Enter Gully.*) Tain't Massa Charley.

GULLY. Where's your Missis, Sam?

SAM. Gone to prayer-meetin', sah.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Good! (*Aloud.*) Gone to prayer-meeting, eh? Well, reckon I'll wait till she gets back. Bring me a match.

SAM. Gemmen, don't smoke in lady's parlor, sah! Wish to de Lord, Massa Charley was done come home, I do.

GULLY. Well, he *ain't* coming home. He won't come home no more.

SAM. What! Massa Charley? Massa Charley? Speak it low and kind o' soft like, fur maybe his mother might be comin' in at dat door, sah, and hear you. Not comin' home no more? I say, Massa Gully, don't joke dat way.

GULLY. He don't come home no more, I tell you. There, thought I had a match. He's gone I say. (*Bites off end of cigar, lights it and sits, throwing one leg over table.*)

SAM. Gone? Gone off anywhere? Not sick? Not dead, Massa Gully?

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GULLY. No, gone. Gone to California, and I've come to say good-bye to his mother for him. He didn't have time.

SAM. Somethin's wrong. I tell you there's somethin' wrong. It ain't Massa Charley's way fur to go fur to leave his poor old mother like dat. Charley's a bit wild, and de like, and he do keep bad company. You is his busum friend, Massa Gully. But he ain't de boy fur to go and send you to say good-bye. Somethin's wrong. Somethin's powerful wrong.

GULLY. Yes, there is something wrong Sam, if you must know; something is powerful wrong. But there; go, do you hear?

SAM. (*Snatching away Bible and nearly upsetting Gully.*) Want to make things more comfortable for your legs; thought the Bible might hurt you, you know. (*Exit L. limping, and dodging hymn book.*)

GULLY. (*Solus.*) Poor, silly Charley didn't have the heart to come back and say good-bye to his old mother, and so I came for him and to get some papers from Snowe. (*Enter Col. Snowe with bag. L. followed by Sam.*)

SNOWE. Not here, Sam? Why, he promised to meet me here; promised to be at home here, waiting for me.

SAM. Berry sorry, Massa Snowe; but he is not here. P'raps dat gemman knows whar he is, Massa Snowe. (*Aside.*) Lor'! I wish he war a gemman.

GULLY. Ah! good evening, Judge Snowe, good evening. Delighted to see you; yes Judge, delighted to see you. Charley has gone. Your favorite and confidential clerk could not bear to say good-bye to

his mother, so he sent *me*, you know, to say good-bye for him and bring the papers.

SNOWE. But, he has not gone? He only to-day promised to meet me here; and he *will* be here.

GULLY. He will not be here; I saw him to the boat myself. (*Enter Charles Devine, drunk.*) What! you back?

DEVINE. Back again, like a bad penny. You see Gully—you see, I was waiting for the boat to start, such a crowd. Well, (*hic*) while I was waiting I went below, where you took me once. I saw the game going on. "All down! Down your bets! Monte! Faro! Roulette! Forty to one on the eagle-bird! (*hic*) Forty to one on the eagle-bird at Roulette!"

GULLY. I hope you won.

DEVINE. "Forty to one on the eagle-bird!" Just think of it. Forty times five hundred—twenty thousand dollars—and you in with me, you know.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Why, he has won twenty thousand dollars! By the holy poker! A fool for luck. (*Aloud.*) We were both in together, you know, Charley.

DEVINE. Yes, (*hic*) both in together, you know. Well (*hic*) I just took my five hundred dollars in my fist so, you know, (*hic*) and I marched straight up to that table, and I planked her down on the eagle-bird—every cent—and cried, "Roll! Roll! Turn! Turn! Turn! Five hundred dollars on the eagle-bird! Twenty thousand dollars or nothing! Turn! Turn!! Turn!!!"

GULLY. Well! Well! You won, and——

DEVINE. Five hundred dollars on the eagle-bird! Twenty thousand or nothing! Turn!

GULLY. Well, well.

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DEVINE. And he turned, you know, and——

GULLY. And, and——

DEVINE. And the eagle-bird (*hic*) lost.

GULLY. O, the drunken fool

SNOWE. Charley! Charley! You are drinking again. You will break your old mother's heart.

DEVINE. My mother! Don't say a word to *her*! I—I—will reform to-morrow.

SNOWE. Well, well, Charley. About this business of mine. Come; be sober; be a man. You promised to start on this business this very night. You are a man I can trust. Can you go? Are you fit to go? Do you understand what you have to do?

DEVINE. Let me see. A girl—a child of one of the old families—a lost girl that our Sam had charge of, one of the orphans of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, is now an heiress—a great estate waiting for her. And—and—you just yesterday found out that she is in the mountains of California.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) An heiress—an heiress? If I can only get those papers, the girl and her fortune are mine. (*Takes out note-book and makes notes.*)

DEVINE. I am to go and find her. My salary you are to hand over to my mother, till I return.

SNOWE. Right, right, my boy. But now you must be off, you have a through ticket in your pocket. If you have gambled off your money you would do it again: no, not another cent! Sam!

SAM. Yes, Massa Snowe.

SNOWE. You really believe you would know that child still?

SAM. Shuah, Massa Snowe? Shuah! I would know dat chile, why I would know dat chile in Jerusalem. Why, Massa Snowe, *she'd* know dis old

black face for sure. She'd come right up to dis old cripple now.

SNOWE. Ah! But you must remember, Sam, it is now more than twelve years since the Danites and Indians murdered her parents, and took her from your arms on the plains, and she was hardly four years old at the time.

SAM. But I'd know her, shuah. And she—she'd know old Sam's black face anywhere. Dar ain't many of my kind, Massa Snowe, up in dem white mountains, and den, O, Massa Snowe, she'd know my songs. She'd fly to me like a bird, she would.

SNOWE. Your songs? Did you sing to her much, Sam?

SAM. Allers, allers. On dem ole plains, Massa Snowe. Why, she knowed my songs, every one. She'd sing a vus, and I'd sing a vus, and you see, if she'd hear me sing now, she'd come a runnin' right to me. 'Fore God she would, Massa Snowe.

SNOWE. Capital idea! Capital idea! Charley, you must be off, and at once. (*Takes out papers.*) These papers will give you directions where you may find the girl, and give you full authority to act when she is found. There is a false claimant, but this will be conviction strong as holy writ. Now, Sam, you can go; and remember, if this girl is found, your fortune is made.

SAM. I don't want no fortune, Massa Snowe. I wants to see dat chile once more before I dies—poor, poor baby in de mountains.

SNOWE. I say, Sam! Do you think there are any marks by which she can be identified?

SAM. Marks? Marks? Massa Snowe, marks dat she will take wid her to her coffin, yes! Why, dar come de Danites, painted red, and howlin'

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and a choppin', and a shootin', and a stabbin'. O, Massa Snowe, it makes me sorry; it makes me sick, to t'ink of it. A whole heap of men and women heaped togeder in he grass and dusty road, dead. And den, dis little gal a 'nestlin' up to me, a hidin' in ole Sam's busum, de blood a runnin' down her arm, and all her folks dead. A great big gash dar. (*Pointing to arm.*) Know her? Know dat chile? I'd know dat chile in Jerusalem, I would.

DEVINE. Why, my poor old Sam, don't break up that way.

SNOWE. That, Charley, is the child you are to find. A large tract of land in Santa Clara, on which a city has since been built, was the property of the family, who were on their way to take possession at the time of the massacre, and she is now sole heiress to the entire estate, which is of enormous value. Of course there are many pretenders to this fortune, but this I *know* is the real heiress.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) It's the biggest thing out—a mine of gold. A regular Bononza mine to any one who has the nerve to work it.

SNOWE. (*Glasses on and examining papers.*) She is a woman now, I suppose. You see, in the great Mountain Meadow Massacre, the Indians, led by the Danites, killed all except the children of three and four years of age. The little orphans, forty or fifty in number, were taken up by the Mormons and Indians, and in a few years were almost forgotten. I have sent agents searching everywhere, but have always been disappointed. But now, I have a new hope and with care it shall become a reality. (*Rises and crosses stage. To Devine.*) It is a beautiful and strange superstition of the Indians that they will not kill a negro.

DEVINE. An Indian will not kill a negro?

SNOWE. No. An Indian of the plains will *not* kill a negro. In this case they spared poor old Sam only because he was black. The Indians took her from his arms and let him go. I have great hope. For, if the child can remember anything at all, she will remember old black Sam. Charley, it shall be your task to find her.

DEVINE. A delightful task! I shall so like to get out and up into the mountains, and heart of the Sierras; such scenery! such air! The smell of the fir and tamarack! Ah! I shall reform there.

SNOWE. (*Handing papers to Charley.*) You are to take these papers, go directly to the Sierras, and sit down there quietly in the heart of the mountains, get acquainted with her there; get her confidence; find out what she remembers of her old negro and all. Then make your application to the courts in behalf of this orphan child, and present your papers and authority. And if really necessary, I will come with black Sam, to satisfy the laws and the State. (*Retires up stage.*)

GULLY. (*Aside.*) I have an envelope and legal papers like those in my pocket. I was sued the other day. He is still half drunk. If I could only exchange them. (*To Devine.*) She is very rich, you say?

DEVINE. The richest girl, perhaps, in California. A city has been built on her lands, fortunately, and there is no computing her wealth.

GULLY. Charley, you go at once! Go! I see a fortune in it—a fortune—do you hear? And I'm in with you, you know. Go, find this girl. Find her, woo her, win her, marry her. And don't let her know she is an heiress until it's all over. The

biggest thing in America. Woo her, win her, marry her, before she knows anything about her good fortune. Charley, my boy, I congratulate you! I say that is the biggest thing in America. Go up there in the mountains in your good clothes, and take plenty of perfumery along with you, and you can win that mountain girl in less than a month. And when you have got the girl, send for old black Sam; prove her identity yourself, and let old Snowe go to the devil. And we're pards.

DEVINE. But this is unworthy of——

GULLY. There you go again, with your heart. All heart, and no head. Go, do as I tell you; but be sure you take plenty of perfumery with you, women like perfumery. Few women can reason, but all women can smell. Take plenty of perfumery.

DEVINE. You are a scoundrel, sir!

GULLY. I am called Lucky Tom Gully. I was born a gentleman. A gentleman without money. (*Aside.*) Of such men are scoundrels made. (*Aloud.*) I am a gentleman by birth, a gambler by profession. A villian from necessity. I say marry the girl, and we divide. You decline? Very well; good-bye.

DEVINE. (*Refusing hand.*) You scoundrel! But you are at least candid.

GULLY. The most candid man you ever knew in your life, sir, and— a scoundrel. (*Enter Mrs. Devine, R. Devine throws papers on table, receives her. Sam exits, L. Snowe greets Mrs. D. Gully takes papers from his pocket and exchanges them with those on table.*)

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Scoundrel, am I?

DEVINE. O, Mother, I am so glad you have come before—before I go.

FORTY-NINE

MRS. D. Before you go, Charley?

DEVINE. Yes, Mother, I did not want to tell you myself, but now I must. I go to California to-night.

MRS. D. To California? No! No! Not there. Not to *that* place of all places in the world. Not there, not there, I implore you.

DEVINE. Mother, I *must* go. There is no escaping; I must and must go to-night—now. And why have you such a horror of California?

MRS. D. My son, hear me, hear me. Your father is buried there. This you know. I never speak of it, for it breaks my heart. No, no, not to California. That cost your father his life.

DEVINE. Then mother, I am going to find my father's grave.

MRS. D. Charley, you may find a grave there if you go. You will find only a grave here when you return. (*Enter Sam.*)

SAM. Only jest time to catch de boat, Massa Charley.

DEVINE. Farewell, mother. It is my duty, and I must go. (*Embraces, catches up papers, seals envelope, crosses to Snowe, L. and takes his hand.*) To your care I entrust her. (*Exit, Sam following.*)

SNOWE. Confound the fellow; he has made me cry. (*Looking after, with Mrs. D. up stage.*)

GULLY. (*Taking out papers exultingly.*) They are mine! Mine! And she shall be mine! Fool! Go on your fool's errand, I shall be there before you. You will find the game bagged.

Curtain.

FORTY-NINE

ACT II.

SCENE: *Gambling House in Southern Sierras—
Mississip at Table, dealing Faro—Gully and
Col. Billy Playing—Belle Watching Game—
Miners Grouped About.*

MISSISSIP. All down! Down your bets! The game is made! Roll! And again lucky Mississip rakes in the money.

COL. BILLY. I have lost my alce!

GULLY. Ante, Col. Billy, and pass the buck.

COL. B. Lucky Tom, you (*hic*) got my last cent.

GULLY. And intend to keep it, too. You see, you have been rather rough on me since I came to this camp. I owe you a grudge and I intend to pay it.

COL. B. Well, I'm glad there is something you intend to pay, if it is only your grudges.

GULLY. What's that, you old beggar!

MISS. No; don't kill the man in the house.

COL. B. No! Don't kill a man in the house; it might stop the Faro game. Take 'em outside if you want to (*hic*) shoot 'em. Total wreck! Total wreck!

MISS. All down! Down your bets! The game is made! Roll.

COL. B. Mississip, where is Carrots? I didn't come here to gamble and get drunk. I came to see *her* and (*hic*) hear her sing.

MISS. Where's Carrots? Out with old Forty-Nine, when she ought to be at work. O, won't I make it hot for her when she comes in! Roll!

COL. B. (*Aside to miners.*) Bet the old cat has got her locked up in that 'ere cellar. I tell you

FORTY-NINE

boys we ought to do something for that little gal, even if she is a saucy imp, and all that. Old Forty-Nine can't keep her any more. He's all busted up and about starvin' himself. That old tunnel. Humph! She has to go to sing and dance to get a bit of bread. Total wreck, total wreck. (*Entreats barkeeper for drink, who shakes head. Miss. also refuses.*) Total wreck! Total wreck!

GULLY. O, go 'way and don't bother the game.

MISS. Put him out, Lucky Tom, put him out.

COL. B. You better order your coffin, (*hic*) before you try it. I'm one of the old 'uns, I am. Don't care if you do carry a bowie. I came to this 'ere camp too early in the mornin'. Why you only came here last month and you think you own the town. Put me out! I should radiate. Used them things for tooth-picks in '49 and spring of '50.

BELLE. Well, Col. Billy, if he wants to put you out he will.

COL. B. Your humble servant, Miss, but he don't want to, he don't want to (*hic*) put me out.

BELLE. No, no, he don't want to; do you dear?

GULLY. Not if he behaves himself, my darling.

COL. B. Well, all I want to know is, Mississip, where's Carrots, and why don't you get *her* clothes like this one's? Carrots does all the work and Belle wears all the clothes.

MISS. Because, Belle is a lady and Carrots is nothing but a little saucy Injin and don't deserve good clothes. And now, d'ye mind that. The Injin!

COL. B. Injin! Injin! Well, she's the whitest Injin I ever seed. A red-headed Injin. Say, Belle's blacker than forty Carrots.

FORTY-NINE

GULLY. Now, you — (*Is about to draw bowie.*)

COL. B. Why don't you pull it? I want to see it; hain't seed a bowie since '49. Bah! You coward! (*Carrots sings outside. Miners all turn and listen.*) That's Carrots! That's our Carrots, boys!

BELLE. (*Aside.*) That hateful Carrots. The men all turn from me to hear her sing. The hateful singe-cat. I despise her.

COL. B. That's Carrots! That's Carrots: and old Forty-Nine, my chum, ain't far off.

BELLE. I don't see what Forty-Nine sees in her.

COL. B. Don't see what Forty-Nine sees in *her*? Why, he sees in her, soul, (*hic*) heart, humanity. She's the sunshine of his life. She's the champagne and cocktails of this 'ere camp, too. (*Miners applaud. Miss. starts up angrily, and they shrink back.*)

[*Enter Carrots, singing snatches of song, bow and arrows in hand, dress all torn, hat hanging by its strings, and hair unkempt.*]

CARROTS. (*Flourishing bow and arrows.*) Knocked a chipmunk clean out of a pine top, Col. Billy. Yes, I did. Old Forty-Nine was with me away up yonder. Yes, and he's come home by his tunnel to give my flowers to old sick Jack. Be here in a minute.

MISS. (*Storms across stage; miners in terror of her.*) She's broken up the game. Here! (*Seizes Carrots by hair.*)

CARROTS. Oh! oh! Now you jest let up! Let down! Let go!

MISS. Give me that, and tell me where you've been.

CARROTS. O, please, Mississip! Please let go my

bow, and I'll never, never, never—— (*Lets go.*)
You old hippopotamus. Notion to knock you like I
did chipmunk. (*As if shooting.*)

GULLY. You imp! You Injin! (*Cuffs her, and
takes bow behind bar.*)

MISS. Now, you ever dare touch that bow and
arrows again, and I'll skin you alive.

CARROTS. Can't I have my bow? Forty-Nine
made it for me. It's mine. Why can't I have my
bow?

MINERS. Yes, why can't she—— (*Miss. starts
for them, and they shrink in terror.*)

MISS. No! You can't have your bow.

CARROTS. Well, Belle's got a beau, think you
might let me have mine.

MISS. Here! Come here! (*Seizes Carrots
again by hair.*) Now, do you get into the kitchen
there and stay there till the dishes are all washed,
or down into the cellar you go. (*Drags her to door,
L.*) Do you hear, you brat? You beggar?

COL. B. Shame! Don't kill the gal.

MISS. Mind your own business.

COL. B. Well, this is my business. (*Crosses.*)

GULLY. No you don't. (*Thrusts him back.*)

MISS. Bite me, will you? (*Hits and throws her
in corner, L. Miners start to help; Miss. drives back
and they down R. Enter Forty-Nine, C. with
Squirrel and comes down to miners, R. C., laugh-
ing.*)

49. Plenty water for the miners now. Phew!
What a storm. But I found her, Col. Billy. (*Billy
kicks out at Miss. and miners all try to attract his
attention to her.*) Yes, I did. And where do you
think? Why, away up the mountain, yonder, nearly
agin' the snow; and pickin' of flowers for old sick

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Jack, and a singin' too, like a robin, all to herself. Ha, ha, ha. And that's the way I found her. And a comin' back she shot that squirrel with her bow. Knocked its eye out away up in the top of a pine. But where is she? (*Carrots attempts to rise. Miss. forces her back. Miners signing Forty-Nine to look.*) And what's the matter with you all? And where's the old hippopotamus?

Miss. Where's the old hippopotamus, eh? Well, here she is, and I'm just going to stamp the life out of this brat! (*Throws her again on floor.*) And you dare interfere. (*Is about to stamp. Forty-Nine rushes up, seizes her with show of strength and holds her at arms length.*)

'49. O, I guess not.

Miss. You! You! I'll pizen you.

'49. What's that? say! (*Leads her to chair and forcibly seats her.*) Now, you take an old man's advice and let that gal alone. What right have you to strike her anyhow?

Miss. Well, I brung her up, and I——

'49. Brung her up? Yes, on sage brush. (*Carrots down stage, and hides from Miss. behind Forty-Nine. He sits with her, puts back her hair from her face, and kisses her. Col. B. comes forward.*) Well, Col. Billy, old pard, how are you?

COL. B. (*Spitting cotton.*) Dry, very dry. Total wreck, and dry. (*Miss. shakes her fist, and talks to Gully.*)

'49. Dry? Ha! ha! Well, I ain't. That old tunnel is drip, drip, drip. Oh! my rheumatics! I'm not dry. I hain't been dry for nigh onto twenty years, Col. Billy.

COL. B. Well, I've been dry for nigh onto a thousand years, seems to me.

'49. Billy, just wait. Just wait till I strike it in that tunnel, and we'll go to New York and buy—buy the Astor House. Yes, we will, bar and all.

COL. B. Good! good! But you won't strike it. No, you won't never strike it while I live. Why, if I wait for you to strike it in that old tunnel, I'll be so dry—well, I'll be all evaporated.

'49. Ha, ha, ha! There's gold in there. I've been here since '49, and I'd ought to know. I'll strike it yet, Col. Billy. And you won't evaporate.

COL. B. Yes, I will evaporate. We all will. Won't we, boys?

'49. Well, then, come, let's have a drink. Come boys. (*All rush to bar.*) I feel chilled to the bone. (*Leading Carrots, who makes faces at Miss.*) See there, boys. She did it. Took its eye out with the bow and arrows I made for her. There, bar-keep. Have it for your dinner. Might have a meaner one. Yes, you might have a worse dinner than a chipmunk, bar-keep. (*Col. B. is very thirsty.*) Why, when I came her in '49, that 'ere squirrel would ha' been a dinner fit for a king. Tough times, then, I tell you. Them's the times, too, when we used to have a man for breakfast; women was so bad, and whiskey was so bad, Col. Billy. Yes, yes. But now that I've that tunnel, and am going to strike it right away, I wouldn't eat chipmunk, no! (*Raises his glass, all eager; and then drops again. Miners disappointed.*) And, when I do strike it and get back to my wife and little blue-eyed baby in the cradle, on the banks of the Mississippi—(*Carrots clings to him.*) O, I'll take you, my girl. Oh, never do you fear, I'll take you. And I'll take a big buckskin bag of gold-dust, yellow and rich and beautiful, as your beautiful hair, my girl.

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And we won't let 'em know we're comin'. No. We'll just slip up to the cabin there; slip up through the corn, and just slip in quiet like, while my wife's busy, and looking the other way, and then we'll crawl up to the little cradle settin' *there* in the middle of the floor, and we'll just pour the gold down at that baby's feet as it lies there a crowin' and my wife will turn and see it all—Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!

COL. B. Forty-Nine! Forty-Nine! You mustn't think of that, you know. Your head. You mustn't talk of the States. You know it makes you wild to talk of the States.

'49. I forgot, I forgot. Forgive me boys. Here's to—to—to—*her*. (*Enter Devine C.*)

'49. 'Frisco chap, eh? Have a drink, stranger?

DEVINE. No, I rarely drink, thank you.

COL. B. Rarely drink! Well, he ain't from 'Frisco.

GULLY. (*Aside; starts up from table.*) Charley Devine! By all that's devilish! He's found this out of the way place without papers and without money. Well. Here's for the old game of bluff. Fortune favors the brave. Hello, Charley?

DEVINE. Gully! You here? Gully! Lucky Tom Gully. Well, I'm the lucky man this time, for I'm flat broke.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) He does not even suspect me. Well, *I'm* your friend and will help you. But what's the trouble?

DEVINE. Well, you see, I was very mellow that night I started; had gambled off all my money, and when I awoke in the steamer about noon the next day, I found that I had either lost the papers, or, in the hurry of my leaving, Col. Snowe had given me the wrong package. Only some old papers of yours,

where you had been sued for a tailor's bill. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you know how gruff and stern Snowe is. I couldn't go back, and then, I wanted to try and find something about my father; if possible, to find his grave. And as I knew the name of this place, I at last managed to get here. But how is it you are here?

COL. B. Treat an old miner? Been here since '49, spring of '50. Treat an old miner? Total wreck, total wreck.

GULLY. Billy, you're drunk.

DEVINE. Been here since '49? He may have heard of my father.

COL. B. What might be your father's name, young man?

DEVINE. Mr. Devine—Charles Devine.

COL. B. Ah! A gospel sharp, eh?

DEVINE. No; not a preacher; a miner.

COL. B. Devine; Devine. Where have I heard that name before? Oh! Devine blessing, devine being. Any relation to——. No offence, stranger, no offence. Total wreck, total wreck. (*Crosses to Forty-Nine.*)

DEVINE. And you come here to mine?

GULLY. To marry.

DEVINE. To marry? Why, there are no marriageable women here in this dreadful place, are there?

GULLY. There is one marriageable woman, and I am engaged to her.

DEVINE. I congratulate you. I congratulate you with all my heart.

'49. It's queer, Carrots. The new one looks square. But that Lucky Tom is three-cornered. He's as triangular as a dinner gong. Let's see

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what's going on. (*Rises. Carrots dances across before miners, and stops suddenly in front of Devine.*)

CARROTS. Hello! What's your name?

DEVINE. Well, my little lady, my mother calls me Charley.

'49. (*Aside.*) Ah? Somebody used to call me Charley.

DEVINE. Now, what's your name?

CARROTS. Carrots!—Just Carrots. That's all.

'49. Good evening, sir.

DEVINE. Good evening. Carrots! Queer name.

'49. Well, you see we baptize everybody over again here, and give 'em new names. We call *her* Carrots, because—well, because her hair is like gold, sir. Twenty-four carats fine, and all pure gold. That's why, sir. And sings; why, she sings like a bird. (*Carrots sings a couplet and dances.*) Just look at that. When I strike it in my tunnel, I'm goin' to take her back with me to the States to tend and sing to my little baby. Have a drink, Mr.—Mr.—Charley?

DEVINE. Well,—Thank you. Don't care if I do. It's damp out of doors. Then I want to know you better, sir. You look to me as if you might be the king of these Sierras. Yes, I will drink with you.

'49. That's right. You see I'm old Forty-Nine. The boys all know me. I'm goin' to strike it in my tunnel next week, and go back to the States. I'm tired of this. Tired, tired. I want to see my wife and baby.

DEVINE. Why, what part of the States?

COL. B. (*To Devine.*) Stranger! Mr. Charley. Don't, don't you never git him on that. He's a little. (*Taps head.*) You see he's been waitin' so

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long, and been hopin' so long, its turned him jest a little. No. Never let him talk about that. He's all right on other things, but not that. Never, never let him talk of the States, Stranger.

DEVINE. Well, then, I won't.

CARROTS. (*Crosses to Miss.*) I want my bow.

DEVINE. Daughters of hers, eh? Well, they don't look much like sisters.

'49. They ain't. That is, I reckon they ain't, though she says they are her daughters. But guess they ain't. I've been here since '49 and I'd ought to know.

MISS. Go and wash them dishes I say.

'49. Now, look at that.

DEVINE. Well, I should think neither of them were her daughters. It is one of the laws of nature that monsters cannot propagate their kind.

'49. She's a tough citizen, I can tell you.

DEVINE. (*Aside.*) Can it be possible that one of these girls is the child I am sent to find? (*To Forty-Nine.*) Tell me, where did these girls come from?

'49. That's more than the oldest of us here can tell. You see these mountains were full of people once. Full, like a full tide of the sea, when we first found gold here. The tide went out, and left the driftwood, and sea-weed, and wrecks. These are of them; I am of them.

DEVINE. But Carrots. Where did she come from.

'49. Don't know, I say. They took some Injins to the reservation that she was with, and after that, she was seen, a mere baby, begging about among the miners.

DEVINE. And when was this?

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COL. B. Spring of '57.

'49. Yes, guess it was. He's got a memory. Was a great lawyer once.

COL. B. Yes. And don't you know, Forty-Nine, we first called Carrots the baby?

'49. Yes. And do you remember the time she stole some raw turnips?

COL. B. Yes, and ate them, and got the colic, and like to died?

'49. Yes. And Poker Jack got on his mule to go to Mariposa for the doctor.

COL. B. Yes. And got into a poker game, and didn't get back for four days.

'49. Yes. And the doctor didn't come, and so the baby got well.

COL. B. Just so. Just so, Forty-Nine.

DEVINE. Thank you. And the other one?

'49. Well, that mout be her child; but I guess she got picked up, too, by old Mississip. Wanted 'em to sing and dance, you know, for the boys. But you see Belle, she's stuck up. Guess she's got blood in her. I don't like her at all like I do my little Carrots; but I guess she's better stock. Leastwise, the old cat there makes a heap of her. But, I tell you, she just knocks the head off Carrots about four times a day. And when I strike it in that tunnel, I—— (*Enter Carrots, singing and laughing, and gets behind Forty-Nine for protection.*) That's her; that's Carrots, all over. Got no dignity; but lots of heart.

DEVINE. (*Aside.*) This can't be the girl. Water finds its level. She has sunk to the kitchen. The other one is the lady. I will talk to Gully. He seems to be most intimate with her. (*Crosses to Gully.*)

'49. What, ain't going, are you?

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CARROTS. O, yes, Forty-Nine. Let him go. You'll drink too much and have one of your spells again. Come, let's go up to the cabin. (*Steals bow and arrows. Miss. starts up. Carrots escapes to Forty-Nine.*)

'49. What's the matter now? Poor gal. But don't she catch it when I'm sick. Just like that all the time when the boys or me ain't about. What's the matter now?

CARROTS. She's just almost scalped me, she has.

BELLE. Here Carrots, bring me a foot-stool.

CARROTS. There! That's for your feet. Now, don't you want something for your head?

BELLE. Don't you make faces at me.

MISS. Don't be saucy to my darling, you brat.

'49. Come here, Carrots, and give us a song.

MINERS. Yes, a song.

CARROTS. I ain't got no song.

'49. Yes, just one song for the boys, Carrots, and we'll go up to the old cabin.

MINERS. Give us "The Days of Forty-Nine."

CARROTS. Shall I, Forty-Nine? Will you all join in?

MINERS. Yes, yes.

COL. B. I will assist.

CARROTS. All right. Join in the chorus all of you. (*Sings.*)

We have worked out our claims we have spent our gold,

Our barks are astrand on the bars;

We are battered and old; yet at night we behold

Outcroppings of gold in the stars.

And though few and old our hearts are bold;

Yet oft do we repine

For the days of old,

For the days of gold—

For the days of Forty-Nine.

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CHORUS.—Though battered and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

Where the rabbits play, where the quail all day
Pipes on, on the Chapparal hill,
A few more days, and the last of us lays
His pick aside and is still.
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of Forty-Nine.

CHORUS.—Though battered and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

We are wreck and stray, we are cast away,
Poor, battered old hulks and spars,
But we hope and pray, on the Judgment Day,
We will strike it, up in the stars.
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of Forty-Nine.

CHORUS.—Though battered and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

MINERS. Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! (*All feel in pockets and shake heads.*)

DEVINE. Here's a dollar for you. (*Aside.*) And the last I have.

CARROTS. (*Seeing Miss. watching.*) She will lock me in the cellar, and take it away if she knows it. Mississip will, unless I give it up.

'49. Keep it Carrots.

COL. B. I say Carrots, let me double it.

CARROTS. How?

COL. B. Put it on the ace. (*Car. laughs, dances up stage and back. To Chas.*) But don't you gamble, sir. Never do you risk a cent. But, I say,

this 'ers the winnin' card. Haven't got five dollars about you?

CARROTS. Oh! Forty-Nine. She will lock me up in the cellar unless I give it up. (*Miss. comes down savagely. Miners give way before her. Seizes Car. Grabs at money.*)

DEVINE. I thought giants lived here, who righted wrongs on the spot?

COL. B. *We* are total wrecks.

'49. Oh yes. The victors have gone away, and only the unfortunate, the dead, wounded and prisoners are left.

COL. B. Yes sir, we are total wrecks.

DEVINE. How hard the old monster is to one, and how kind to the other.

'49. There's somethin' wrong; somethin' wrong. Time alone can set it even. Come, Carrots, we must get back to the cabin. (*Going.*)

DEVINE. And may I not come to the cabin too, some day?

'49. You will be as welcome as the warm winds of these Sierras.

CARROTS. We've got a bull dog tied to the door. Got it for him. (*Pointing to Gully.*)

DEVINE. (*Laughing.*) I'll come, dog or no dog.

'49. We drink water out of the same spring with the grizzly bear.

COL. B. Drinks water! Bah! Like a hoss!

'49. I've got a tunnel there. I've bored half a mile into that mountain.

DEVINE. I will come. I—I—May I not come to-night? I am a stranger, and poor, and—

'49. Poor, and a stranger? (*Grasps hand.*) You are my guest. And when you are ready, we'll go.

CARROTS. (*Aside.*) I'm so glad. I like the

looks of him. (*Fixing up.*) I wonder if he likes the looks of me?

DEVINE. One word to my old friend here, and we will go. (*Goes to table, and takes Gully aside.*) I can't say how glad I am to find an old friend here. I was in a great strait. But this old miner has kindly offered me shelter in his cabin, so that I am all right. Still, I shall need a few dollars to push this business I was sent out on.

GULLY. Look here! You are an innocent. That business don't need pushing. I will attend to that.

DEVINE. What do you mean?

GULLY. Just what I said. There is the prize. There sits the heiress of Santa Clara. Now keep your secret, as I do mine, and win her from me if you can. But tell her who she is, and you shall never leave these mountains.

DEVINE. And this is the girl you are engaged to?

GULLY. The same. The heiress of Santa Clara.

DEVINE. And you intend to ruin the girl I have been sent to save?

GULLY. Ruin her? I intend to make a lady of her. What is she now? With her fortune, I will make her a lady—and myself a gentleman.

DEVINE. That is impossible.

GULLY. Beware!

MISS. O, I say, you ain't got any secrets, eh? You two hain't puttin' up no game on we uns, eh?

GULLY. Secrets? Ha, ha, ha! I never saw the man before in my life. But I have heard of him. (*Aside to Devine.*) Now you know the game I play. Beware.

DEVINE. I must and will save that girl. (*Starts toward Belle.*) I have a duty and will do it.

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GULLY. (*Steps before him.*) You must and shall keep this secret.

DEVINE. (*Pushing past him and to Belle.*) You must not marry this man till you know who he is—who you are—you are a lady.

MISS. As if we didn't all know that.

DEVINE. Hear me! I am sent here to save you. The proofs—the papers, I had—

GULLY. (*Steps between and forces down stage.*) And I have! (*Holds up stolen papers.*)

DEVINE. What! My papers!

GULLY. (*Cooly.*) No, mine! "All is fair in love and in war."

DEVINE. Then you are not only a liar but a thief. (*Gully grasps bowie. Forty-Nine comes down C.*)

GULLY. You dare defy me? Then take that. (*Draws bowie and makes lunge at Dev. Forty-Nine springs forward, catches him by the arm with great show of strength, bowie drops point into stage. Car. draws bow and arrow on Miss.*)

Curtain.

FORTY-NINE

ACT III.

SCENE: *Cabin L., old, moss grown—Practical door—Cupboard on wall; table, benches, background of huts, tunnels, mining tools, etc.—Sunset on snow-capped mountains in distance—Time, Christmas Eve.*

(Enter Gully elegantly dressed in California Costume.)

GULLY. Lucky! Better born lucky than rich any day. Lucky! Why they called me Lucky Tom Gully on the Mississippi steamers when I was a gambler. Lucky Tom Gully, when I was a loafer in Chicago. And I had not been in the mines a month till the miners called me Lucky Tom by intuition. Lucky! *(Lights cigar.)* I'm to be married to Belle to-night. But somehow I don't feel quite solid, with that young fellow and Forty-Nine at swords' points. I must make up with them. Let me see—I'll ask them to my wedding. It's a bold stroke. But it is the bold stroke that wins. Poor Charley Devine. I quite paralyzed him with my boldness when he first came to the camp. He has not spoken to me since. Poor simpleton. Pegging away in that old tunnel, without a cent, or even a coat to his back, or shoe to his foot. *(Carrots sings, R.)* Carrots! Why am I afraid of that girl? Afraid? *Is it fear?* Yes, it is fear that drives me to make friends with them—all three—after doing all I could to destroy them. An honest set of idiots, that I hate, and yet fear. *(Enter Carrots, coming down from rocks; carrying basket; bread hidden by flowers and evergreens; singing.)*

CARROTS. Hello! Store Clothes! Now what do

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you want in old Forty-Nine's door-yard? Better not get inside. A bull dog in there.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Hates me as bad as ever. It's not safe to have such enemies. Carrots, listen to me. I've come to ask you and Forty-Nine, and that other fellow, to my wedding.

CARROTS. You don't say so? Well, I don't think Forty-Nine and "that *other* fellow," as you call him, will come to your wedding. But, I'll tell you what I think they would do, if you like, and will ask them.

GULLY. Well, my dear little wild flower, what would they do if I asked them?

CARROTS. Do you want to know right now?

GULLY. Yes, my dear girl, I should like to know what they would do for me. For, you know I would do a great deal for them.

CARROTS. Would you, though? (*Aside.*) O, don't he smell sweet. (*Sits at table; arranges flowers.*)

GULLY. Yes, I would. But what is this they would do for me?

CARROTS. Well, I'll tell you. I know they won't come to your wedding. But they would both be powerful glad to come to your funeral.

GULLY. Bah! You are in love with that fellow. In love with a beggar. Why, he has not so much as a loaf of bread.

CARROTS. Well, what of that?

GULLY. Why, what can he give you then?

CARROTS. That which is more to a true woman than all the gold of these Sierras—a true man's love. (*Enter Col. B., R. E.*)

COL. B. Banished! Banished by the vigilantes, at last.

GULLY. What! Driven out? (*Aside.*) It's my

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work. He is not *for* me, and is therefore against me. He must go.

COL. B. Yes, new people come, call themselves vigilantes, and drives us old ones out. It's rough, it's tough. Total wreck; total wreck.

GULLY. Well, Col. Billy, shake hands and part friends. But it's too late to set out on a journey with your blankets to-night. What! Won't shake hands?

COL. B. Not with you, I reckon. Not with you. Pretty low down; total wreck; but never shook hands with a man that shook his friends, and never will.

GULLY. What do you mean?

(*Carrots alert.*)

COL. B. I know you are a vigilante. Yes, I know you by—by—the pure cussedness that's in you.

GULLY. Why I—I am not a vigilante. I am——

COL. B. A liar.

GULLY. What?

CARROTS. Stick to it Billy. (*Hands him knife with which she has been cutting flowers.*) He is a vigilante and the worst of the lot.

COL. B. You are! And you are the man that's been sending off all Forty-Nine's friends one by one, one by one. And at last you'll send *him* off and then Charley. O, you've got devilment in you. But I'll go. Total wreck; total wreck. I'll see old Forty-Nine just once more and go. Played out, played out. An old miner that never did any harm. That for twenty-five years dug out gold from the Sierras to make the world rich. But now—never mind. I'll go. I'll go. Total wreck. (*Drops knife on table and exits L. I. E.*)

CARROTS. Now do you see what kind of a critter

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you are? Poor, poor old Col. Billy. Why if he owned the whole Sierras and you came and wanted it he'd give it to you. And here you come and he must go. You won't let him have even a place to lie down and die in. (*Sits and again is busied with flowers.*)

GULLY. Carrots don't be too hard. The man is sent away because he has no visible means of support. All such men must leave the camp. I am going to get married and settle down and I want a respectable neighborhood.

CARROTS. Well, we can't have that while you're around.

GULLY. No?

CARROTS. No! Guess you'll go after Forty-Nine next. But if you do look out for lightnin'.

GULLY. No I won't; all such honest and industrious fellows like he is will remain and I will make friends with them.

CARROTS. Bet you a forty dollar hoss you don't make friends with him.

GULLY. O, but I will. I am going now to the tunnel to find Charley and Forty-Nine and I'll bet you a new silk dress they both come to my wedding.

CARROTS. I don't want any of your old new silk dresses. But they won't come. They are square, they are; not two-faced and triangular.

GULLY. Why Carrots, what do you mean? Come, let's be friends. (*Attempts to embrace her—she starts and takes knife.*)

CARROTS. Look here! Do you see that California thistle on the rocks in the warm winter sun?

GULLY. Well?

CARROTS. Well! But yesterday it was only a weak, helpless plant and you could have crushed it

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in your hand, like that. But now it is strong and sharp and able to take care of itself! Sabe? Well, I'm just like that. Sabe John?

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Curse her! (*Aloud.*) Well, good-bye, for a few minutes. I will see Charley and Forty-Nine and you will all come to my wedding to-night. Yes you will. (*Exit R. 1. E.*)

CARROTS. (*Alone.*) To-night! Why, this is Christmas Eve and I must sing Forty-Nine his old song. Always on Christmas Eve he wants this song. (*Sits at table singing old negro melody, same as Black Sam sings in last act. Looks at leaves in basket, makes bouquet, sets it in old can on table.*) That bread's for his dinner. (*Sings.*) Wonder where I got that song. Think I knowed it always. (*Enter Col. B., L. E.*)

COL. B. (*Drunk and happy.*) That ain't Forty-Nine's Christmas song—*hic*—that ain't.

CARROTS. What! Not gone, Col. Billy? I'm glad of that.

COL. B. I got a drink, (*hic*) a farewell drink, down at the forks of the trail; a real, genuine, good farewell drink. (*Hic.*) Feel better. Won't go at all, now.

CARROTS. Good! You stay right here. This is the centre of the earth.

COL. B. It is. Why, I couldn't leave this place now. (*hic*) I should go round, and round, and round, like the sun around the world, and never, never git away. No! I guess I've dug holes enough in the Sierras to entitle me to a grave. And I'll stay—(*hic*)—go right back up to town and stay. If they want to hang, let 'em hang. Don't care anything to be (*hic*) hanged! (*Exit R. U. E.*)

[*Enter Devine, R. 2. E.*]

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CARROTS. Why, Charley, how excited you are.

DEVINE. No, no, never mind that; where is Forty-Nine?

CARROTS. Why, he *was* up to town, and I heard him ask the store man for credit; and the store man said he couldn't have even a cracker any more. So he limped off with his gun to get somethin' good for our Christmas dinner, I guess. But what's the matter, Charley?

DEVINE. Nothing, nothing my child—my darling. But, can you keep a secret? O, I do wish Forty-Nine was here. Can you keep this for me? Keep it as you would keep gold. (*Gives her marked package of papers.*) You will keep it; and the secret?

CARROTS. (*Hides in bosom.*) Keep it? As the stars of heaven keep the secrets of the better world, I will keep it.

DEVINE. Thank you! Thank you, my—my—my—love, my life. Yes, yes, I love you, poor, beautiful little waif of the camp, with all my heart. But there, I must back to the tunnel to my work. Tell no one I was here. Do not even whisper it to Forty-Nine. There! (*Kisses her.*) Good-bye. I will be back soon, soon, soon. (*Exit, R. E.*)

CARROTS. He kissed me! And he loves me! O, my patience! Kissed me, and kissed me, and kissed me! And said he loves me. Kissed me three times at on'st. It took my breath away! O, I'm so happy! (*Stops.*) He gave me this to keep. I wonder what it is? And I wonder what the secret is? And what the trouble is? But no; there is no trouble now. There can never be any trouble any more now, for Charley loves me. (*Enter Forty-Nine with hairy coon and gun.*)

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'49. Hello, Carrots! (*Throws down coon; hobbles to her, laughing.*) Come down to take dinner? Goin' to sing the old Christmas song for me?

CARROTS. Yes, and I won't never go back to old Mississipp no more.

'49. That's right. You stay right here, and when I strike it, ha! ha! but, won't you kiss me?

CARROTS. (*Business of fixing mouth; laughing, as remembering Charley's kiss.*) Yes, oh, yes. There! I wanted to—to—to—kiss somebody again! (*Forty-Nine surprised.*) Does it? Do you? Did it—did it do you as much good to—to— Do you like as well to be kissed as—as— Do you feel as splendid as I did when—when— Does it make you tingle all over, and feel comfortable and warm, and summery when— (*Hiding face.*)

'49. Why, what do you mean!

CARROTS. He kissed me—he—Charley.

'49. Go—go—go—long.

CARROTS. Yes, he did. And he said he loved me, and he has gone back. (*Suddenly very serious.*) No, He—he—he wasn't here to-day, it was yesterday.

'49. (*Gaily.*) Well, I don't care when it was, or where it was. He's an honest, square boy; and when we strike it in the tunnel, I'll make you rich, rich. But it's rough times now. Hain't seen such times since '49.

CARROTS. Forty-Nine, tell me something. Didn't you never love anybody?

'49. Why, why yes, my girl. I—I loved my mother.

CARROTS. O, please, I don't like mothers. If old Mississipp is a specimen, I tell you they are tough citizens.

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'49. What do you say, Carrots? Speak kindly of our mothers, child. We, the old miners of '49, never knew friends so constant as our mothers. When we came away out here, and left the world, our fathers forgot us, our sweethearts married and left us, but our mothers waited for us, and waited and waited, and then they died and went to heaven to wait for us there.

CARROTS. Then I wish I'd a had a mother. But I reckon I never had. No, I guess I never had a mother, Forty-Nine.

'49. Never had a mother, to love.

CARROTS. No; guess that's why I love Charley, ain't it? Didn't you ever never have anything to love, besides your mother?

'49. My child, don't ask me that, don't.

CARROTS. Why, I won't then, Forty-Nine, if it hurts your feelin's. But I kind o' like to talk about love now.

'49. Well, what is it I can tell you?

CARROTS. Why, about yourself. You are always shut up just as tight as a bear in Winter time. (*Fixing flowers.*) Weren't you never young? And didn't you never love no girl, like me?

'49. Yes, yes, yes.

CARROTS. And she didn't love you back?

'49. She did! God bless her!

CARROTS. (*Leaves flowers and crosses to Forty-Nine.*) And why didn't you marry her, then?

'49. I did—I did! Now, Carrots, you're liftin' up the water gates, and you'll flood the whole mine.

CARROTS. Well, I'm so sorry, Forty-Nine. I'm so sorry. But I want to know. I've got no mother to talk to, Forty-Nine, and I—I want to know how these things come out.

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'49. I'll tell you, my honest child, just blushing into womanhood, I'll tell you.

CARROTS. Well, sit down on this rock here. Tell me, now, won't you?

'49. (*As not heeding her.*) And you like those lowly, little Winter flowers you have gathered from the rocks for Charley and me?

CARROTS. Yes; yes, they are lowly; and they ain't big. But they're so sweet, Forty-Nine.

'49. My child, in this cold, hard world, the sweetest flowers are lowly. The sweetest flowers grow closest to the ground.

CARROTS. And you did love her? Tell me, Forty-Nine, tell me.

'49. (*Still evasive.*) And Charley's got a sweetheart.

CARROTS. Yes, he's got a sweetheart, and I've got a sweetheart. Now, didn't you never have a sweetheart, Forty-Nine?

'49. No, no, no—Shoo—— Do you—you think it will rain this evening?

CARROTS. I don't know, and I don't care. I know I've got a sweetheart, and Charley's got a sweetheart. And didn't you really never have a sweetheart, Forty-Nine?

'49. My child, I—I—— Yes, I'll tell you. I never told anybody. But I'll tell you, and tell you now, and never, never do you mention it any more, for I can't bear to think about it.

CARROTS. Why, poor, dear Forty-Nine. Why I didn't know you ever could cry. There, there.

'49. Well, you see when it took half a year to come here, and half of us died getting here, why, the cowardly didn't start, and the weak died on the way;

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and so it was that a race of giants came here in '49: men that could die, but not weep.

CARROTS. Yes, I know, Forty-Nine. The old boys were the best ones. But there ain't many of 'em now.

'49. Not many now. They're up there on the hill: up above the trouble of the world, nearer the pure white snow; nearer the great white throne.

CARROTS. O, Forty-Nine. But *her*. And don't, please, don't cry.

'49. Well, you see, that little baby that I left in the cradle, with its sweet, young mother bendin' over it—it comes before me all the time when I turn back to think, and it makes me cry.

CARROTS. But *she*; she was good and true?

'49. Good and true? Good and true, and pure as the gold I'm to find in the tunnel, and make you and Charley rich with, my girl.

CARROTS. And you will never see her any more?

'49. Yes, yes, when I strike it in the tunnel. But then you see, it was so long, so long, so long. When I began that tunnel I was certain I'd strike it in a month; then I said in a year. And all the time the little boy baby, crowin' in its cradle, and its sweet mother bendin' over it, waitin', waitin', waitin'.

CARROTS. Dear, dear, old Forty-Nine. But the little boy baby is not in the cradle now.

'49. Carrots! Carrots! It ain't kind in you to say so. It ain't dead! It's there! I can see it now! And her, her sweet, pretty face bendin' over it. You see we forty-niners never knew much of books, or were much for writin' letters. And then, you know, we wanted to surprise 'em at home. And so we didn't write, but kept waitin' to strike it, and go back and surprise 'em. A year slipped through my

fingers, and another, and another, and another, and another. And all the time these mountains, lifted like an eternal wall of snow, and the mighty plains, bald and bleak, and vast, rolled like a sea between. But I'll strike it yet. I'll strike it yet. And I'll see that little boy baby there crowin' in its cradle, and its sweet young mother bendin' over it. Only don't speak of 'em, don't speak of 'em, or you will break my old heart.

CARROTS. O, I'm sorry for you. It just busts me all up. I wonder if Charley—— (*Rising and aside.*) Well, I'd never let Charley go off like that, no sir'ee.

'49. But there, there; never mind. I'll see that baby yet. Yes, I will. I'll heap its cradle full of gold. Full, full of gold. And you are going to be rich, too, some day. I will strike it yet. You will be a great lady some day, see if you don't. But we must get dinner now. (*Picks up coon.*) It is going to be a glorious good dinner, too.

CARROTS. What are you going to have?

'49. This—coon!

CARROTS. What's Charley going to have? He's been working in the tunnel all day.

'49. He's goin' to have coon, too.

CARROTS. He won't like coon.

'49. Why not? Coon is better than horse, or mule, or dog. I've tried 'em all. I have been here since '49, and I reckon I ought to know; coon is the best thing for this season of the year, in the world. I have just been yearnin' for coon, just been pinin' for coon. Set the table, Carrots. (*Aside.*) Lord, how I do hate coon! (*Going, holding up and talking to coon.*) O, why did you cross my path? Why wasn't you a deer, or a grouse, or a rabbit, or a

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squirrel, or anything in this world, but a horrible, greasy, ring-tailed coon? (*Exits into cabin L. 2. E.*)

CARROTS. Poor old Forty-Nine, and he loves her, and he left her, too. If Charley should leave me like that, I'd— (*Enter Devine, R., unobserved.*)

DEVINE. You'd what, my pretty pet? (*Kisses her.*)

CARROTS. O, Charley! Didn't think you was in a thousand miles of here; or I wouldn't have been thinkin' about you at all.

DEVINE. And, really, you ought not to think about me. I'm not worth thinking about: so much trouble; so much trouble.

CARROTS. Why, what trouble can there be, Charley, if you love me, and—and I love you, and all this beautiful world is our's to love in? But I must set the table now. (*Devine kisses his hand to her; sits on rocks, R., reading letter; Carrots sets table and sings.*) O, Charley, did you hear the news? Belle and—stop a minute! Will you take the news a little at a time, or all in a heap? Well, then, here goes, all at once! They are to be married to-night!

DEVINE. (*Aside.*) Belle to be married—to that man! And what will Snowe think of me? He must have heard it some how, and that is why he comes, post-haste.

CARROTS. And you used to like her, didn't you? You used to try to get close to her, and say things, didn't you? You liked her, and she liked the other feller. That's just always the way. Nobody never likes anybody that anybody likes.

DEVINE. O, set the table. I never loved Belle.

CARROTS. You never loved her?

DEVINE. I did, and I did not. Listen: a man with a heart must love something. Love—the love

of woman—is as necessary to the existence of a real man as the sunlight to the life and perfection of a flower. But until a man meets his destiny, reaches his ideal, he must of needs reach out to that which is nearest; as the vine climbing feebly up to the sun lays hold with its tendril on whatever it can, be it foul or fair, the heart of man takes hold of the highest nature that comes near his, and then waits its destiny. Jealousy is borne of an instinctive knowledge of this truth.

CARROTS. (*Starts, comes back.*) Hey?

DEVINE. You don't understand?

CARROTS. No; that's all Modoc to me.

DEVINE. Well, you will understand some time. So run along, now I am sad, and must sit and think.

CARROTS. All right! Just so you don't think of Belle. (*Enter Forty-Nine.*)

'49. Hello, Charley! (*To Carrots.*) Them your flowers smells so?

CARROTS. I don't smell nothin'; except Lucky Tom.

'49. I do! Whew! Coon, without ingerons, without crackers. I ain't seen such times, Carrots, since '49.

DEVINE. I am as hungry as a wolf, Forty-Nine. What have you to-day, for dinner?

CARROTS. (*Catches up and hands flowers.*) I brung 'em—I brunged—I bringed—I—brought 'em—from the mountains—away up against God's white snow.

DEVINE. And you are His angel, sent down from the golden gates. California flowers. Silent eloquence of the voiceless world. How beautiful! How perfect, and how pure? When my—what is that I smell?

CARROTS. Flowers!

'49. No! That's the coon—we will have coon for dinner. It is a dinner fit for a king—coon straight!

DEVINE. (*Laughing.*) If it tastes as it smells, I don't want any coon straight.

CARROTS. Yes, guess it is the coon. Thought at first it was the flowers. It smells strong enough to climb a tree now. Smells stronger than Lucky Tom.

'49. Now, look here, both of you. Just listen to me. There's a certain time in the year, in this peculiar glorious climate, when you require a change of diet. When you require coon. I have been here since '49. I reckon I'd ought to know.

CARROTS. Of course he knows. He's right. He's always right. I know that coon is—well, coon is coon.

'49. Yes, that's a fact. Why, you couldn't have such a dinner as coon straight in New York for love or money. No, not even in London. (*Carrots sets table and sings.*)

CARROTS. There's the salt and the mustard, and where's the pepper? Forty-Nine, where's the black pepper? Oh here's the black pepper. And here's the red pepper. And here's the grey pepper.

DEVINE. Anything else?

CARROTS. Yes. There's the tooth-picks. What magnificent tooth-picks for this time of the year.

'49. Did you set on the pepper there?

DEVINE. (*Sneezing.*) She set on the pepper; and that's about all she did set.

CARROTS. Dong, dong, ding dong. First bell.

'49. Yes, little Sunshine, let's make the best of it.

DEVINE. Will you allow me? (*Conducts her to table, and all sit.*)

'49. (*Carving coon.*) It's a grand thing to live in a country where you can get coon whenever your health requires it.

CARROTS. It's a delicious coon, Charley.

'49. (*Eating eagerly.*) It's a grand dinner.

DEVINE. Some bread, please.

'49. Eh?

DEVINE. You forgot the bread.

'49. I didn't forget the bread. You never eat bread with coon. Coon and bread don't go together. Indians never eat bread with their coon. I've been here since '49, and I ought to know.

DEVINE. But I'm not an Indian, and I can't eat without bread.

CARROTS. You don't expect to get everything—bread and coon—and—everything at once, do you?

DEVINE. I can't eat this without bread.

'49. Look here; be a good boy, and eat your coon.

DEVINE. Hungry as I am, I cannot eat this.

'49. (*Rising slowly and sadly.*) Well, then, listen to me. I have done the best I could. I tried to hide it all from you, but I can't any more. A good many times, lately, I have said I was sick, and I didn't eat. It was because there was not enough for both of us. I wanted you to eat and be strong, so that you could strike it in the old tunnel. Now, there is nothing more to eat. Nothing more for any one. Charley, more than twenty years I worked on in that old tunnel there—all alone, till you came. I believed every day that I would strike it. All my companions are dead, or have made their piles and gone away. All along the long and lonely road of my hard life, I see, as I look back, little grassy mounds—they are the brave miners' graves. I am

the last man left. The grass every year steals closer and closer down about my cabin door. In a few years more the grass will grow over that door-sill; and long, strong, and untrodden it will grow in my trail there; the squirrels will chatter in these boughs, and none will frighten them away—for Forty-Nine will be no more! And yet, for all that, I have never complained. I did believe, and I do still believe, we will strike it yet. But, now—but now! If you love me, eat your coon!

DEVINE. My dear, old partner, forgive me. Why didn't you tell me of this before?

'49. If you love me, eat your coon——

CARROTS. Take a tooth-pick, then. I didn't mean that, Charley. You shan't be without bread. Here! (*Takes loaf from basket under table.*)

DEVINE. Why, where did you get this?

CARROTS. Up there, of *her*—old Mississip.

DEVINE. Then it's her bread, and I won't eat it.

CARROTS. It ain't her bread. It *was* her bread, but I stole it, and it ain't her bread any more.

'49. My poor child, what have you done!

CARROTS. Nothin'. I knowed, Forty-Nine, you had no bread. They've got lots of bread, and I don't care that—(*snaps finger*)—for the whole lot. (*Devine looks troubled.*) Why, it wasn't nothin', was it, Charley? If it was, I won't never, never steal any more.

DEVINE. It was very wicked, a crime. Yet, if you, a mere child, hungry, knowing neither right from wrong, are guilty, for taking bread, how much more guilty am I? Forty-Nine, hear me. (*Starting up.*) That man, Gully, came to me to-day, taunting me with his good fortune and my misery. He came in that tunnel to ask me to his wedding. And there,

deep in the dark earth, face to face, man to man, I fought him, overthrew him, weak as I was, and took from him a package of papers. I gave it to her to keep. I am a robber!

'49. Why, my boy; what? what do you say, Charley?

DEVINE. I knocked him down and took those papers from him.

CARROTS. Yes, and I'll keep 'em, too.

'49. Charley, Charley! The Vigilantes! The conscience of California! The Vigilantes!

CARROTS. (*Taps bosom.*) I'll keep it till the cows come home, vigilantes, or no vigilantes!

'49. My poor, poor pard.

CARROTS. Gully is one of the Vigilantes, Forty-Nine.

'49. Yes, and so merciless! Give me the package. (*Hands package.*)

DEVINE. Why, what will you do with it?

'49. When they come for it, boy, as they will, I will give it up. Yes, that's right, Charley. That's squar'. They won't, you know—they won't dare to hurt me. Why, I've been her since '49. They won't hurt me, boy. I'm old Forty-Nine. Oh, they won't hurt me. (*Is greatly troubled, but affects cheerfulness.*)

DEVINE. You take a great load off my shoulders. I was robbed of those very papers, which made my mission here worse than useless. I wrote back to the hard old lawyer, and he has answered very gruffly that he will come on and tend to the business himself. He may be here at any moment. He will find me a robber when he comes.

'49. There, there, my poor pard. It's all right, it's all right. Now, Carrots, this is Christmas eve.

CARROTS. And at ten o'clock tonight I am to sing you your song.

'49. To sing my dear old song for me. Now, don't you forget.

CARROTS. O, I won't. Why, I've sung that song for you every Christmas eve, haven't I?

'49. Yes, yes, my pretty. (*To Devine.*) You see, when I was in the—in the—States, my—my—we always sang this little song on Christmas eve together. For, you see, it was on Christmas eve that she—well, we were married on Christmas eve, too, ha! ha! and so when I was comin' to California, in '49, we promised each other, that wherever we were, or whatever mountains or seas divided us, we would each, at ten o'clock, precisely, sing this song, and think of each other. I can't sing now, but I have taught Carrots, and she sings it for me.

DEVINE. (*Aside*) How strange! My mother taught me the same fancy. (*To Forty-Nine.*) A beautiful thought. (*Crosses R., looks at sunset; dark stage.*) It's sunset here, and so it is ten o'clock where mother is now. And I must sing the song she taught me to sing at this moment, wherever I may be. (*Sings.*)

O, sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song.
For life is none too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long.
So sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song,

NOTE. [*Song barely audible above the music; Carrots and Forty-Nine attracted rather by the air than the words. Forty-nine starts and listens.*]

'49. My—my—song.

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CARROTS. Why, Charley, where did you learn that?

DEVINE. Of my mother.

'49. Your mother? Her name? Her name?

DEVINE. Mary Devine.

'49. (*Aside.*) My son! My—my—Charley, I am your—

CARROTS. The Vigilantes! (*Enter Vigilantes, R., headed by Capt. Hampton, followed by Gully.*)

GULLY. There! That's the man that robbed me!

CAPT. H. You are the prisoner of the Vigilantes. Iron him, men.

'49. Stop! One word! You all know me. I've been her since '49. This boy—what do you want?

GULLY. The man who robbed me of my papers.

CAPT. H. We want the robber.

DEVINE. (*Aside.*) I am lost.

GULLY. Yes, we want the robber and the papers.

'49. (*Snatches papers from bosom.*) Well, here they are; and I am the robber!

ALL. What! you, Old Forty-Nine?

'49. Yes, I! Old Forty-Nine.

(*Two men seize him roughly from behind; Carrots throws herself on her knees, and grasps his hand; Devine confronts Capt. H.*)

Curtain.

FORTY-NINE

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act 3d—Morning light in place of sunset. Two Sentries discovered on either side of Cabin door. Capt. Hampton at table with papers.. Enter Col. Snowe and Devine, R. Sam following Snowe.*

DEVINE. But these Vigilantes are so merciless I am so afraid he may have to suffer.

SNOWE. Nonsense! Never fear. I never lost a case or made a mistake in my life. No sir. Never lost a case.

DEVINE. Well, it's fortunate you came. Of course he has no money to defend himself with. But I tell you he is innocent. And rather than see him suffer I will proclaim myself the guilty party. You will, you must save him. If he dies, I die with him.

SNOWE. Stuff! Gammon, rubbish. You've got to live; go back to your mother.

DEVINE. But you will save old Forty-Nine.

SNOWE. Of course I will save him. I never made a mistake and never lost a case, I tell you.

DEVINE. Oh, I am so grateful, so thankful you have come.

SNOWE. Yes, you see your mother got alarmed about you when we got your letter. And it did seem to me you had made a fool of yourself. Yes, *fool*, that's the word. Why, I'd just like to see any one of these Californians twist me around their fingers as they have you. I'd give them law! law!! Yes, sir, law! And now, let me see this old Forty-Nine. (*Attempts to enter Cabin; guards cross guns.*)

CAPT. H. What! Attempt to pass the guard of the Vigilantes?

SNOWE. I am a lawyer; must see the prisoner;

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client of mine. I'm a lawyer. Do you understand? A lawyer that never lost a case.

CAPT. H. A lawyer, humph.

DEVINE. Oh, Colonel. It's useless to tell them you are a lawyer. Vigilantes never allow lawyers to interfere.

SNOWE. I'm a lawyer! I'm a lawyer; a lawyer that never lost a case or made a mistake. (*Guards hustle him off L. Sam hobbles after.*)

CAPT. H. (*Returning to papers.*) A lawyer. He must be a stranger in California. A lawyer to interfere with the Vigilantes! Why, we'd never get done.

DEVINE. The last hope gone. (*Enter Gully with Vigilantes, R., Capt. H., and shake hands and talk aside.*)

GULLY. Well, Capt. Hampton, I say bring him out, and give him a fair trial.

DEVINE. You will not; you dare not take that old man's life.

GULLY. I? No. Of course I shall not attempt any such thing. The law, the honest miner's law, the law of the Vigilantes, must take its course. If a man can be knocked down in this camp and robbed of his property, it's time we knew it.

DEVINE. (*Pointing to door.*) But you know he is not guilty.

GULLY. (*Aside to Devine.*) Listen. You and I know a great deal more, perhaps, than either of us care to tell. If this old man prefers to die in your place, I am the last man to rob him of that privilege. Yesterday, I reached out the olive-branch. You chose to knock me down. He chooses to take the responsibility of your act, trusting his gray hairs will save him. Well, I hope they may. We let him rest

all night in his own cabin. We will give him a fair trial now.

DEVINE. You, with your mockery and show of justice are the devil incarnate.

CAPT. H. (*Folding up papers.*) Bring him out and place him at once on trial. (*Guards open cabin door; Forty-Nine enters from same, between guards, followed by Carrots, weeping.*)

'49. Charley, Charley, my poor pard.

GULLY. Pretty hard on the old man, eh? Carrots.

CARROTS. Now, look here, Forty-Nine never hurt anybody in his life. He didn't rob you. He didn't hurt your head that way; and you know it. You got drunk at your weddin' last night, and fell into a prospect hole. Wish you'd broke your neck.

CAPT. H. Have you any witnesses for your defence? The Vigilante's jury wait to hear.

CARROTS. Yes, he has.

GULLY. What witnesses? (*Enter Col. B., R.*)

COL. B. Total wreck.

CAPT. H. Hello! Come back to be hung, have you?

GULLY. What can you swear to against his open confession?

COL. B. What do you require a gentleman to swear to? I'll oblige you; nothing mean about old Col. Billy in a case like this.

CARROTS. I tell you boys, he didn't do it. Forty-Nine hadn't been in that tunnel for a month. His back's been too stiff; got rheumatix. Why, he can't stoop down. (*To Forty-Nine.*) Say yes. Don't shake your head like that! Yes, he's got rheumatix so he can't get up when he's down, and he can't get down when he's up. And the idea that he could whip that yaller dog there!

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'49. Carrots, don't; don't call names.

CARROTS. Well, he is a dog, and a yaller dog at that. And a yaller dog is the meanest kind of a dog. Yes, yaller dogs sucks eggs.

COL. B. Well, I'm a witness. I swear that Forty-Nine didn't do it. I swear that the (*hic*) yaller dog did it himself.

'49. No, no! It's all right, boys. It's all right. He has been robbed. It was bad, bad. I'm sorry. But he's got it back; and I don't deny it.

DEVINE. But you shall not suffer for my—my—

'49. (*Stopping him.*) Shoo! Speak low. And listen to me, Charley. In the right hand corner of the further end of the tunnel. I saw only yesterday that we were on the edge of a vein. Right on the edge of a vein, a seam, a river of pure gold.

COL. B. Bad, bad. It's in his head again. (*Taps forehead.*)

DEVINE. My dear old pard, let us forget the tunnel.

'49. (*Tall and resolute.*) Forget the tunnel? Forget my twenty-five years of life there? My wife? My baby in the — (*Stops and shakes his head.*) No, there is no baby there now. The baby is here. (*Aloud.*) Charley, I have a favor to ask. You will do it?

DEVINE. If it costs me my life.

'49. No. it's not like that. You go now, right now, into the tunnel and bring me the last quartz specimen that fell from your pick——

DEVINE. But I cannot leave you.

'49. Stop! You said if it cost you your life. And yet here you refuse to——

DEVINE. Forgive me. I will go. But what-

ever happens, you shall not die. (*Embraces him, and exits, R.*)

CARROTS. There's a great lawyer come, Forty-Nine.

'49. I don't want the lawyer. I want you to listen to me.

CARROTS. Yes, I am listening all the time. What is it?

'49. Carrots, in the furthestest right-hand corner of the tunnel——

GULLY. (*Who has been conferring with Vigilantes.*) Well, if you all insist, of course we must proceed. (*They assent.*)

CAPT. H. Have you any other witnesses?

'49. I have no witnesses but myself; accusing myself.

COL. B. Yes, you have plenty witnesses. I am a standing witness. I swear that I was with old Forty-Nine all day yesterday, every minute.

CAPT. H. Can you swear to that?

COL. B. Certainly, (*hic*) I can, and I do.

CAPT. H. Hold up your right hand.

COL. B. (*Holding up left hand.*) I swear that Forty-Nine and me yesterday——

CAPT. H. Hold up your right hand.

COL. B. (*Turns around, and again holds up left.*) I swear——

CAPT. H. (*Forcing up right hand roughly.*) Will you be sworn now?

COL. B. No, I'll be hanged if I'll be sworn.

CARROTS. Well, I will. If that will save him, I will swear it. (*Falls on knees before Capt. H., and holds up hand.*) I swear that——

'49. My poor, dear child, you don't know what you say. (*Stops her, and turns to Vigilantes.*)

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CAPT. H. And now, (*to Gully,*) what have you to swear to?

GULLY. Well, upon the oath of our order, I swear that on last evening, I, on this very spot, after I had been robbed, accused a party of robbery, and that this old man drew this package from his breast, which had been taken from me not an hour before, and said he was the robber. (*Throws papers on table.*)

CARROTS. No, I was there. I heard it all, and I swear he never said it.

CAPT. H. Did you say this?

'49. (*Bowing head.*) And I say it now.

GULLY. You hear him? (*Stands in line with Vigilantes.*)

CAPT. H. What shall be his sentence? (*In the line.*)

FIRST VIGILANTE. (*Uncovering head.*) Death!

SECOND VIG. Death!

THIRD VIG. Death!

FOURTH VIG. Death!

GULLY. (*Uncovering.*) I vote for life. But, you see, my voice is powerless. The majority rules in our order, and already the majority of the jury has sentenced you to death.

'49. I am satisfied. (*Aside.*) If Charley would only come!

CARROTS. He is my father, my mother, my all! If you take his life, you will kill me.

COL. B. Now just look at that poor gal. Here! He's some account. If you want to hang anybody hang me. Nobody cares for me. Total wreck! Total wreck!

CAPT. H. Take this man away. He ain't worth hanging.

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COL. B. Pretty low down, boys; pretty low down, ain't worth hangin'. Ain't worth hangin'. Total wreck! Total wreck! (*Loud talking off L. Enter Snowe L. fighting with guards and forcing his way. Sam behind.*)

SNOWE. But I tell you I will come in. I ain't a lawyer. No, I ain't. I am a witness. Yes, I am a witness. And I never made a mistake or lost a case.

SAM. (*Getting behind Snowe.*) Yes, he's a witness. He ain't no lawyer, he ain't. Neber was a lawyer, sah.

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Snowe! By the seven devils! But what of it. I've got the girl. I can afford to laugh at them all now.

SNOWE. Yes. I'm a witness. Keep me back if you dare, and I'll send the last mother's son of you to State prison. Yes. I'll give you law, law, till your sick of it.

SAM. But you ain't no lawyer, shoo!

SNOWE. No! No! I'm a witness. (*Crosses to table. Sees papers, takes out glasses and looks at papers and at Gully.*)

GULLY. (*Aside.*) Great heavens! I must get those papers from that table or I am lost. (*Tries to reach papers. Snowe keeps moving between. Sam following him as his shadow and trips up Gully each time he nearly reaches papers.*)

SNOWE. I'm a witness. Not a lawyer; a witness.

GULLY. If you will let me have this property of mine—

SNOWE. Gully! Tom Gully!

GULLY. (*Folding arms defiant.*) Yes, Lucky Tom Gully. Perhaps you will know me when we meet next.

SNOWE. Well, I think I shall. But as I rarely

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visit State prison, perhaps we will not meet again soon. (*Another effort to get papers.*)

'49. He wants his papers. It's but right he gets 'em back. I don't deny it, sir. It's hard, just as we struck it in the tunnel. But, sir, you're a lawyer, take the tunnel and see that Charley ain't swindled out of it, sir.

CARROTS. Now you just hold on, Forty-Nine. Lawyers is smart. And I heard tell they can make black things look white sometimes. You jest take them papers, Mr. Lawyer, and see if you can't save Forty-Nine. Do! do! oh, do! Them's the papers that makes all the trouble. (*Gully grasps at papers.*)

SNOWE. No, you don't. No, sir'ee.

GULLY. They are mine.

'49. He says they are his.

SNOWE. Well, if he says they *are* his, that is *prima facie* evidence they are not his. (*Takes up and examines.*)

GULLY. This is damnable. (*Going.*)

CARROTS. What's your hurry, Store Clothes?

SNOWE. Stop! My papers! Gentlemen of the jury! Gentlemen of the villainous Vigilantes' jury! Mine! My papers! There! My name! Stolen from me by that man. (*Gully going, R.; guard stops him.*)

CAPT. H. You lawyers are tricksters sometimes.

SNOWE. We lawyers are your legislators in peace, your generals in war, and your gentlemen always.

CAPT. H. And these are your papers, you say, stolen from you by him?

SNOWE. My papers, stolen from me by that fragrant and highly perfumed thief. There! That's my signature. And there! That's his odor. Smell

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him? (*Enter Devine, R., with quartz, which he throws on table.*)

DEVINE. Yes, and it was I, who knocked him down in the tunnel, yesterday, and took these papers from him.

CAPT. H. And served him right!

CARROTS. Ah! Forty-Nine! Forty-Nine and Charley! I want to kiss and hug you both. I'll hug Forty-Nine, and kiss Charley. (*Enter Belle and Miss.*)

GULLY. My wife! My poor wife. My luck has deserted me at last.

MISS. Well, if luck deserts you, look out.

DEVINE. Your wife?

GULLY. Yes. We were married last night, as I told you we should be. (*Takes out handkerchief.*)

COL. B. (*Sniffing.*) Well it can't be said that he married without a scent.

DEVINE. (*To Snowe.*) This is the young lady I told you of. The heiress of Santa Clara.

SNOWE. The dev—. Beaten! Beaten for the first time in my life. (*Captain H. makes sign to guard.*)

GULLY. (*To Snowe.*) Save me from the Vigilantes and I will give up all, wife, estate, all.

CARROTS. Sell your wife to save your life 'eh?

GULLY. Oh, anything to escape the vengeance of the Vigilantes. Anything! You don't know how terrible they are.

SNOWE. (*To Capt. H.*) You can have him, we have no use for him. (*Guards seize Gully and manacles him.*)

CAPT. H. Your hour has come.

'49. No! Take not that which you cannot restore. Consider. He is not fit to die.

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GULLY. (*To Vigilantes.*) I will pay thousands, thousands. She will pay you and bless you all.

MISS. Well now just hold your hosses. If your luck's vamoosed you; good-bye, John. (*Belle crosses; very stately.*)

SNOWE. And this is the heiress? Well she looks it. I would have known it at once. Get out of the way here. (*Pushes Carrots aside as she clings to Devine.*) Sam! Call up black Sam, and let us settle this at once.

SAM. Well, Massa Charley, pretty rough country round about heah, eh? How do, Massa Gully? Won't you shake hands? Pretty rough country round heah, eh?

SNOWE. Sam, look at that young lady. Ever see her before?

SAM. Nebber, Massa Snowe.

SNOWE. Ever see anybody that looked like her?

SAM. Nebber, sah!

SNOWE. You did! You know you did. Now when was it? and where was it?

SAM. Nebber, Massa Snowe; and nowhar, Massa Snowe.

SNOWE. Sam, you're a fool. Don't you know she looks like Mrs. Williams and Mr. Williams that you started to cross the plains with?

SAM. What? Dat black face, and dat niggah-lookin' hair? Why, my Massa and Missus was white, dey wus.

SNOWE. Sam, I tell you you're a fool. I never lost a case or made a mistake. It's got to be her, I tell you. Think I came all the way to this place to be beaten? Look again.

SAM. De more I looks, de wusser it gits.

SNOWE. I tell you you're a fool.

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SAM. Now you just wait, Massa Snowe. (*Begins old negro melody, watching Belle, and approaching. Carrots examining quartz; drops it, rises; comes forward; listens.*)

BELLE. What does he mean, looking at me that way? (*Sam continues singing, very soft and low, gradually increasing, keeping time with hands and feet.*)

O, hallelujalem! O, hallelujalem!
O, honey, won't you come,
O, honey, won't you come,
To de bussom ob de Lord,
When de world's on fire,
When de world's on fire,
To de bussom ob de Lord.

(*He and Carrots meet face to face, and sing a verse together.*)

CARROTS. It is the dream of the desert! The massacre! The escape! That black face—Oh, Sam! Sam! Don't you know me? dear, old black Sam?

SAM. (*Falling on knees.*) Found! Found at last! And heah! heah! Dar's de bullet mark I tole you 'bout. Heah! Massa Snowe! (*Tears sleeve.*)

SNOWE. Eureka! Never lost a case or made a mistake in my life. Belle, you may go to—Jericho!

'49. Yes, let them both go. They are punished enough. (*Vigilantes release Gully.*)

MISS. Yes, come my daughter. Let's leave it all. (*Takes Belle away from Gully.*)

GULLY. Your daughter? Sold! sold!

'49. Well, I thought as much.

COL. B. The Vigilantes will see you, and your

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wife, and your sweet mother-in-law out of town. (*Exit Gully, Miss. and Belle, escorted by Vigilantes.*)

CARROTS. Now that's all done. (*Picks up quartz.*) But just look here Forty-Nine.

'49. What! From the right hand corner of the tunnel?

DEVINE. Yes. And seamed with gold. But I was so blinded and bothered I did not see it.

'49. Gold! Gold! Gold! Enough to pave a city. And now, my boy, since we have struck it in our tunnel, I can do something for you my—my son.

DEVINE. Your son?

'49. Yes, my own baby boy, that left the cradle without my knowing it. You are my son. You won't be ashamed of the old man, will you?

DEVINE. My father? And that is why you would have died for me. But come; we will all go back together now, to my mother. We will go back together to her who has waited as you have waited.

CARROTS. And leave me?

'49. Leave you? You are to be my child.

DEVINE. And my wife.

CARROTS. Oh! Charley!

SNOWE. You are a great heiress.

CARROTS. Then I am somebody in particular?

'49. Somebody in particular? You are pure California gold and twenty-four carats fine. But, come, let us all now go back to the States.

COL. B. And buy the Astor House, bar and all?

'49. And buy the Astor House, bar and all, Billy. But first you must learn this: That success is only a question of time and toil. And so may you, and all, strike it yet, as rich as this California gold.

Curtain.

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TALLY-HO

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

HANK MONK.—*The famous stage-driver; "always on time."*

EBENEZER OFENHOFFER.—*An honest but not very brilliant young man from the Alps.*

TOM CRABTREE.—*The genteel gambler. "Gentlemen, I always have four hands: my right hand, my left hand, the hand that has been dealt to me, and the hand up my sleeve; I never lose a game."*

SAILOR BILL.—*An old salt with "foul weather round the Horn."*

SQUIRE BROWN.—*"This must be looked into, as the man said when he fell in the well; and, gentlemen, the law is—well, the law is law!"*

ROSIE LANE.—*"The Rose of the Sierras."*

NORA MALONE.—*An Irish emigrant.*

TALLY-HO

ACT I.

SCENE: *The Sierras; snow peaks, flat. Climbing stage-road through pines and over precipices. Mining camp. Practical derrick for hoisting and swinging rocks, fallen trees for seats, a stump for a table, picks, shovels, etc. Bags to represent gray and white quartz to be hoisted by derrick. Discovered Tom Crabtree and Pilot Bill—Bill smoking a pipe.*

CRABTREE. Bah! That rank pipe of yours makes me feel ill.

BILL. Can't be helped. (*Smokes more.*)

CRABTREE. I wonder you can stand it. I can't.

BILL. Stand something better then. I won't quarrel with you for it.

CRABTREE. There, take this cigar. (*Business of selecting a doubtful one.*)

BILL. All right! But I'll bet it's the poorest in the hull collection.

CRABTREE. The idea of an ignorant Yankee sailor and stage-driver getting hold of a bit of property like this! Well, they say a "fool or a foreigner for luck."

BILL. He's a powerful heap luckier in his wife than he is in his mine, to my thinkin'. Nothin' in these stones.

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) No, nothing but gold. Yes, that's a stroke of fortune for him, and of misfortune for me. Who'd ever have thought the Rose of the

Sierras would have taken that dusty, drunken stage-driver in preference to a gentleman. (*Aside.*) Crabtree, old boy, you've held hard cards of late, and must now play a desperate hand. Lose all, or win all. That has been the motto of Thomas Crabtree, Esq., and in the end he has always won the game.

BILL. 'Tain't nothin' to grumble at. What's the advantage of this heap of rocks here anyhow? Why, you make as much fuss as if you war in foul weather round the Horn.

CRABTREE. Well, here's a horn for you. Take it. Take it, I say, and stop your mouth with it. (*Bill hesitates, then takes flask and drinks deeply. Wipes off mouth and neck of flask with sleeve and offers to Crabtree, who refuses contemptuously. Bill drinks again eagerly.*)

BILL. (*Aside.*) Somethin' dirty to be done, or he wouldn't give me this. Foul weather round the Horn for Crabtree.

CRABTREE. (*Meantime has excitedly picked up a bit of quartz, looked at it and looked about suspiciously.*) Gold! gold! And that long, gawky Swiss that sings and always is looking up at the mountains, and talking of his home, has stumbled on to it here in Hank Monk's claim and don't know it. The fool wouldn't know gold if he saw it. I'll fix him. (*To Bill.*) Of course there is nothing in these rocks. But I don't want Hank Monk here. I hate him! He got my girl, the brute! and now I want him to go—to leave the camp.

BILL. Buy him out. He don't want it.

CRABTREE. Don't he? That's all you know. I've offered him twice what he gave for it, but the fool

says it's for his Rosie, and he won't take a million dollars for it, even if it was put down in doubloons right at his feet. He talks about intending to rest here on the slope of the Sierras after all his voyages, with the pretty young wife, and to have her here at the mine, in a miner's cabin, waiting for him every night when he comes dashing down the hills on his Tally-ho.

BILL. He's crazy. Like all us old sailors, I'm afraid he drinks. (*Steals out flask and drinks again.*) Beastly thing to drink.

CRABTREE. By the way, Bill, if that stage should strike a stone, a stone not bigger than that (*picks up rock*), as it comes whirling down around that peak, why, driver, horses, Tally-ho and all would——

BILL. And pretty wife too, pard. He takes Rosie with him sometimes, you know.

CRABTREE. (*Wild and wicked.*) The time that the stage-wheel will strike the stone which you place there, she will not be with him.

BILL. (*Springs up, staggers—indignant.*) They call you the gentleman of the Comstock mines, Tom Crabtree. I'm drunk, drunk in my legs, but I ain't drunk here (*taps head*), and I ain't drunk here (*taps heart*.) No, not drunk enough for that. Take 'em. Take 'em. (*Throws down flask and cigar.*) And if ever you dare try that on old Hank Monk and his Tally-ho, I'll blow on you! blow on you, blast you! and it will be rough weather round Cape Horn for Tom Crabtree! You bet your bottom dollar it will be rough weather round the Horn! (*Exit.*)

CRABTREE. (*Looking after.*) The fool! But I said nothing. I scarcely thought it. I did not dare think it. It is too dastardly, too cowardly to let

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come into my head. And yet he tempted me to half hope it. Why, to see Hank Monk whirl his Tally-ho, the first that ever crossed the Sierras, around them peaks yonder, playing spider and fly in the heaven with his six horses, it would seem that he must fall, and he must, he must and will. (*Song of the Alps in distance.*) That crazy Dutchman that he picked up and put to work here. Well, if I can't get both out of the way, and have wife and mine too, then I no longer hold four full hands.

(*Enter Ebenezer swinging demijohn of whiskey and tools. Throws down tools. Then hides jug in heap of leaves by tree.*)

EBE. Dat's for Hank Monk ven he come in on der Tally-ho. (*Looks about.*) And my Nora not here. Maybe she not hear me. I sing some more. (*Sings Eodel.*)

CRABTREE. And that's the way he digs for gold. It will not be hard to get rid of him. And whatever happens I sit here till I get a deed of this gold mine. (*Sits. Looks at rocks.*) Hank Monk, Tally-ho, and wife will all be here, and I'll get my deed by fair means or by foul.

EBE. I'll sing 'em so hard and so long dat she hear me for all de clanging' of de dishes down dere at de borden-house; den she come. She promise to come and to help me hoist dose rocks, my pretty French Nora. Maybe she come wid her sleeves rolled up, and her skirts tucked higher, and her hair, her pretty hair—her hair! Well, de sunshine got tangled in her hair one afternoon, and it never could get out any more. (*Sings.*)

CRABTREE. Hello, Ebe! that's the way you mine?

EBE. (*Aside.*) Dunder! Dat's de reason she

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not come. He been a roostin' round here on de mine.

CRABTREE. (*Rising and approaching.*) I say, is that the way you mine?

EBE. Will you jest mine your own beezness?

CRABTREE. (*Laughing.*) Well, you're a punster and don't know it. But I guess you'll make as much money singing as you will mining in this place.

EBE. Vell, now, don't you know dat's my opinion too? Vy, Mister Crabtree, I not find one twenty-dollar piece since I dig und split und blow all dese rocks.

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) Well, he's a fool. Not one twenty-dollar piece?

EBE. No, not one ten-dollar piece, not one five, no, not one two-dollar-half piece. And I split 'em rocks and I blow 'em and I cuss 'em too. (*Fastening rope of derrick to rock, looks off.*) Yes, de boys is dere a-waitin' to swing 'em off. Hist away! (*Derrick hoists rock and swings around, drops rock and returns.*)

CRABTREE. And you have not found even one little two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece?

EBE. (*Wrestling and groaning with heavy rock as he fastens rope.*) No, not von! And such heavy rocks! If Hank Monk must be a fool, why can't he make me do some nice light rocks? But no, he come to me one day when I rub down his horses. Ah! he love dem horses so and der Tally-ho, he love dem so I never tink he marry. But he marry. (*Aside.*) And I too love dem horse, Bonaparte, Bounce, Highhead, Stepper, Jim, and Jerusalem Sam! Yes, an' I will too get married, if Nora come. (*Looks about.*) If I get rid of him she come.

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CRABTREE. (*Sits.*) And so you had rather rub down the horses than dig here?

EBE. Rather? Would a girl eat ice creams? Ah! why when he came to me and he say, "Ebenezer"—for my name is Ebenezer Offenoffer. They calls me Ebe for short; dat's because I am so long. Well, he say, "Come, come up de mountain to de mines, for last night my Tally-ho she grind on de rock and make a shiny spot like a twenty-dollar piece. Come," he say, "it is gold! Come and open your hands to work and shut up your mouth to talk. And you tell noting and you know noting," und dat's all. Hist away. (*Derrick swings off another rock.*)

CRABTREE. And so he sets you here to work his claim, marries the Rose of the Sierras, takes her over the mountains in his Tally-ho and lets you suffer. Why don't you leave it, leave him, and let somebody jump the thing?

EBE. Mister Crabtree, do you know vat you got in your face? Vell, you got vat I find in dese rocks—brass; brass makes 'em tough and hard to split. Brass, dat's vat you got. Hist away! (*Another rock.*) Un don't you vant to go? Brass!

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) Brass! It's gold! Well, I don't move from this spot till this mine is mine. And with such a mine *she* shall be mine! I sit here till my friends, Hank Monk and his wife, arrive. They are old friends of mine, and I want to see them. And don't you dare order me away. I have come to stay. (*Sits heavily.*)

EBE. Vell, I jest bet you don't stay some—very long time—much.

CRABTREE. You want me to go, do you? (*Takes out bowie knife.*) Well, how are you going about it?

TALLY-HO

EBE. Oh, don't cut up my feelings so. I am so lonely here. I—I am so glad to have you come here and stay. Hank Monk he like you so, and Mrs. Hank Monk she like you so, and I like you so. You have such nice soft clothes, Mr. Crabtree. Your clothes dey fit you so nice, Mr. Crabtree. You are so small-waisted too, Mr. Crabtree. Hist away! (*Has fastened derrick rope in hook behind, and Crabtree, brandishing bowie-knife and trying to get at and strike Ebe, is slowly hoisted and swung around off stage.*) Hist away! How I will go about it? Dat's de vay I go about it. Must you go, Mr. Crabtree? Sorry you can't stay. Good-pye, ta! ta! ta! ta! (*Enter Nora; turns, meets her.*) Nora! (*Catches in arms, kisses her.*) Nora, do you know it is because France is so close to Switzerland I love you so. Yes, Nora Malone, my country is as close to yours as I am to you. And that is saying it is pretty close, Nora. (*Hugs her, and she tears away.*)

NORA. Frinch? Frinch? Frinch am I? I'll tache ye somethin'. Sing "Wearin' of the Grane."

EBE. Der grane? Der grane?

NORA. Yes! Ye shall sing it and ye shall wear it, or I'll know the raison.

(*Ebe from being in exalted spirits gradually breaks down before her, and she makes an Irishman of her Dutchman. Business ad lib. here as long as it takes.*)

EBE. Oh, dat's all right.

NORA. Is it? Is it? Well, ef it arn't we'll make it roit. Sing!

(*He tries to sing "Wearing of the Green."*)

EBE. Oh, dat's all right.

TALLY-HO

NORA. You're improvin'. Now, then, put your *dhudeen* in your *caubeen*.

EBE. Dat's all right.

NORA. Do as I tell you, sor. Put your *dhudeen* in your *caubeen*, or I'll know the *raison why*. (*Ebe puts pipe in hat, Irish fashion.*)

EBE. Oh, dat's all right.

NORA. Now, sor, dance the jig I taught ya.

EBE. I? Nein! Nein!

NORA. Nine? I'll bet ye ten ye will!

EBE. But I am so tired out, Nora; dat vork.

NORA. Are ye going to dance or are ye not? (*Ebe succumbs. They dance double jig. Nora howling at the end, Ebe clumsily imitating her.*) Harroo for ould Oirland! Mind ye now!

EBE. (*Feebly.*) Hurroo for ould Oirland! (*Aside.*) Dam ould Oirland! (*Sound of bugle horn. Ebe springs up.*) Tally-ho? Now I's—I's myself once more. Now you just better mind, Nora. He's come. He trows dem reins to de udder feller what rubs down de horses, and here dey come so happy. Ah, Nora, dat's de way we will be some day.

(*Enter Hank and Rosie; whips, gauntlets, rich and picturesque California driving habits. Ebe and Nora courtesies and show great deference; then Ebe swings hat and shouts out his welcome and delight.*)

—NOTE. *I desire an exact makeup of Hank Monk as he appeared in his prime, about 15 years ago. Stage dresses of that day worn: A broad-brimmed hat, stiff brim, and high-peaked crown, rich top-boots, long gauntlets, much jewelry, bowie-knife and pistol, very rich clothes and always a rich scarf of fine showy color about the neck. Their dresses were always as gorgeous as good taste would permit.*)

TALLY-HO

HANK. And here is faithful Ebe to welcome you with all the heartiness of a hundred tenantry. (*Shakes hands with Ebe.*) Give him your hand, dear, for if we never find any one more false than he, we shall have the smoothest stage-drive over the hills of life that ever fell to the lot of a happy man. (*They shake hands and she talks to Ebe.*) And Nora here too. (*Shakes hand.*) Well, Nora, when we get a house built and all the horses shedded right alongside, where they can look in at the windows, and I can talk to them and recount with them the stormy journeys we have had across the Sierras, and we are all together—you, Ebe, and she there, God bless her sweet face!—all to welcome me as I come dashing down here— (*Meantime Ebe has dug up the jug slyly, and stands slyly offering it to Hank. Business of trying to conceal it from Rosie. Enter Squire Brown.*) oh, that will be a happy day, Nora. And Squire Brown, too! (*Shakes hands cordially.*)

BROWN. Yes, Mr. Crabtree said you had offered to sell your claim here, this 'ere played out lot of rocks; seemed you didn't care much for it, and he wanted it for a sort of sheep ranch for goats.

EBE. Well, I'm sorry for dem sheep or goats vat gets dis dam place.

HANK. Sell my claim? Well, I didn't know I was drinking that much. You remember, Squire? You know a man will say things at such times. Had just got in, you know, was going to be married, felt so happy, and as he wanted the place, and as it just then seemed to me that I owned and was about to possess all that this world possesses worth having, that little woman there, the Tally-ho and six noble horses, why maybe I did make some sort of promise. But never mind, nothing is signed yet.

TALLY-HO

BROWN. Right and safe till signed and delivered; that is, that is the law. And the law in California is—is, well the law in California is—is the law.

EBE. Is dat so? De law in California is—is—is der law. Vell, I wish it was all signed, and I was took back to tend dem stage horses. But here—*(Adroitly gets jug to Hank. He whisks it up over wrist, California fashion, and drinks long and heavily. Hands back jug, and Ebe does business ad lib. in getting jug from Hank and concealing it from Rosie. Hank begins to show effects of liquor.)*

HANK. But, Squire, beg your pardon. That jug, Ebe.

BROWN. No, no; not for the world. I am the magistrate, the judicial, the official, and the executive officer of this 'ere camp. No, not for the world. I am the judge here, sir, and could not, could not think of it. *(Is all the time trying to get near jug and is smacking lips and spitting cotton.)* Not for the world, not for the world would I taste a drop as a beverage. The example, sir, the example in this rising young region is important. No, sir, not a drop as a beverage.

HANK. Well, then, Squire, as a medicine.

BROWN. Hey? Hey? As a medicine? Yes, as a medicine. *(Grasps jug and drinks long and eagerly.)* Yes, as a medicine I will. *(Drinks again.)* But never one drop shall ever pass my lips as a beverage. *(Offers Ebe jug; business ad lib. of offering jug and taking back and drinking again. Meantime Rosie has sat down on rocks and begun to examine them. She now discovers the gold.)*

ROSIE. *(Aside.)* Gold, gold here in seams and lines and bars; enough to make Henry rich, rich!

TALLY-HO

And I heard the Squire speak of coming to make a deed of it. It must not be.

HANK. My Rosie, love, what are you sitting out there and apart on the rocks for? Are you tired?

ROSIE. Why, no, Henry, not at all.

HANK. Well, the thirty-mile dash down the Sierras might have made you so were it not that you are a part of them, my beauty. Oh, Rosie, when I remember my dissolute old life, when I first started Tally-Ho over yonder mountains, and how people laughed at old Hank Monk, and how one little girl away up yonder, in a camp almost on the summit, used to sit every day as I dashed by. Well, well, they were trying old days. But the little flower by the roadside grew and grew and blossomed brighter as the sun rolled on, and one day I drew up six reins, got down, and gathered it to my heart. (*Embraces her.*)

ROSIE. And oh, Henry, how I used to love you!

HANK. Used to? used to, my pet? Be careful; I am growing old, and the white snows of the Sierras are sifting through my hair. And then that handsome fellow, that gambler, who loved you so, who loves you still.

ROSIE. (*Snaps finger.*) That for him, Henry, and all his love. I am yours forevermore.

HANK. (*Embracing.*) Thank you, my pretty pet. And I'll never bother myself any more about it.

ROSIE. You need not, Henry; I am yours to the end.

HANK. Oh, you make me so happy, pet; and you are not tired?

ROSIE. Not in the least.

HANK. Then the old Tally-ho song.

TALLY-HO

EBE. Yah! we do dat togeder, away up yonder, ven she was not so—so long in ze dress.

HANK. Tally-ho forever! (*They sing song of Tally-ho, and he snaps whip in chorus. As they conclude, Rosie again examines for gold, and Ebe gets out jug, and they all drink again. Enter Crabtree, very gentlemanly, but pants torn and coat bursted.*)

CRABTREE. The Rose of the Sierras! Mrs. Monk! (*Lifts hat and shakes hand, etc.*)

HANK. You will—will? (*Sign to jug.*)

CRABTREE. No.

BROWN. As a beverage no, no. But—but as a medicine?

CRABTREE. No, thank you. (*Aside.*) This time I have come to stay, and will need my best wits about me. They are all drunk, all but her. Well, if I don't win this game, I'll leave the Sierras. Wife and mine are booked. Oh, Mr. Monk, I told the squire that probably we might need him to make out the deed.

BROWN. Yes, for in California the law is—is the law.

HANK. Don't hurry business. Squire, I knew a man once that was in a hurry. (*Is nearly drunk.*) It was Horace Greeley! I'm the man, as all the world knows, that drove Horace Greeley over the Sierras, drove him with my six horses in Tally-ho. I'm the man that did it. Shall I tell you all about it?

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) Bah! that old story that I have heard till I am sick of it.

HANK. Yes; you want to hear it? Well, Horace came to me first thing, and says he, "Colonel, I'm Horace Greeley." "Well, I," says I, "Mr. Horace Greeley, how are you? I'm Hank Monk"; and then we shook. And then says he, "I've got to lecture in

TALLY-HO

Nevada to-night." "All right, Mr. Greeley," says I, "the mail's got to get through." Well, I tightened up the horses, took a turn around old Tally-ho to see that she was all solid to a bolt, timber and trees, and then I kind of slowlike climbed up to my box and Ebe there threw me the reins. Well, I kind of slowly threaded the ribbons through my fingers and the horses began to prick their ears and paw. But I was cool and slow, lookin' close to the horses, thinkin' of the great man I had there in my care, the great and good man that all the world loved, that I had to take whirlin' up and around them peaks—where a stone as big as an apple might land us all at the bottom of a bottomless gorge—well, I tell you I was about half prayin', slowly threadin' the ribbons, you know, and hearin' the horses rattle the bits in their teeth, when suddenly out popped a little bald white head and Horace squeaked out, "I've got to lecture to-night in Nevada, Mr. Monk!" Well, I give 'em the silk. Ten miles up, and they began to blow and smoke like furnaces. Out popped the little white head. "I've got to lecture in Nevada, to-night!" Ten miles more, and we were white with foam, as white as the snow-peaks about us, but I held 'em in, slow and steady and strong; they tugged and struggled as if they knew all I felt; but it was slow, so slow now. "I've got to lecture in Nevada, to-night, Mr. Monk!" And just then I turned the tip of the summit, threw out the silk, the horses plunged down the steep hill, the axles rattled like engines, the wheels were in the air! And then the little white head popped out and said somethin' about not being so very anxious to get to Nevada, after all. But I couldn't hear him for the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of the stage as we dashed

TALLY-HO

like a cataract down the mountains. And at last out popped the little white head again and said somethin' about thinkin' I better slow up a bit, and not hurt my horses! Slow up? I gave 'em, every one, six inches of silk; and then the voice in the stage, where I heard somethin' tumblin' about like loose lumber in a gale, said, "Don't care a damn whether I get to Nevada to-night or not."

EBE. Yah, dot wor our own hosses did dat ting.

BROWN. And he did lecture that night in Nevada?

HANK. Yes, yes. But he was tired, I tell you. And he was sore as well as tired. And he did not sit down to lecture. (*All laugh.*)

CRABTREE. Well, about that sale, Monk? (*Crabtree has sat on stump, taken out bowie-knife and been whittling.*)

HANK. That's a fine bowie; looks like the one I carry on the Tally-ho. Where did you get your knife?

CRABTREE. Sacramento. Made by Jim Bowie, nephew of the old Colonel Bowie who made the first bowie-knife in Texas.

HANK. That's where I got mine. They're twins, ain't they? (*They compare knives.*)

CRABTREE. That's so; it would be hard to tell them apart, wouldn't it?

HANK. What's this? Here's your name on yours.

CRABTREE. Yes.

HANK. I hadn't the heart to have it done on mine. The fact is, I'm ashamed to carry the confounded thing. It's a coward's weapon, a knife is. I'm a man myself, and I prefer a man's arms any day.

CRABTREE. What do you call a man's arms?

TALLY-HO

HANK. His hands, of course. They're the natural weapons of a gentleman. If nature intended you to stab, she'd have given you steel finger-nails a foot long. But she intended you to use your fists, and so she gave you knuckles. However, it's all the style in California to carry a bowie, and it's better to be dead than out of the fashion. Ugh! you cruel beast; get in your shell. (*Shoves knife back in sheath.*)

CRABTREE. (*Putting up knife, and rising.*) But now about this deed. You promised to sign a deed of this mine when you got back. The squire has it there ready for you to sign, ready for you to keep your promise.

ROSIE. (*Aside.*) Promised to sign a deed of this? Oh, no, no. Poor, generous Henry; he promises everything, and keeps his promises, too. This shall not be done.

CRABTREE. Come, what do you say? You keep your promises, I hope? The money is here. (*Throws purse of coin on stump.*)

MONK. But stop a moment. I want to have a place, a bit of a home. I want to bore a hole in these mountains there, tap them for water, let the water flow out over all this barren land, plant grapes and apple trees, and sit down under my own vine and fig tree.

CRABTREE. Well, I want it for goats.

EBE. And crabtrees; jest fit for dat.

ROSIE. Well, Mr. Crabtree, it ain't for sale.

HANK. Hello! hello! A little woman interferes with my business? Pretty soon for that, ain't it little Rosie?

CRABTREE. He made me a promise. I have

TALLY-HO

brought the money. I want him to sign as he promised, that deed, as he promised.

HANK. Did I promise?

CRABTREE. The squire heard you.

HANK. Did I promise?

BROWN. Legally, technically, you did. In law, the California law—legally speaking—you did not.

ROSIE. Legally, you did not. Oh, I am so glad. For Henry it is full of gold.

HANK. Full of gold, my beauty?

ROSIE. Yes, and he knew it; or why did he want it so?

EBE. For sheeps, and goats, and crabtrees.

ROSIE. But you did not legally promise to sign the deed, and it shall not be signed.

BROWN. *Legally*, no; he did not promise. *Morally*, he did.

HANK. Do you hear that, Rosie? Oh, do you know that I promised? Hang the law! If I promised, I promised; and old Hank Monk keeps his promises as other men keep their gold.

ROSIE. But you will not give this up; it is full of gold, heaps and heaps of gold.

HANK. Would you have me lie for gold? My Rosie, Hank Monk, the old stage-driver, has carried more than twenty millions of gold out of these Sierras for the miners. They had never anything but his word of honor. And no man ever said that one grain of gold dust trusted to him went astray. No; though this lay here a mass of gold, I would not look at it till I signed the deed and kept my word. (*Brown has spread deed with seal on stump, and reaches pen.*) Give me the pen. It ain't fair, Crabtree, but I'll keep my promise. You will witness? (*To others. Signs.*)

TALLY-HO

ROSIE. Henry! Henry! What have you done?

HANK. I have kept my promise like a man!

CRABTREE. Well, yes; he has kept his promise like a man.

ROSIE. He has kept his promise, has he, like a man?

CRABTREE. Yes; he has kept his promise like a man. (*Reaching for deed.*)

ROSIE. (*Takes bowie from Hank's sheath, and as Crabtree is about to take deed, hacks at outstretched fingers.*) Touch it, and I will hack them off. (*Takes deed. To Hank.*) You have kept your promise like a true man, and I will keep this deed like a true woman! (*Deed in bosom.*)

Curtain.

TALLY-HO

ACT II.

SCENE: *Interior of California cabin. A stairway; mining implements, and a pair of long-legged miner's boots on wall; windows; practical door flat; fireplace; fire; time, winter; snow; table centre. Ebe and Nora discovered arranging things about room.*

EBE. (*Solus.*) I don't like dat Crabtree, he sour on me. But Hank Monk he like everybodys; he drink wiz everybodys; he so happy he make everybodys come to dis house and be happy too. (*To Nora.*) Make yourself lively about, Mrs. Offen-
hoffer.

NORA. I'll make it lively about for you, Mr. Offen-
hoffer, and do you mind that, if you speak to me loik that again, sor.

EBE. Vill you? vill you? Cool off, cool off, Mrs. Offen-
hoffer.

NORA. It's a brute that you are. Yes; before we were married it was Nora this and it was Nora that; and if you please, Miss Nora, before we was married, so it was, and ye sang, "Wearin' of the Grane," so you did, all to please me, before we was married.

EBE. Oh, before ve vas married; yah, dat makes de difference, Mrs. Offen-
hoffer; dat vas anoder time; dat vas before dis time—before ve vas married dat vas. You see, Mrs. Offen-
hoffer, folks vat get married can't most always tell; maybe it vill be a leetle heaven, and maybe a leetle—somedings else, Mrs. Offen-
hoffer. (*Sits.*) You hang my big boots by de fire for to make dry, Mrs. Offen-
hoffer; vat for you hang 'em on de vall by de vindow to take cold?

TALLY-HO

NORA. I'll hang——

EBE. You'll hang my boots by de fireplace, Mrs. Offenholder. You tink my big miners' boots a picture, dat you hang 'em dere by der vindow?

NORA. (*Furious. Taking down boots and hanging them over fireplace.*) Yes, a picture they are—a landscape—beautiful!

EBE. A picture?—a pretty picture.

NORA. Yes, a picture of a mountain; they are big enough!

EBE. (*Rising, and kindly.*) Yah, dem poots is pig, Nora, but I vas a pig man.

NORA. Yes, a pig man ye are—a whole hog.

EBE. Nein, nein, none of that, Nora. I vill sit on your head some more if you do dat. I vas der boss miner here in der Hank Monk claims. I boss fifty mens, Nora, fifty big mens, Nora, and dey not so much troubles, dose fifty big mens, to manage as one leetle vomans; but I vas der boss, I vos, so you jest cool off, Mrs. Offenholder.

NORA. (*Crying.*) You're the biggest brute in the mines, and I jest hope that derrick will break down and drop the biggest stone right on——

EBE. (*Springs at her very threateningly.*) On vat, Mrs. Offenholder? Drop dat biggest stone right on? on? on?

NORA. On the ground. (*Laughs and jolly.*)

EBE. Dat is right. Now ve gets on. Vy, I feel so fine, I feel like old "Fadderland." (*Sings.*) You vill sing "Fadderland" with me? I did sing your "Fadderland," de "Wearin' of der Greens."

NORA. I won't.

EBE. You will, Mrs. Offenholder.

NORA. I won't.

EBE. I bet you all der gold in der Hank Monk's

claims (*very threateningly*) you vill. One! two! tree! Sing! (*They sing "Fatherland," and business ad lib.*)

NORA. (*Imitating him.*) How is dat for high, Mr. Offenhoffer?

EBE. Goot, goot. I make you one goot German yet. Den I love you better as you vas one Frenchman. But vy don't Hank Monk and Rosie come in from der horses?

NORA. Oh, sure it is because Hank loves his horses almost as much as he does my pretty Missis Rosie. And that is saying that he loves them so much that they try and make them mighty comfortable in this storm.

EBE. Yah, Nora, dere is lots of love dere. He loves his horses, dey loves him, and pretty Rosie loves everydings. Oh, so much happiness was never in one little house before. Nora, it don't take a very big house, or a high house, or a fine one to hold happiness.

NORA. Sure and that is so, Ebe. And do you know that is jest loik poets' books? But, Ebe, the thing is to make happiness stay in a house when it comes.

EBE. Yah, dat ish so, Nora.

NORA. Well, do you know that I think if Tom Crabtree keeps coming in at that door that some day the happiness that is here will fly out of that window and never come back any more?

EBE. Nora, you vas wise as you vas good; and dat is sayin' you vas wise, Nora. He come too much, and he make Hank—— (*Dumb show of drinking.*)

NORA. Too much. Too much. It means no good.

EBE. And dat sailor—drunk, drunk, drunk. And

all der time Hank make (*show of giving*) money, money, money, till all that the rich old claim gives up is— (*Dumb show of drinking and giving away money.*)

NORA. Poor, honest, generous old Hank Monk! He was born with his hands as open as that. (*Both open palms and turn over as if emptying them*). Nothing will ever stay in his hands but the reins of his horses when he sits on the box of Tally-ho.

EBE. Goot, Nora. I likes you for dat. Dat was dear old Hank Monk. Shoo!

(*Enter Hank, Rosie, lantern in hand, whip brushing off snow. Hangs up whip, hands lantern to Ebe. Nora takes wraps from Rosa.*)

NORA. You'll catch your death, Missis.

ROSIE. Oh, no. The pleasure of helping dear Henry look after the brave old horses, and then their gratitude and recognition, keeps me warm. Oh, no, Nora, I am as dry as toast. And they and Henry and all are so happy. No, no, death or trouble can never come in this little home, Nora, for many a long year—at least I hope not, I pray not, I— (*Stops and covers her face as if crying.*)

HANK. Now, my beauty, what is it? Rosie, my pretty child, crying again?

ROSIE. (*Hysterical.*) Why, no, I am laughing; laughing, Henry dear.

HANK. Why, yes, so you are. But, Rosie, there's tears on your lashes, love. And there's tears in your laughter, too.

ROSIE. Nothing of the kind, Henry. I am as merry as a lark. I am as happy and content as the dear old horses we have housed here at the very windows, safe from the storm. For here, under your

TALLY-HO

roof, with your strong arms about me, am as safe from harm as they.

HANK. Safe, safe from harm? Why, honey, what harm?

ROSIE. Nothing, nothing, Henry; no harm, nothing.

HANK. But there is something. The song has gone out of your voice of late; you are not the girl you were. My little girl that sat by the wayside and watched my strong horses climb the Sierras years ago is—is no more. Gone like a flower that fades when you gather it and take it to your heart.

ROSIE. Why, Henry, who now has tears on his lashes—tears in his voice? It is you, Henry, you. (*Laughs half sadly.*)

HANK. Well, well, maybe it is because I am getting old and a bit gray about the temples; may be that is why you don't seem quite so happy now as you did last year, Rosie. Yes, I am like the old horses that the stage company has retired with me here, a little old and not so supple and quick of limb.

ROSIE. Why, Henry, you are in the prime of manhood. A heart like yours is in its prime always, even down to the doors of death. For you have so much heart.

EBE. (*Aside.*) Heart? yah, dat ish it—too much. Bringin' up all dem ole stage-horses and puttin' 'em up in der house; have 'em sittin' at der table next. Might better sell 'em for soap. He's lookin' pretty sad, though. Guess I must pull him up. (*Business of getting demijohn as before.*)

HANK. Well, it's not a crime to have heart. (*Drinks unseen by Rosie.*) And I tell you, Rosie, I could not possibly have been happy even with you to think that these old horses that drew Tally-ho

over the Sierras with me on the box so many years were now turned out to die or shift for themselves in old age. No, they are my pensioners now, all here (*to window and calls names of horses*), safe forever from the storm. And though it takes every dollar that the old claim gives us, Ebe, they must and shall be sheltered to the end as safely as I am sheltered.

EBE. (*Aside.*) Dat is beezness. Heart beezness. No head in dat, I bet your life.

HANK. And, Ebe, if—well, if anything happens. I mean, Rosie, that when Hank Monk is on the down grade and can't reach the brake——

ROSIE. Henry! Henry!

EBE. Now you have her all broked up. Vat fo' you do dose things?

HANK. Why, look at that! She is laughing again like a girl. You are like a summer storm in the Sierras to-night, pet; sunshine and cloud all woven in one. You are an April morning, Rosie, to-night. (*Arms about her.*)

ROSIE. And you are the full summer day, Henry.

HANK. A late summer, love. But do you remember reading me from that book I brought you the other day here, that in Italy they call the month of April the woman's month?

ROSIE. Yes, I remember. And it is because she sometimes weeps so and is so changeful sometimes. Oh, Henry, love, I have something to tell you.

HANK. Something to tell me? A secret? (*Knock at door.*)

ROSIE. Yes, but not now. Some one is coming.

HANK. (*Aside.*) A secret from me? This is bad, bad. Come in. (*Enter Crabtree, Sailor Bill, Squire Brown, and miners. Miners are in miners'*

TALLY-HO

dress, carry lanterns, and wear long boots.) Ah, gentlemen, welcome.

ROSIE. Welcome all.

CRABTREE. (*Cordial hand to Rosie.*) A lot of us, eh? Well, you see (*Brushing off snow*), I met the Squire right out here, and as we saw Ebe's night watch of miners coming into your cabin, and as the Squire here was a little wet, outside (*Ebe gets jug*)—the Squire never takes anything inside except as medicine—why, we thought we, too, would drop in and ask about the horses. Eh, Squire? (*Squire assents and spitting cotton.*)

HANK. You are as welcome as they are safe and sound. Why, Tom, you can almost see their noses there. They neigh and nicker to me in the morning, and—well, we talk of old times together before I fairly get out of bed, and (*gives hand*) I thank you for asking about 'em. It's strange, Crabtree, that for all that little trouble we had you have a heart.

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) A heart? Yes, for his wife. And I'll have her, too, before the snow that is falling melts away. (*To Hank.*) Yes, take care of the horses. (*To Rosie.*) But I haven't heard you singing as of late? Sick? Sad?

EBE. Nora, I bet you I break dat man's back. I bet your life he fall in a tunnel and broke his nose for a cent. Dat spoil his beauty, Nora.

HANK. Oh, no, Rosie is well, quite well. You will sing, Rosie?

ROSIE. For these honest miners? Yes?

EBE. A song for der miners, Nora. She don't sing for dat feller; I bet your life she don't.

ROSIE. And you will sing with me?

ALL. Yes, yes, Rosie. Yes.

ROSIE. Why then let's sing the old miner's song,
 "The Days of '49."

ALL. Forty-nine! Forty-nine! The days of
 Forty-nine! (*All sing '49.*)

EBE. (*At end of song catches up jug and passes around.*) Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Here, Nora,
 a tin cup. A quart cup for der Squire—as a
 medicine.

NORA. (*To Squire.*) As a medicine, you know.
 (*All drink and drink. Show of merriment and delight.*)

EBE. Vell, men, ve must be gone for der tunnel.
 Dem udder fellers in der tunnel, dey want der nip
 too. All ready?

ALL. Ready, ready, ready. (*Men bow and file out.*)

EBE. Goot-py, my pretty French Nora. I put der
 men to work and I come back. (*To Sailor Bill.*)
 You go wit me? (*Bill shakes head solemnly. Ebe picks up jug.*) You go wit me? (*Business of eager to follow, but first speaks to Crabtree hurriedly, making signs to Rosie, who has been by side of and talking with Crabtree. Exit all.*)

HANK. (*Aside.*) Why, that is strange. How
 excited Rosie is, too.

ROSIE. (*To Crabtree.*) No, no. Go, I don't
 want you to stay. I don't want to see you.

CRABTREE. No? I understand; it is because he
 is watching us. I will go, but come back, remember.

NORA. (*To Squire.*) The biverage is gone, and
 good-night. (*Exit. Crabtree, after cold good-night to Hank, exit with Squire Brown.*)

ROSIE. Oh, I am so glad he is gone, Henry, and I
 hope, I pray he will never come back any more.

HANK. Why Rosie, Rosie pet, what can it be that is the matter with you.

ROSIE. I have something to tell you, Henry.

HANK. Something to tell me. Well, pet, tell it, tell it right out, open and frank as your sweet face.

ROSIE. No, no, it's sacred; a secret.

HANK. A secret? A sacred secret?

ROSIE. Oh, Henry. Yes a secret.

HANK. A secret? A secret from me, Rosie? Tell me; tell it to me and tell me now.

ROSIE. And you are angry?

HANK. I would have no secrets hidden in your heart. There is not room enough in your heart for secrets and for me, Rosie. Nay, men have been whispering strange things to me, and this is not all news. That door of mine has had no lock nor key in the whole year of our married life. Men have come and been welcome, and I showed you to all as the purest and the most priceless bit of gold that ever was found in these Sierras. But an honest old sailor, one who has ploughed the same seas that I sailed when a lad, has told me much. Crabtree has despoiled my home.

ROSIE. Henry, I will not hear this. (*Turns, ascending stairs, turns about on stairs, and with uplifted hand.*) I have a secret. It is mine and His. (*Points up. Exit up stairs.*)

HANK. Oh, this is terrible, terrible, terrible. What can it all mean?

NORA. (*Following upstairs.*) What does it mane? It manes that a man is a fool, and that yer the biggest fool of the lot. (That's what it manes. (*Snap fingers and exit.*))

HANK. (*Solus.*) Well, I've seen through the alkali dust on the stage-road when it was thick as

smoke. But I can't see through this. (*Meditatively.*) A man's a fool, and I'm the biggest fool of the lot. Well, it's nothing very serious if it's only the fact that I am a fool. Old Hank Monk never could see much but his leaders, the straight road ahead, climbing up, up, up against God's stars that tip the peaks of the Sierras. (*Meantime has taken pipe and tobacco from mantel and is cutting tobacco with bowie-knife as he talks.*) But why did she refuse to answer and run away? Oh, pshaw! She won't stay away from me now; she can't. She will come and tell me what it is, I know.

ROSIE. (*Descending stairs.*) Henry, all alone?

HANK. (*Lays knife on table.*) Always alone when you are not here, Rosie.

ROSIE. You are so good to me. But now, Henry, I have something to ask you. Do not let that man come here.

HANK. My pet, virtue needs no iron bars about it. It is like sunlight; you need not fence it in, you cannot drive it out. But why do you say this?

ROSIE. Oh, I could kill that man. (*She stands by table and hand resolutely clutches knife.*) I could murder him!

HANK. Rosie, my wife, these words are not worthy of you. If he deserves death, he shall die. If you say for me to murder him, it shall be done to-night—now. But you shut up secrets in your heart; and yet here, in your husband's presence, let the name of murder pass your lips. What does it all mean? Why Rosie, when you said just now that you could murder Crabtree you looked terrible, just terrible. You reminded me of the time when your father kept the Summit Road House and that California lion came and caught your pet deer and you

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dropped him in his tracks just as I dashed up with Tally-ho. Ah, you did look terrible then, too; just like now. Then we boys all chipped in, and took you down to the great education cemetery; and Rosie, they didn't know you when I brought you home on old Tally-ho: long dresses, long gloves and a certificate of education as long as my arm. But you didn't want to kill no lions no more, for you was and is educated, Rosie. . . . Kill Crabtree! Murder him! You was and is educated at the great university educational cemetery and you must not talk, must not think murder any more.

ROSIE. Now you are angry again. It is nothing, nothing much. But these men have robbed you of all your money; they are now going to rob me of your love and of your trust. And, oh, I feel so strangely now, so in need of your help and love, and strong arms around me.

HANK. (*Sits.*) Rosie come here and sit down. Come. The old baby shyness is getting about you again. You are not afraid to sit here? You have done nothing that you are ashamed of?

ROSIE. (*After long hesitating.*) I will sit at your feet.

HANK. At my feet, Rosie? You sha'n't do that.

ROSIE. Let me sit here, for I have something to tell you. And I feel so timid, so afraid.

HANK. You are frightened and nervous. Why, you are all a-tremble, my wife. (*Draws to his side.*)

ROSIE. Henry, I have something to tell you. It will please you, dearest, I hope. No, no; it is nothing about that sailor or that other man, or anybody that has walked the earth, or seen the light of day.

HANK. Rosie, my darling, you're talking awful queer.

ROSIE. (*Takes book from table.*) Do you remember the pretty story I read you from this book last summer, under the trees, about the poor people of London?

HANK. Let me see. Yes, there was Mrs. Boffin and Mr. Wegg, who was always dropping into poetry. Why, Rosie, how you tremble! I am afraid you are not as happy as I am. Do you know I sometimes think I am too selfish, that I ought not to be so happy? And now, Rosie, if it's a new bonnet or a new dress, I'll get 'em Rosie, if I have to sell a horse.

ROSIE. No, no, Henry, it's not that. And then you are not selfish, and I am not unhappy. Oh, no, Henry, I am happy, so happy. And maybe it is this that makes me so—so— (*Hides face.*)

HANK. What, Rosie? And what about the one-legged man, that was always dropping into poetry? Oh, but he was no poet, Rosie. He should have loved the Sierras and this open air, and not the dirt and dust-heaps and carts. Do you know, Rosie, Bobby Burns would have loved all this about us here. The trees I planted, the horses there, the great, deep cañons yonder.

ROSIE. But there was another name in the story—Bella! Bella and Mr. Rokesmith. Do you remember them?

HANK. Yes, yes; I think I do. Bella that had a beautiful ankle. Is it about her, Rosie?

ROSIE. No, no, Henry. Don't you remember where, after they are married a time, John draws Bella to him, as you have drawn me, and she sits at his feet as I sit here, and hides her head on his breast as I do here. And do you remember how she timidly tells him that—that—that a ship from some

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strange land is—is coming to them from over the unknown seas?

HANK. Yes, yes, I—I do.

ROSIE. Well, Henry, a ship like that is coming to you and—me. (*Hides face, and a long silence.*)

HANK. (*Looks straight at the fire over her bowed head and whistles.*) Little mother, kiss me! (*Then kissing her proudly, jumps up, dances about, catches up a jug, drinks, hugs it, nurses it and dances about, singing "Baby Mine." Rosie, hiding face, runs upstairs, stops, looks back.*) Happy? the happiest man in the universe. (*Is about to drink, she gently protests.*) Yes, yes, I know what you would say, Rosie. I will be sober. There! (*Throws it aside.*) I will never drink again, so help me Heaven! (*Rosie, with sign of gratitude, exit.*) Now let any man hint one word against Rosie. Hank Monk, if you, even you, old fellow, dare even hint one bit of doubt or suspicion, why, I will murder you! Happy old fellow! The proudest and the happiest man in these Sierras. (*Taps heart, comes to window and calls horses.*) I wish I could tell you. I wish you could understand and be glad, proud, and happy as I. Why, I'll come out to you. Yes, I will come right out among you, and hug your hairy old necks, and make you be glad with me. (*Exit. Enter Crabtree and Sailor Bill.*)

CRABTREE. (*Looks about cautiously.*) He is not here. That is something to start with at least. Fortune favors the brave. He is out of the house, and she in tears. With a man out of the house, and a woman in tears—that's all I ask to insure victory.

BILL. (*Sits doggedly at table.*) Well, what did you bring me here for? Don't see nothin' to drink; don't want nothin' to eat. And now what do you

want me to do? And what did you take up that plank in the bridge for? It's a dark night, and it ain't safe.

CRABTREE. Not safe for anybody that would try to run across to where the miners have opened the new tunnel, eh?

BILL. The cussed cañon is a mile deep; only a cat's jump across, but mighty deep, mighty deep.

CRABTREE. If you were to go across there and give the cry of alarm; a call for help, as if the tunnel had caved in?

BILL. Yes, yes, governor?

CRABTREE. And I tried to get there to help Hank Monk's miners.

BILL. Yes, yes, governor?

CRABTREE. Why, I would fall, and there wouldn't be a bone of me left.

BILL. Oh, oh, my eyes! Do you want to fall?

CRABTREE. Well, if some other fellow fell there, this particularly dark night of snow and storm, Bill, it would be about all the same to you, old pard, eh?

BILL. (*A long whistle.*) Well, now, if you give the signal yourself, it would be about the same to you, old pard, eh?

CRABTREE. Cursed old fool. I would be suspected. People always suspect smart men. You are a fool. No one would accuse you. And then I want to be here to comfort her when——

BILL. (*Springing up.*) Here? Here? And it is to be the brave old Hank Monk. Why, we ploughed the same seas. I'll tell all! all! all!

CRABTREE. (*Drawing bowie.*) Will you shut up?

BILL. (*Grasping knife from table, and desperate show of fight.*) No! I will not shut up till I shut you up.

CRABTREE. (*Meekly and kindly, lowers knife.*) Come, come. Sit down there. Sit down. We must not quarrel. (*Bill sits and half turns back.*)

BILL. Don't want to quarrel with you, Mr. Crabtree. But don't think of trappin' a man as if he was a beast—a b'ar. No, no, don't strike a man in the dark; an old gray-headed man who has been on the sea. (*All this time Crabtree is making ready to strike in the back.*) No; give all men a show. We don't live long or have much fun, none of us. Give every man a show. (*Crabtree strikes and Bill cries out and falls dead on table, throwing knife up stage.*)

CRABTREE. Dead! dead, and by my hand! Well, the old fool deserved it, and it is safest as it is. This knife! I must hide it. But where? There is blood on it. I hear some one coming. I must hide the knife, and hide myself too. (*Hides knife in boot hanging over fireplace, and creeps toward door as Rosie descends stairs, holding candle over head, followed by Nora.*)

ROSIE. I thought I heard a cry for help. It must have been nothing. I don't know what can be the matter, I am all the time starting and trembling, and hearing strange sounds. I was sure I heard some one cry out. Where is Henry? (*Descends, stops.*) Why, what is this? Henry's knife? (*Picks up knife and advances to table.*) This man here too, and drunk? Why will Henry have these creatures here? They will ruin him and me too. Mr.! Mr.! Mr.! (*Business of turning dead man's face, and holds down candle; finds him dead, and screams as she falls back toward door. Miners come pouring in with lights, and Crabtree steps out.*)

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ROSIE. (*Still holding knife; to people.*) The man is dead.

CRABTREE. Dead! My friend dead! Who did this thing? Who killed the man, I say? (*Enter Hank. Looks on in amazement. Rosie steps out with knife, helpless and dazed. All look at her.*) There! There is the assassin. See the knife is still in her hand. (*To Squire.*) You are an officer. Arrest that woman. She has killed my friend.

BROWN. She? she killed him? You lie.

EBE. And I bet your life he lie. (*To Nora.*) But she did, Nora, and served him right.

CRABTREE. Arrest her, I say. She has killed this man.

HANK. (*Aside.*) Oh! She did say to me, "I could murder him." Oh! the little ship will never come to land.

CRABTREE. That woman killed my friend.

NORA. She did not kill him. (*Rosie, silent, fixed, and statue-like, does not understand.*)

CRABTREE. She did kill him, I say. I saw her step back from the table as I entered. (*Squire moves forward.*)

HANK. Stand back from my wife. Touch her if you dare.

CRABTREE. But she killed that man.

HANK. She did not kill that man.

CRABTREE. Then who did?

HANK. (*Dashes forward.*) I killed that man. (*Rosie falls in arms.*)

Curtain.

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ACT III.

SCENE: *Same as in Act II.—Squire Brown discovered rather loudly dressed, spectacles on, looking over papers at table.*

BROWN. Clear case against him, poor fellow, clear case. In fact the one main witness against Hank Monk is a man that the jury must believe. And that is Hank Monk himself. If he only could have kept his mouth shut, might have made it appear to the jury that the man stabbed himself. True, men don't go around stabbin' themselves in the back with bowie knives as a rule—as a rule that is very exceptional. But then there are lawyers who, for a consideration, will undertake to prove it; and there are jurors who, for a consideration, would be willin' to believe that a man could and would stab himself in the back with another man's bowie-knife. But then Hank Monk has no money, never would save a cent; and how can you persuade any honest man in this world to believe a man is not guilty when you have not a dollar to persuade with? Oh, if he had only kept his mouth shut! Men talk too much, men talk too much, altogether too much. (*Enter Nora. Stops and listens.*) Men talk too much, women talk too much, everybody talks too much. (*Lays down papers, rocks back in chair, and brushes up and pulls down vest.*) He's got to die. And then the widder! Ah, the widder! She will have to be comforted. I will try my best to comfort Hank Monk's widder. Poor thing, poor thing. It is the least I can do for a dear old friend who will have to be hung. They have not found him guilty of murder yet. But the jury will;

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yes, they will, and in less than an hour too. I heard the evidence and they must bring him in guilty. So I came early to comfort the widder. Oh, if he had only kept his mouth shut. I might have been saved this sad but not entirely unpleasant duty. But he couldn't keep his mouth shut. Men talk too much.

NORA. I think it very loikely they do, Squire Brown.

BROWN. Nora! Is it you Nora, my dear?

NORA. Well, I should say so. And its queer comfort you mane to bring to Rosie with such talk as that men talk too much, Squire Brown.

BROWN. Well, Nora, I come to offer consolation to the afflicted widder that is to be, with all my heart.

NORA. Well, now, it's consolation to yourself I am thinking that you mane, wid your striped vest and fine boots; and I think you can spare yourself the trouble. Mr. Crabtree has been ahead of ye.

BROWN. Been ahead of me? Crabtree ahead of Squire Brown?

NORA. Well, he's been a hangin' about the door. But divil a bit would I let him in. Listen. I tell ye, Squire, yer an officer of the law, ar'n't ye?

BROWN. (*Pompously.*) Well, I should radiate. I am an officer of the law, of the California law; and the California law, Nora, is—is—is law.

NORA. Well, I am glad to hear that. Now listen, Squire Brown. (*Looks about and approaches close.*) I think that Crabtree wants to stale somethin'.

BROWN. Crabtree steal something?

NORA. Crabtree stale somethin', Squire Brown.

BROWN. Why, what do you mean?

NORA. Why, I mane that night after night he came to that door while I was a-waitin' on poor sick Missis Rosie as she lay here dyin' almost of a faver,

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and once when he thought I was aslape he slipped in on tiptoe. Yes, and he almost got his hand in Mr. Offenhoffer's boots a-hangin' there. But I've got a lock and bolt on the door now, Squire Brown. An' only that I had my back turned just now for a second to see one of poor master's horses that seemed to be a moanin' for him, ye wouldn't a got in here yourself, Squire Brown.

BROWN. Ah, this must be looked into, as the man said when he fell in the well. The law of California, Nora, is—is—is the law. (*Aside.*) He's goin' to be a dangerous rival of mine for the widder. I must fix this feller, Tom Crabtree. For in California widders are—are widders.

(*Enter Ebe in great grief and meekness.*)

EBE. Oh, Nora, Nora, I'm all broke in two at last.

NORA. Well, yer long enough and ugly enough to break into a good many times, Mr. Offenhoffer.

EBE. Ah, Nora, that's just like a vomans. Ven you see me down, jump on to me; sit on my het. Yes, I'm all gone in two since poor Mr. Hank Monk did dat tings, all gone in two; and yer have it all your own vay, shust like it used to vas before ve got married.

NORA. Yes, when I made ye kape in yer place; made yer sing "Wearin' of the Grane" and kape Saint Patrick's day.

EBE. Saint Whatrick's days, Nora?

NORA. Saint Patrick's day, ye spalpeen. An' where's the shamrock I made ye wear in yer hat on this day of the thrial, for good fortune to poor Mr. Hank Monk? Where is it, I say? Produce it, and don't stand there' on one foot a shakin' like that. Where is it, I say?

EBE. There it is, Nora, what little there is left of

it. (*Produces big cabbage-leaf from inside of hat.*)

NORA. A cabbage-leaf! A sour kraut cabbage-leaf! ye sassage and sour kraut Dutchman ye! (*About to assault him.*)

BROWN. Come, come, I am a magistrate of the law of California, and the law of California is—is law. But tell me, Mr. Ebenezer Offenoffer, how goes the trial?

EBE. It don't go at all. It just sit still, and he sit still and say, "I did kill him"; dat's all, dat's all. And she, Rosie, sit by him, back a little, mit her pretty face hidden away like, and a moanin' and a moanin'.

BROWN. Oh, be comforted, California widder. And we must, I must do all I can to comfort her when she comes to this desolate hearth. Yes, the widders must be comforted, so says the Bible. And do you know, in California, my young friends, it is an old and honored custom that when a man kills a man he generally goes to the generous expense of burying him? Yes, and not only that, my young friends, he not only must bury the man he kills, but he must not unfrequently also marry the widow!

NORA. Marry the widow? Have you any row on hand, any hard falin's with any man, Ebenezer?

EBE. Marry the widder?

BROWN. Yes, if you kill a man in California, you must not only bury him, but ought to marry the widow.

EBE. (*Meditatively.*) Vell, Nora, I don't know which get der vorst of dat, der man vat get killed or der man vat have to marry der vidder, Nora. (*Enter Crabtree, faultlessly dressed, flower in button-hole, and flowers in hand.*)

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CRABTREE. Ah, good morning, Squire.

BROWN. (*Aside.*) My rival, hang him! No, it's the other man they are going to hang. Oh, if they don't hang him there is a waste of money in my fine clothes; and on his too. Phew! But he is dressed; although not quite up to Squire Brown. Not quite up to Squire Brown I guess, with all his flowers.

CRABTREE.. Well, you can give these to your mistress when she returns from the Court-House. (*Nora snatches flowers. Business of watching him very closely as he saunters about stage and approaches boots, still hanging near fireplace, and getting between.*)

BROWN. And how goes the trial, Mr. Crabtree? I seed you there this morning; juss come from the Court-House, didn't you?

CRABTREE. Bad enough, bad enough. (*Still trying to get near boots, is about to put hand in and get knife. This business must be worked up and kept up at intervals, till near the end.*) Yes, I just came down from the Court-House. The jury is out now; got instructions from the Court that fixes him dead. No, I mean that there is no possible escape for our poor friend, Squire. And as I could not bear to stay and see him sentenced, I came on down here to—to— (*Trying to get knife, and Ebe walks between, turns him around down stage.*) As I was saying, Squire, I could not bear to see the poor fellow sentenced; so I came on down here to— (*Again attempts knife*) to comfort the widow.

BROWN. Yes, I'm down here for that purpose myself.

CRABTREE. I feel very unhappy about it all.

BROWN. Yes, you look unhappy. You look

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deuced unhappy. Why don't you sit down like a gentleman (*Thumbs in vest and pompous*) and keep cool, and be comfortable? Why, you act like as if you had a nest of yellow-jackets up your pantaloons' leg.

CRABTREE. It's my—my sympathy.

EBE. (*Again interfering and looking in his face.*) Yer vat? (*Crabtree moves feet uneasily.*) Do your fine poots hurt your feet, Mr. Crabtree?

CRABTREE. They do.

EBE. Vell, vy you don't vear somethin' pigger? Like dat. Dose landscape boots?

NORA. Real estate boots.

EBE. Stop your insinervations about my understanding; dat's my landscape, Mr. Crabtree. My picture dey got a hole der pottoms, so I hangs dem up.

BROWN. Then they are no longer useful; but very ornamental.

EBE. Yaw, very on-der-mantelpiece.

CRABTREE. They are of no value then! Holes in them, you say? Let me take them then and go—go put them on in place of these I—I—am suffering—

EBE. Vell, you look seek.

NORA. Take 'em. Ye can have the bastely things. He made me hang 'em there. Yis, when he had his way and Mr. Monk was here to help him have his way. But now he has his way no more. Take the bastely, hideous things away. He made me kape 'em there jest for his maneness. Take 'em an' put 'em on and make a fright of yerself by the time Rosie comes, and that's the harm I wish you, Mr. Crabtree. (*About to take boots when Ebe keeps going between. Crabtree in despair.*)

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EBE. Who dare dose pair of boot displace
Must meet Bombastus face to face!
Shoo! My poor Master and Missis.
(*Enter Hank and Rosie, broken down with trouble. Hank is in irons, followed by Officer.*)

NORA. My poor Missis! My poor young Missis!
Here's some flowers for ye, Missis Rosie.

ROSIE. Oh, how kind in you, Nora. Pretty innocent roses!

HANK. Yes, innocent roses. Poems of the Sierras, Rosie. It is a sweet and pretty thought of the poor Irish girl, Rosie, to bring you these roses gathered by her thoughtful hand now at this last fatal hour when I am to die. (*Rosie turns away in tears.*)

NORA. Oh, please sor I—I—I'm so ashamed that I did not gather them; that I did not bring them, sor; but I did not.

EBE. (*Aside.*) No we deed not; too dam stupid to tink of a fine ting like dat.

HANK. You did not gather them, Nora? Then who did?

NORA. He—he did there, Crabtree.

CRABTREE. (*Exultant.*) She takes my flowers; she holds them in her hand; she keeps them; she is mine, mine, mine at last.

HANK. (*Aside.*) My God! Then they have not lied to me. You hear that, Rosie? He, Crabtree, brought them. (*Rosie has not spoken, but is listless, dazed, and does not seem to hear or understand.*) Will she put them down? Oh, she will drop them as she would fire. No, she does not, but holds her head in silence and in shame. Well, well, I must bear it. But, oh, it is hard, hard, hard.

BROWN. (*Who has spoken dumbshow with Sheriff.*) I see; sentenced to die, but wanted to

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come once more to see his horses and his little home.

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) Sentenced to die. All things are his who knows how to wait. Like a ripe apple, she must fall to my feet all in good time.

HANK. I want, I want to see my horses and say good-by, and go, and go, soon, soon, very soon from this all.

EBE. (*Crying.*) Dere is somedings in my eye; der dom chimney smoke so.

NORA. Missis, Missis Rosie, you don't seem quite yourself, Missis Rosie.

ROSIE. Oh, Nora, dear, is it you? Where am I? What has happened? Oh, I remember it all now!

HANK. Rosie, I haven't much time. They want me. You see the Sheriff is impatient. It was kind of him to let me look in once more. And he is going to take me out to see my horses here. Yes, when he gets me away from the people where they won't see him, Rosie, out in the stable, he will unchain one hand, yes, so that I can put my arm around my horses' necks, and hug 'em and pet 'em and talk to 'em as I used to up in the snow under the pines and peaks of the Sierras with Tally-ho.

ROSIE. My husband, oh, my love. Let me take your hand. Let me hold it in mine and go with you, be by your side to the end. I know you did it all for me.

HANK. Rosie!

ROSIE. No, no, do not take your hands away like that. For were it ten times as red with blood as it now is I would still cling to you.

HANK. Ten times as red with blood! Rosie, speak it low, and hold your head when you speak so. I will save you. Fear nothing for my devotion to the

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end of all this miserable business. But when you took that man's life you took mine also.

ROSIE. What do you mean? I do not understand. Oh, what do you mean?

HANK. Nothin'! Nothin'! I killed that man, and yet, Rosie, don't—don't, when I am dead and the boys come to talk to you, the boys that I've been with in the snow on the mountain-top, the boys who rode with me many a time on Tally-ho, the boys whose gold I carried out from the mines in millions—well, Rosie, don't quite let 'em believe that I stabbed the man in the back. It hurts me here to think that they will say that old Hank Monk, who braved a thousand dangers with them, should stab a man in the back.

ROSIE. But he deserved it.

HANK. Shoo! Shoo! That's what you said that night. And see what came of it; see what came of it. No, don't take my hand. (*Aside.*) She holds his flowers in her hand all the time and I can't let her touch me, and I won't, I won't, I won't!

ROSIE. Henry, forgive me, forgive me. I know you did what you did that night for me and—

HANK. (*Firmly.*) Rosie, I don't mean to say nothin', I have taken all on my shoulders and I will bear it to the grave. Don't you fear for that. But for you to talk to me so when I am going so soon for aye to my death. Oh, say all that to them, to others, when I am gone and in my grave, shut in from the light and the sweet breath of heaven. But here, under my own roof, by my own heartstone, which you stood by and saw me plant with these hands; here, face to face, soul to soul for the last time we shall meet this side the dark river of death,

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let us be truthful. I bear it all for you and will not murmur.

ROSIE. But, oh, why were you so rash, so angry, Henry?

HANK. It begins to stir my blood. And now, by Heaven, were it not that you are as you are, were it not that God has kissed you and made you now something even more sacred and holy than woman, by Heaven, I would not bear it, but bring you both face to face with the law, and let you stand chained together as I stand chained now.

CRABTREE. (*Aside.*) Me to the law! Can he suspect me too?

ROSIE. Oh, Henry, you will kill me.

HANK. You whom I had loved so! What secret had you and he—what did he know of you two that you should kill him?

CRABTREE. What's that? You accuse her?

HANK. Stand back, man; stand back from her. Don't dare to accuse her now. I killed him with these two hands and on my head falls the punishment alone. Come. (*To officers.*) I am ready now. (*Going.*)

ROSIE. (*Reaching hands.*) Henry, my husband! Here's my hand.

HANK. Don't reach your hands to me. I leave all—all. (*Rosie tries to come to him, falls.*) See there. There she lies like dead. Take her up, for you brought her low. Good-by all, good-by. (*Going. Crabtree attempts to assist her.*)

EBE. No you don't; not for Joseph or all his bredern. Don't you want dat poots, Mr. Crabtree? I bet your life you want dose poots, Mr. Crabtree!

CRABTREE. Curse him! What can he mean? If

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I could only get at that knife. Of course I will take the boots, Ebe.

NORA. Yes, take 'em and git. But ye sha'n't touch my lady, for she don't want ye to.

CRABTREE. Well, she holds on to my flowers as if she did.

ROSIE. *Your flowers? Why, I'd rather hold a nest of scorpions in my hand. (Throws flowers. Hank half turns to come back.)*

NORA. Now don't ye see ye better take your real estate and git? Your pretty boots. He's been waiting to get hold of 'em for a whole month, yer honor.

CRABTREE. Hang the boots!

EBE. Vell, dey're already hung, an' dat's vat make my Norah so mad, for I make her hang 'em.

NORA. Yes, judge, yer know, he's been a pinin' an' a dyin' for 'em. An' here they are. *(Snatches down boots and hands to Crabtree, who takes them hurriedly and starts to go.)*

BROWN. What's yer hurry? Hold on, there's been too much talk about them 'ere boots. And—and under the laws of California this must be looked into, as the man said when he fell into the well. *(Takes boots, shakes, rattles them, and pours out bowie-knife.)*

ALL. A bowie!

BROWN. Mr. Offenhoffer, there's your bowie-knife.

EBE. Don't vant it; don't touch 'em. I licks my Nora witout a bowie-knife pretty directly, for take down dem poots.

BROWN. It is yours, Mr. Crabtree? You had a beautiful one, and—and I have not seen it since the night of the murder. It is yours?

TALLY-HO

CRABTREE. No, no; I never saw it. I'm going, I'm sick of this.

EBE. Vell, you maybe might git sick before you git done mit it, for makin' my Norah take down dem ole poots.

BROWN. Hold on. (*Takes up knife.*) Oh, you vicious viper, you are black with blood; you have been biting somebody. (*Looks and reads.*) Hold! Thomas Crabtree! It's your property.

CRABTREE. No, no. (*Going.*)

BROWN. It is your property, and you are my prisoner!

EBE. And you is vat kill dat Bill mit dat?

BROWN. (*Holding up point of knife to Crabtree.*) See the pint?

NORA. There'll be a mob here in about a minute and— (*Sign of hanging. Ebe does all this in pantomime.*)

CRABTREE. No, no, not that, not that! Give me the law, Squire, the law, and I will confess all.

BROWN. The California law is—is—well, you shall have it. (*Sheriff takes off chains.*)

ROSIE. Henry, my husband! free and guiltless!

HANK. Rosie, my wife, the pure white Rose of the Sierras. And now we will go and tell the horses all about it, about the little ship too, that is coming from the unknown seas; Bonaparte, High-stepper, Sam, and Ginger. And we will take 'em out, hitch 'em up, and if it please you (*To audience*), we will have many a happy ride together yet on old Tally-ho.

Curtain.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOHN LOGAN.—*The man without a father.*

ARCHIBALD W. SHUTTLEBUCK.—*A Sophomore of Harvard, afraid of bears and women.*

COL. JOE JACKSON.—*A gentleman pioneer.*

JOHNNY JACKSON.—*"Stumps," his nephew, a cripple.*

DR. PIERRE CALVINE.—*French land speculator.*

GAR DOSSON.—*A real heavy villain.*

PHIN. EMMENS.—*A neighbor pioneer.*

GEO. WOLTON.—*Sheriff.*

MARGARET STANDISH HIGGINSON.—*A strong Boston lady: Greek and Glasses.*

CARRIE JACKSON.—*"Bricksie," Babe of the Woods.*

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ACT I.

SCENE: *Pacific Coast. Forest and mountain scene. Cascade. Mount Hood, a high white peak in distance. Summer woods. Small maple trees, large pine and fir, L. and R. A notice tacked on small tree.*

Enter Margaret Standish Higginson, followed by Archibald W. Shuttlebuck, bearing red wraps, books, etc., both rather richly and loudly dressed as tourists, both wear glasses, and speak with decided Yankee accent.

MARG. (*Reads rapidly from book, and looks at fern which she holds daintily.*) Faun, faunia, family, fern, seven prawns, rare and precious, found only in the wilds of the far, far West, or on inaccessible heights of the Himalayas, or in hidden recesses of the Andes, and poetically said to sometimes compose the bridal couch (*sighs*) of the lithe and alluring panther, and also of the roaring California lion, and the huge, hugging, and amorous bear.

ARCHIE. (*Solus and frightened.*) Now, there she goes again! Panthers and bears and lions. I believe she really loves them. And these woods are full of them. Pa's brought me all the way out here to see this old Frenchman's land, wants to buy it, and found a family with her and me; oh, why the lions would eat up all the children, like they did in the Bible. Hoo!

MARG. (*Still contemplating ferns.*) Ah, precious thing, to make a bridal couch (*sighs*)! Here, take it, and give me that rock I picked up as we

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ascended from the camp down by the river there. (*Takes rock and another book, and reads hurriedly, and examines rock.*) Ge—gem—ge—geo—geological—geo—and logical. Greek root. Primal. Conglomerate of chloride and granite. Post-pliocene period; glacial formation of which caverns are formed. And in these caverns the wild and ferocious beasts hide by day, hold intercourse (*blushes aside*)—hold gentle intercourse, and rear their little ones (*sighs*). Ah, Archie, how nice. Now the Greek botanical. Here! (*Gives book and rock, and takes another book and rattles off.*) Alpha, Beta, Gami, Delta, Geti, etc., Theti, Tata, Capa, Lamba, Mew, New, etc., etc.

ARCHIE. (*Aside.*) Greek, Greek roots! And woman's rights! Nothing but Greek roots and woman's rights! And my pa means for me to marry her. I'd about as soon marry a British museum lexicon. Nothing but geology and botany and bears and Greek roots in her.

MARG. Ah, Archie dear, you there? (*Approaches Archie lovingly.*) Archie, only to think we are to have all this, all this, Archie dear, in our family for years and years and years, to the remotest generation. Our children to rest here by these mighty rivers. Our grandchildren to grow strong and pure and high by the example of yonder mighty mountains. Our great grandchildren to be imbued by this inspiring atmosphere; our great, great, great—

ARCHIE. Well, considering we ain't married yet, I think that is a great deal too great.

MARG. Archie dear, but you know we will be. And it is only a dutiful mother that looks out well for her offspring. Even the little squirrels here in these branches overhead, Archie, look to their little

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ones. You would not have me be less than a little squirrel?

ARCHIE. Oh, darn the little squirrels. Margaret Standish Higginson, I won't stand such talk. (*Throws her off.*)

MARG. (*Weeping.*) Archibald!

ARCHIE. Shoo; I hear a bear. No! It's only a pioneer passing this way. A border ruffian! Stand aside, he has a gun and may shoot. (*Up stage L., behind trees. Enter Phin. Emmens R. 3 E., gun on shoulder.*)

PHIN. No luck to-day. But it's pleasant in the woods, to wander and to wander and smell the sweet odors, see the flowers, and hear the voice of nature. And on my own land, too—land that I took new and fresh from the hand of the Creator years ago. I've learned to love these woods. Her little child is buried over thar, and it makes the place dear to me. I shall be buried thar, too, and my boys shall grow up, inherit this land after me. Ah, they shall have plenty; they shall live happier and better lives than their old pioneer father, for they shall be rich and never know want, or cold, or hunger. (*Leans thoughtfully on his gun C. Gar. Dosson and Jake enter R. 3 E. Gar., moving cautiously, crosses to C., and taps Phin. on shoulder.*)

GAR. Phin. Emmens, I've got news.

PHIN. What! news?

GAR. Yes; I have—I've got news, Phin. Emmens, news for all of us.

PHIN. News for all of us?

GAR. Yes, I have, and bad news, Phin. Emmens, too.

PHIN. (*Taking up his gun.*) 'Taint Injuns, is it?

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GAR. No, Phin. Emmens, 'tain't Injuns this time. It's something worse than that. (*Sits on log L. C.*)

PHIN. Worse than Injuns?

GAR. Worse? A thousand times—it's about—about the land—this land. (*Phin. intensely interested.*) Old French Pierre that bought all this land of the Hudson Bay Company nearly twenty years ago, that old French speculator that they said was dead——

PHIN. He is dead—dead as a door nail. Been dead for nigh onto twenty years; and that lawyer in town said, you know, if a man leaves land twenty years, why it don't do no good if he does come back. But he's dead.

GAR. Dead! So we all thought when we settled down here. Dead! Phin. Emmens, he ain't dead no more than you and I be. He is alive, and has brought some people all the way out from Boston to sell to, and he's here.

PHIN. What! Where? Here?

GAR. Right here in this 'ere settlement, with some folks from Boston. He's passin' himself off for a doctor, disguised, kase he's afeard of the settlers; come to take possession and sell it before the twenty years is up. Thought we wouldn't know him; but Jake knew him. (*To Jake, who nods emphatically.*)

GAR. He's just as sure of it as you are standing there. Warn't Jake here when he bought all this land 'round here, and didn't he pay him rent for the very cabin he lived in? (*Jake assents.*)

PHIN. (*Very slowly.*) Old Pierre alive and come back! Bad news! Bad news! Pierre the man that was here when I came here a boy. There was talk of his havin' married an Injun woman back

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in the Walla Walla; and the story went that havin' grown rich he left her and her child, went abroad, and died.

GAR. Our land here was worth nothing then; but now it has grown so valuable. He bought it for a song, the old speculator!

PHIN. (*Solus.*) What a fool I have been to settle on this land! And is the Injun woman dead! And her child? They too left the Walla Walla, perhaps they followed the tribe to the Injun Reservation. But oh, I have been a fool, a fool! Waiting here for a rise in land, and now it is not mine! And the grave over thar, must I give it all up now? Make my children beggars, and begin all over?

GAR. Look here! It wasn't worth five cents an acre when he left it, and now it's worth fifty dollars an acre.

PHIN. (*Desperately, hand on knife.*) He ought to have died, Gar. Dosson, he ought to have died! It ain't right for him to come back here like this, no, sir, it ain't quite right. I've been on this 'ere land for nigh about fifteen years, hoping to make a home! And I've let daylight down on the earth for fifty full acres. And now I've got to git up and go away.

GAR. (*Desperately.*) Look here, Phin. Emmens! He has neither kith nor kin—nothing, nobody! You're right, he ought to have died. He oughter never come back; by gosh, he oughtn't! He's a sneakin' around here disguised, 'cause he knows it's dog mean in him.

PHIN. He ought to be made to go.

GAR. He shall be made to go. And this time he shall be made to stay! No; don't start, Phin. Emmens, I ain't cleared as many acres as you have;

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GAR. Dosson don't take to work like you do. I ain't got no young uns neither. I ain't got no wife, but I will have—I will have, when I get Bricksie Jackson, the pride of this 'ere settlement. . No, I ain't agoin' to lose my cabin and my land! Do you see? Do you sabe? (*Business of picking up gun and turning face away.*) You do understand? Now, don't blow.

PHIN. (*Slowly puts his hand on arm.*) No blood, Gar., shed no blood. I beg for the old man's sake. Remember he must be a gray-haired old man now.

GAR. Old men must die as well as young men, mustn't they? If he dies ain't the land all yours and mine, old drunken Col. Jackson's, and the other fellow's, that's part Indian?

PHIN. Would that make a murder right?

GAR. Bah! you've turned religious; like John Logan, the Injun.

PHIN. No, not that, but shed no blood.

GAR. I shed blood! Who said I meant to shed blood? I'm too smart for that! Listen! I've got my mind made up. We're old neighbors, old pioneers together; I've been to your corn dance, and you've been to my corn dance. I've been to your log rollin' and you've been to my log rollin'; we've always been friends.

PHIN. Well?

GAR. Well, since we've always been friends, let us not fall out now. Why, man, we won't do nothing. I'll only make him go. I'll get that half-breed fellow to see that he don't come back.

PHIN. Why, what half-breed fellow do you mean?

GAR. Why, that half-breed fellow over thar back of your field, living with his sick mother. He reads

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books, and I hate him. (*Looking off R.*) The very fellow that's comin' here now; going to fall a tree for firewood. Shoo! (*All stand aside in R. 3 E., as John Logan, axe on shoulder, enters and crosses toward C. Logan, thoughtful and abstracted.*)

MARG. (*Aside.*) What a magnificent type of man; a Ulysses of the old Greek; a Hercules, as Plutarch describes him. What a founder of a race! What a father of countries he would make! (*Archie, jealous, draws her back behind trees.*)

PHIN. He seems sad; his mother must be awful sick. I'll speak to him. Good-mornin', Logan.

LOGAN. Good-morning, sir. (*Going.*)

PHIN. But stay, I want to talk.

LOGAN. Ah! Then I know there is something you want me to do. But, my duty is there (*pointing*), with my sick mother.

PHIN. And is she so sick?

LOGAN. Oh, so sick. I fear her feet are tending to the dark waters of death. Poor mother; deserted by the white man, my father, before I saw his face. Oh, what a life of sorrow has been her's! But if I could only get her up so she could get out and see the maple leaves once more—get her out so she could smell the fresh woods, and hear the birds and squirrels chirp and chatter overhead. Oh, to get her into the warm, sweet sun once more. (*Affected, going.*) Good-morning, sir, I must get my wood, and then back to her. (*Going. Looks on tree and sees notice.*)

PHIN. (*Aside to Gar., as Logan angrily tears down notice.*) Why, I didn't see that. His Injun eye sees everything. (*Logan offers paper to Phin. Phin. awkwardly refers it to Gar.; but as neither can read, they, in pantomime, induce him to read.*)

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LOGAN. (*Reads excitedly.*) Notice to trespassers is hereby given that all this tract of land lying between Mollala River and Mount Hood is the property of Pierre Calvine, who hereby takes possession of the same. Signed, George Watton, Sheriff. (*Aside and going.*) Oh, this is terrible! Heaven hangs those beautiful trees with flowers and with fruit, but man defaces them with things like this. (*Looks at notice.*) Pierre Calvine! Why, that name I have heard my mother speak in prayers; aye in tears, too. I must get my wood and then back to her. I must know this secret. (*Exit.*)

PHIN. How excited he is! Dangerous, too.

GAR. That, Phin. Emmens, is the man. Don't start and stare now! Why, don't you know he's a part Injun? And don't you know how every pioneer hates Injuns like pizen? His mother is Injun, and he—he never had a father.

PHIN. But he is the steadiest, the best-behaved man in the settlement.

GAR. What of that! He's got Injun blood in him; and Injuns will kill. I don't know whether he is the best-behaved man in the settlement or not, and I don't care; but I do know this, he's part Injun; and the man has no father as he knows of, and so don't care for the world as don't care for him. He does the job.

PHIN. Gar. Dosson, my neighbor, he is a good man.

GAR. This fellow that don't know his father?

PHIN. You will not put him up to mischief?

GAR. I will tell him the truth. I will tell him that this old speculator, that made his fortune off the Injuns, has at last come back; that if he should die,

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why we could keep the land. And if he's not a fool, as well as an Injun, he will know what to do.

PHIN. You will not do this—you dare not.

GAR. I do dare, and I will!

PHIN. And you would have him murder a gray-haired old man, so that you may marry "Bricksie," that wild tom-boy gal?

GAR. Ay—a wild tom-boy gal she is, but she suits me, and I intend to have her. This Injun owns land, he does the job; this puts both the old speculator and him out of the way at the same time; and both of their lands become ours. Come, I will see to it now. (*Going.*) Ah! What's that? We don't want to be seen together. Mum's the word, whatever happens. (*They cautiously return to corner L. Archie and Margaret down stage.*)

ARCHIE. (*Furious, smiting his fists.*) Did you see that? Did you hear that, Margaret Standish Higginson? No, don't try to hold me up, I ain't frightened. I'm mad, mad, mad, mad! That fiendish old French speculator that brought pa and us out here! Why, I'll strangle him the moment I get down to camp.

MARG. Why, Archie dear, are you training for the prize ring?

ARCHIE. No! But I am indignant. I'm furious, I am. Do you suppose I'm going to let my pa buy this, and put these honest settlers out? Why, I'd go back to Boston and sell peanuts first. I'm indignant. I'm warlike. That's what I am.

MARG. Archie, you're weak, that's what you are—weak. (*He subsides.*) You are effeminate, as your father has invariably and on various opportune occasions informed me—weak! You are not going to put the settlers out. This is only the contest be-

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tween civilization and barbarism. It is a case of the survival of the fittest; the fightest. The only question involved is shall the rude and half-savage children of these people populate this vast region or—or—or—ours, Archie?

ARCHIE. Well, I don't care a tea-store chromo who populates it? But I won't oppress the rude and ignorant settlers. And my father, a rich merchant, and a dealer in bric-a-brac and——

MARG. Archibald Shuttlebuck, is hoop iron bric-a-brac? (*He subsides.*) Is rags and tatters bric-a-brac? Rich merchant, indeed! He went South in the rebellion, and confiscated pianos for bric-a-brac. Yes! and had the legs knocked off of these pianos, then called them rosewood coffins containing our patriot dead! Yes, and then had prayers said over them, and so had them sent to Boston, free of charge!

ARCHIE. (*Aside.*) Ah, my father's low birth, her blue blood, Mayflower and Pilgrim Fathers come next. But, Maggie, the sentiments of a gentleman——

MARG. Sentiments of a gentleman? When you have the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers in your veins, or when you have some one in your family, Archie, who has the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers in their veins, then, Archie, then—and when these, our woods, are full of our precious, rosy, romping children——

ARCHIE. Now, I'm going right down to camp to my pa; you are always talking about—about things that I don't like, and I won't stay out here in the woods with you.

MARG. Archibald, Archibald, (*voices R. aside*). Interrupted again! I thought in this far off, wild

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and leafy valambrosia, at least, there would be some seclusion. But no; then, Archie, Archie dear, come, we will go down to camp. I want to talk to you about the coming races.

ARCHIE. (*Going off L.*) Well, then, talk about something besides filling these woods full of children. (*Exit L. Enter 3 d. R. E. Col. Joseph Jackson, cane, tall battered hat, threadbare broadcloth, military bearing and courtly manners, followed by Stumps, with crutch, pale and limping.*)

COL. Come along, my little man, and don't fret about a poor sick Injun. (*Aside.*) Poor little orphan, his mother buried yonder under the maples, and his father buried on the battle-fields of old Virginia.

STUMPS. If there was a doctor, Uncle Joe, a real jam-up good doctor, we could sell the land and have him doctor her, and she'd get well, wouldn't she, Uncle Joe?

COL. (*Pats head affectionately.*) Stumps, you've got a heart, just like your father's was. (*Aside.*) I wonder why it is that them as have hearts never have heads?

STUMPS. If we sell the land, Uncle Joe, and get a jam-up good doctor——

COL. Oh, well now, the ager don't kill. And then we ought not to have the ager here anyhow. Didn't have it at first; but when men got to tearin' down the mountains for gold, and damming the rivers with mill-dams—damn 'em—then we got sick; nature got mad at 'em.

STUMPS. You must sell the land and get a doctor, a jam-up good doctor.

COL. We won't sell the land. Your old Uncle Joe didn't leave Virginia, after he got busted up in

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the wah, and come away out here to shake with the ager for nothin'. No, no, whatever happens, Uncle Joe holds on to this. (*Stamps ground.*) It's for you and your pretty sister Bricksie, when old Uncle Joe is no more. (*Going. Gar. steps from trees, others following.*)

GAR. Hello, Jackson. How's Bricksie?

COL. (*Bows stiffly, and turning away, disdains to answer. Aside.*) Corn fed! Corn fed! But where is your sister, Stumps? (*Looks about.*) She was just here. The wild tomboy's climbing a tree this moment, I'll bet, for birds' nests or nuts. (*Laughing.*) But where did you leave her?

STUMPS. Why I—I (*hesitates and scratches head*)—why I left her just back here a step. Oh, she'll catch up. She's got legs, you bet she's got legs.

COL. (*Laughing.*) Yes, she has got legs. Can skin the cat, climb a tree or run a race with the toughest boy in the settlement. But she must stay with her old uncle or her brother; do you hear? She's gettin' too big to run wild in the woods. She's got to build up the ruined old Virginia family, I tell you.

STUMPS. Well, she's just here. (*Aside.*) I hope she's clim' the fence and got them peaches.

COL. (*Thoughtful, aside.*) I've got no kids of my own. I don't deserve any, I reckon. I inherited these. And the little, tender-hearted cripple wants to doctor a sick Injun.

GAR. Well, we've got somethin' to say when you get done talkin' to yourself, Jackson.

COL. Col. Jackson, Col. Joseph Jackson, sah.

PHIN. Well, Col. Jackson, he says a stranger has

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come to the settlement (*Low and earnest*), and he's come for to see about land.

COL. Wants to buy? Well, don't sell. Land's going up, sah, going up. Wouldn't sell for fifty dollars an acre, sah.

GAR. Well, now, Col., maybe he wants to buy; maybe to jump? You better come down to the grocery with us and find out. Sabe?

COL. (*Thoughtfully, then suddenly.*) I'll go. We must see about the land, sah. (*Carrie sings outside.*)

GAR. Why, what's that?

PHIN. Sings like a bird.

COL. Why, my niece Bricksie. A bit wild, sah. But she's good, good as gold. And pretty? Sweetly pretty, sah. The boys call her Bricksie because her hair is like—like—like the maple leaves in the autumn, sah. But she's good and pretty, too, and strong as a man, sah. (*Sings again nearer than before.*) Heah! Doesn't that sound more like a boy than a girl? Now here's Stumps; he's more like a girl than she is. (*Tenderly stroking bare head.*) But it isn't his fault, poor lad, 'cause he's a cripple and ain't fitted for this hard life, sah! But come, Mr. Gentlemen, we will go down and see about the land. Stumps, wait and keep with your sister. (*As going, stoops, pats head.*) Poor dear little boy; how are you?

STUMPS. Hunky, uncle. (*Exit Col. and Gar. and party.*) My! I wonder if she's got them peaches? *Crosses L. to log. Enter Carrie, R. 2 E., running and singing, suddenly stops in front of Stumps, all out of breath, and holding a peach in each hand.*)

CARRIE. Stumps, I—I—I've got 'em. Oh, my!

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I'm all out of breath, but I've got 'em by the holy poker! Look at 'em, ain't they beautiful? And that un yourn, Stumps. (*Giving him a peach, he sits on bank and looks at it.*) And you can have both of 'em, Stumps, for I ain't a bit hungry now.

STUMPS. Oh, how pretty it is, for all the world like poor sister Mable's face the day before she died.

CARRIE. Here, take t'other one, Stumps, I ain't hungry now.

STUMPS. No, I only want one, sister; one's enough. Why, sister, how you have torn'd your dress, and your arm, too; it's all a'bleedin', why, poor sister.

CARRIE. Shoo! Thar war a dog—yes, thar war a dog! And, what do you think? Shoo! I thought I heard somethin' a'comin', Stumps. Old Mrs. Logan, the sick Injun woman, seed me.

STUMPS. Why, no?

CARRIE. Yes, she did; when I clim' the fence, and slid down that saplin' in the yard, there she laid on the porch on her shuck bed, a shakin' with the ager, and the dog Bose by her side on his breast. And she was a lookin' right straight at me. Yes, she was.

STUMPS. Didn't she holler and say, "Sick 'em, Bose"?

CARRIE. No, she didn't; and that's what's the matter. And that's why I don't want to eat any peaches, Stumps. I—I wish she had a'sicked Bose, I do, I do! (*Crying.*) I wish I hadn't a'taken 'em now. (*Stops a moment, thoughtful.*) Say, Stumps, let's not eat 'em; let's take 'em back. Yes, Stumps, let's take 'em back. (*Wipes eyes with tattered dress.*)

STUMPS. (*Looking at peaches; smacks lips as*
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about to eat). No; let's take 'em and give 'em to—our Uncle Joe. He's been pretty sick; he's been just a'shakin', too; and we ain't been pretty good to him. Let's take 'em to him.

CARRIE. (*Stops crying suddenly.*) I've scratched my arm and I've tore my dress, and I don't care; but I won't, no, I won't, I won't take my Uncle Joe a peach that I've stoled.

STUMPS. We can tell him we found 'em.

CARRIE. Found 'em, where?

STUMPS. Why—why in the top of a cherry tree.

CARRIE. That won't wash; our Uncle Joe ain't no possum; he's no fool, you bet your life, and I ain't a'goin' to tell him any lie like that, no siree?

STUMPS. Then you take 'em back.

CARRIE. I—I—I take 'em back by myself? I take 'em back an' hear old Bose growl and look in her holler eyes? I'd be afraid she might be dead, and there'd be nobody to hold the dog. Oh, I see her holler eyes lookin' at me all the time. If she'd only let the dog come. Confound her; if she'd only let the dog come!

STUMPS. (*Startled.*) Somebody's comin'! It's John Logan, the sick woman's son. (*Enter John Logan, axe on shoulder, arm full of wood, comes to C.*)

LOGAN. (*Suddenly sees children sliding away.*) Good-evening, children; good-evening. (*Both go slowly to him, reaching him their hands and keeping peaches in hands furthest from him.*) There! honest little hands they are. Why, what have you got in your other hands? cherries?

CARRIE. (*Very much excited, talks fast.*) Yes, that's it, Mr. John Logan, I like cherries, I do; I like cherries and cowcubers and tomatusses and—

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and cherries. Oh, I'm very fond of cherries, I like cherries, an' tomatusses an' cowcumpers, and I like tomatusses and cowcumpers an' cherries. Don't you like cherries and tomatusses and cowcumpers, Mr. John Logan—an' cowcumpers?

LOGAN. (*Laughing and shouldering axe.*) Oh, yes; but my mother is sick, and I must go home. Come, say good-by. (*Carrie gives left hand, peach in right.*) No, your right hand.

CARRIE. (*Slipping peach into left hand.*) I—I—I'll bring you a whole bucket full of cherries, I will. (*Giving him right hand.*) An' tomatusses an' cherries an'—

LOGAN. Why, what have you had in your hand? (*Business of brushing hand.*) Have you found a ripe plum patch? (*Carrie nods her head emphatically.*) But I want you both to come and see my mother; she is very lonesome, and she's been sick so long. (*Turns to Stumps.*) My boy, you will come?

STUMPS. Why, why yes, Mr. John Logan, if I—I can.

LOGAN. And you, Carrie? (*Carrie has stood with her hat and hands behind her, rocking herself to and fro.*)

CARRIE. Oh, Mr. Logan, I should like to come so much, but I—I—I'm afraid of the dog.

LOGAN. Why, he won't hurt you, Carrie. He lies there all the time on his breast by her side, and wouldn't hurt a mouse. Yes, he does growl, but then if he should growl at you, why up would go your finger, so! And then down would go his nose, so! Oh, no, Bose won't hurt you, if that is the only reason.

CARRIE. But—but that ain't the reason. Oh, I

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would like to come so much, but Uncle Joe don't want me to go—he says I mustn't.

LOGAN. Why does he say that?

CARRIE. I don't know, only my Uncle Joe says I musn't because—because you haven't got any father.

LOGAN. My God! Even the children!

CARRIE. Oh, I didn't say anything to hurt you, did I, Mister John Logan?

LOGAN. No, no, but you will come, will you not, Johnnie?

STUMPS. Oh, yes, sir, I'll come.

LOGAN. That's right. I've a surprise for you, too, when you come. But I must be going now. (*Takes up axe and wood.*)

CARRIE. You work awful hard, and such a load. If I could help you, Mr. John Logan, I—I—(*Rocks on feet and turning about.*)

LOGAN. Carrie, I do work hard. Look at my hands, (*sets axe down against tree*) hard and rough as the bark of a tree; but I don't mind that. I was born poor, I shall live poor, and die poor. I have never seen a city—they would mock at me there—and ask me, who was my father!

CARRIE. And you will never go away to the plains or the sea?

LOGAN. The purple rim of the sky that shuts in around me, marks the limit of my life. But I have my mother to love, and while she lives I am content.

CARRIE. (*Aside.*) Oh, I don't like this a bit! I do wish he'd get mad and say something rough to us. I do wish he'd cuss.

STUMPS. And the little surprise you have for us, Mr. John Logan? (*Carrie eagerly forward.*)

LOGAN. Oh, yes; well, I bought a little peach tree and planted it in the door yard long ago, and

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when I had finished planting it, my mother put her arms around my neck, and cried and cried. I don't know why she cried, but she said she'd never live to eat any fruit off of that tree.

CARRIE. But she will—she will get well, won't she, Mr. John Logan?

LOGAN. I do hope she will get well.

CARRIE. I do so hope she will

LOGAN. But whether she ever gets right well or not, she certainly will live to eat peaches from that tree. (*Carrie desperate.*) Why, what is the matter, Carrie?

CARRIE. Nothing, nothing, Mr. John Logan. (*Trying hard to keep from crying and occasionally sobbing.*)

LOGAN. Well, there has grown this year, high up in the sun on that tree, side by side, two and only two, red ripe peaches.

CARRIE. Oh, Mr. Logan, don't, please don't!

LOGAN. Why, Carrie, what is the matter? As I was about to say, these two peaches are at last ripe. I own I was afraid, even after I saw them there on that bough, that my mother might die before they became fully ripe. But now they are ripe, and this evening I shall pull them. And to-morrow, after my day's work is done, my sick mother shall eat one, and the other, Carrie, I will give to you.

CARRIE. Don't—don't—don't call me Carrie; call me Bricksie! old Bricktop, like the others do.

STUMPS. (*Sobbing.*) And call me Stumps, old cripple Stumps, like everybody does.

LOGAN. Hey?

CARRIE. (*Throwing herself before him.*) If a

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body steals, Mr. John Logan, if a body steals, what had a body better do?

LOGAN. Why confess—confess, and be forgiven.

CARRIE. But I can't confess, and I can't be forgiven! I have stol'd.

LOGAN. You, Carrie?

CARRIE. Yes! And oh, such stealin'! such stealin' as this, nobody—nothin' can forgive! (*Kneels.*) I—I—stol'd your peaches.

LOGAN. You—you stole my peaches, that I wanted for my sick mother? You—you—Carrie?

CARRIE. (*Both reaching peaches.*) But we couldn't eat 'em; oh, I'm so glad we couldn't eat 'em. And here they are! Can—can you forgive us?

LOGAN. Ay, I can—and I do!

Curtain.

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ACT II.

SCENE: *Exterior of Col. Jackson's cabin. Autumn scene. Set log cabin R. with practical door and window. Numbers of set trees. One set L. C., between 2 and 3. Old whiskey barrel. Snow peaks in distance. Bottle on barrel for Col. (Enter R. 2 E., Col. Jackson and old Pierre, known as the Doctor, manner of a gentleman of the world.)*

COL. Well, we need a doctor, sah; a good doctor, like yourself, sah, is one of the signs of civilization, sah. And, doctor, don't you think our (*hic*) grocery shows signs of the onward march of civilization, sah? If it were not for that grocery, where would the weary intellect find repose? (*hic*.) Where could a gentleman put in his time, sah? You see, sah, I was born a gentleman—born of the first families of Virginia—and I like the company of gentlemen, sah! (*hic*.)

DOCTOR. (*Accent and French action, shrugs shoulders.*) Your nose look it! And ze pioneer put in his time so?

COL. (*hic*.) Yes, sah, we as has not got religion, sah.

DOCTOR. You have not ze religion?

COL. (*Sits on barrel, Doctor opposite.*) No, doctor, I can't say that I have got it now. Take a chew, doctor (*offers tobacco, Doctor shrugs shoulder*). But I did have it, sah. I got it at camp meet-in' last year, melon time (*hic*). I got it doctor, but right after that I got the ager, and that shook me until I shook religion (*hic*). Oh, I tell you, doctor, you can't have the ager and religion at the

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same time, sah. (*Shakes and holds and shakes bottle and barrel.*)

DOCTOR. Well, if you shake so much, I must shake you.

COL. (*Carrie, singing and romping, enters from cabin.*) Delighted to present you, sah. (*Presents.*) Am but a poor pioneer now, sah, relic of a shattered family (*hic*)—but I'll build it up, sah. My niece, sah. She is glad to meet you—glad to meet a traveled gentleman of culture, sah. Mixed people here, sah. All kinds tumbled in together, sah. Mostly corn-fed, sah. Mostly coarse corn-fed cattle, sah. (*Pauses, and then pathetically.*) But my poor fatherless little niece and her little crippled brother, sah, shall inherit this land, sah. And if a railroad should come this way, sah, and there should be a depot here, sah, and they should build a town here, sah, why she would be rich, sah, rich! And so treat her well, sah, for she's all the hope and heart that poor old Joe has in the world, sah. And now she'll sing that song I told you 'bout, sah. (*Sings, Doctor delighted, applauds, Col. applauds and shakes with ague.*)

CARRIE. Uncle, you are shaking terribly! You really have got the ager this time! 'Tain't the ager medicine now, it's the real ager! Come, let me take you in the house.

DOCTOR. (*Eyes Carrie aside.*) Mon Dieu! What a beauty! Zat girl belong to ze citie. She shall sing for me, my wild bird! And I make her love me, too.

COL. My brave, true-hearted little Carrie! (*hic.*) They call her Bricksie, because—because her hair is—well, that color, sah. But she is so good to old Uncle Joe. (*To Carrie.*) The shakes are coming

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on agin, and I—I must go to the grocery for medicine again.

CARRIE. No, Uncle Joe, no, not there; come in the house.

COL. Yes, but the ager; I've got the ager now. And (*hic*) I must have the medicine now.

CARRIE. You have had the medicine now, and too much medicine——

COL. (*Stately.*) What! What!

DOCTOR. Ze girl is right; you cannot walk ze distance of one—two rood. (*Aside.*) I must get him gone to talk to her.

COL. Can't I? I can walk a (*hic*) bee-line.

(*Business of Col.'s letting go of Doctor, walking across stage to cabin, and falling on steps supported by Carrie.*)

CARRIE. My poor, poor Uncle Joe. (*Assists in cabin.*)

DOCTOR. (*Alone and looking after.*) Beautiful as he say! And sing! splendide! splendide! I get her! When I have done here with the slow law and sheriff give me full possession, I take her.

CARRIE. (*Entering from cabin, wiping hands.*) Tied up his head in a wet tablecloth. Ah, I say, Mr. Doctor, I got somethin' to tell you. We're goin' to have the corn dance at our house. Do you like corn?

DOCTOR. (*Shrugs shoulders.*) Yes.

CARRIE. And will you come to the corn dance and dance, Mr. Doctor?

DOCTOR. Avec plaisir.

CARRIE. (*Courtesy, aside.*) Oh, how Frenchy! And you will dance with me at the corn dance?

DOCTOR. Ah, mademoiselle, avec grand plaisir.

CARRIE. (*Imitates.*) Avec grand plaisir!

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DOCTOR. Oui, mademoiselle, avec grand plaisir.

CARRIE. Well, you shall have corn; you shall have lots of corn, Mr. Doctor. You shall have corn in your pants pockets, and corn in your vest pockets, and corn in your coat pockets, and corn in—in—in—in your boots, Mr. Doctor. Yes. Mr. Doctor, to-night we're going to have the dance. And, doctor, when you dance with me, then we will have some—some—oh, it's just so nice, oh, it's ever so nice—we will have some—some roasted corn.

DOCTOR. (*Wry face, aside.*) Ah, yes, mademoiselle, so nice. And you dance wiz me, me only? no autre monsieur?

CARRIE. (*Blushing and hiding face.*) Well, well, there is one, just one other—Mr. John Logan. His mother's dead now, and oh, I pity him so.

DOCTOR. (*Aside.*) He must be made gone. Ah, zis Mr. Logan, who is he? Is he not ze young man who have no father?

CARRIE. Yes, sir; that's him, that's him. But I—I don't see what difference that makes. It's *him* that I—I—why, if he had a father, I wouldn't be in love with his father, would I?

DOCTOR. Well, maybe you know. But who is he? what is he?

CARRIE. (*Blushing and hesitating.*) Oh, he's such a nice young man, Mr. Doctor. (*Head aside.*)

DOCTOR. But he part Indian, mademoiselle.

CARRIE. Well, I don't see what difference that makes, anyhow. I've seen white men with more Injun in them than he's got. (*Enter Col. from his cabin, head in wet towel.*)

COL. And he's very eccentric, sah, very eccentric. Why, when we wanted to put up the grocery at the Forks of the road, sah, he wanted to put up a

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meetin' (*hic*) house. A meetin' house that would only be used one day in the week, and would not be very full at that, and as the grocery would be used every day in the week, and be pretty full, too, sah, why——

DOCTOR. You got ze grocery?

COL. Yes, sah, but do you know, sometimes I wish we hadn't got it, sah. For that's what gets me and Carrie to quarrelin', sah. You see, when I have whiskey, I don't have the ager, and I do have the ager (*hic*) when I don't have whiskey.

CARRIE. Yes, Mr. Doctor, he's either got shakes or else he's got snakes.

COL. It's rough, doctor, it's rough, but it's true; and of the two, I think I'd a leetle rather have the snakes. But come in, I've got over my shake; partake of my hospitality, sah; my home! The land that is to make Carrie rich, sah, when I, the old pioneer, am under the sod, sah. Enter, sah! (*Grandly.*)

(*Carrie, looking off L., suddenly starts, then runs across stage to Doctor, as if hurrying him away.*)

CARRIE. Yes, do go in, Mr. Doctor, do, do. (*Exit Col. and Doctor into cabin.*) Oh, I'm so glad he's gone, for here comes Stumps and John Logan. Dear! I wonder if he's come to see Uncle Joe?

(*Brushing up. Enter Logan and Stumps, L. 3 E. Carrie's back turned, pulls up stocking, spitting on hands and fixing hair hastily.*)

LOGAN. (*Aside.*) She turns her back on me. I saw her turn her back on me; the Indian, the man without a father. Good-morning, miss.

CARRIE. (*Affecting great surprise.*) Oh, Mr. John Logan! How you surprised me! Why, I—I didn't know you was in a thousand miles of here.

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LOGAN. And you did not care?

CARRIE. Why, of course I didn't. (*Aside.*) Now he's mad. Oh, how stupid I am.

STUMPS. Sister, we been down to the camp where Higginson and Shuttlebuck and all them big bugs is. (*Has jackknife and whittles constantly.*)

CARRIE. Oh! Hope you enjoyed yourselves! Oh, dear me, Higginson and Shuttlebuck from Bosting! Hope you did. Oh, I just hate that whole starch and stiffed and stuffed and banged and frizzled set, I do. What did you go there for?

LOGAN. I have no other place; no other place.

CARRIE. You're a—a—well, look here, that old French doctor has. He comes *here* when he gets lonesome. Yes he does; he's in there now. And I'm sweet on him. And he is stuck on me. So there, sabe? (*Aside.*) Guess if he can see anything at all, he can see through that. I say do—do—do you love that pink and powdered and frizzled old fishbone down there, from Bosting? That Higginson woman?

LOGAN. She has been kind to me.

CARRIE. She has, has she? Well, I just bet you that she hain't been half so kind to you as old Frenchy, in there, has been to me. Sabe?

LOGAN. But it is not strange that the whole world is kind to you.

CARRIE. Yes, it is; it's the strangest kind of thing. But you, oh, if you—the whole wide world would love *you*—if—if—if you only had any gump-tion. You can't understand nothin'. You better go back down to that camp there, and see Higginson—Miss Higginson, of Bosting. Go! What did you come here for, anyhow? Go!

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LOGAN. I go. (*Going. Carrie pulls at her dress desperately.*)

CARRIE. Oh, I feel just awful.

STUMPS. Why, what's the matter, Carrie?

CARRIE. I don't know what's the matter, and I don't care what's the matter. But I feel just awful, I do. I feel just like the dickens. (*Kicks tree.*) There!

STUMPS. O Carrie; he says we ought to be very, very happy with all this beautiful scenery and the sweet autumn air. And then he says, what a lady you are growing to be. Now, don't look cross at him like that. You ought to be as happy as a bird.

CARRIE. But I ain't happy; I ain't happy a bit. I don't like Higginson; and I don't want you to go there. No, I don't. *He* can go there, but you shan't. (*To Logan.*) Why don't you go?

LOGAN. Because you are cross.

CARRIE. I ain't cross.

LOGAN. You are not kind.

CARRIE. Well, what did you go to see her for, when you got lonesome? That's what I want to know, so I do. And the doctor in there says you're—you're gone on her. (*Half crying.*) What did you go to see her for, now, if you ain't gone on her?

LOGAN. She is good.

CARRIE. (*Business of kicking her feet.*) Is she? Well, she has bigger feet than I have. She has got nearly twice as big feet, she has—that she has. She puts flour on her face, too, she does. Yes she does. I seed her. I seed her take a great big sponge and dip it into a flour barrel, and rub it on her face; and she puts charcoal on her eyebrows. Ugh!

LOGAN. Well, good-by. (*To Stumps.*) Good-by. (*Carrie turns as he is about to go, thrusts her hand*

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through her hair and pulls it down. Looks at Logan from under her brows.)

CARRIE. Do you think red hair is so awful ugly? (*Logan stops and turns.*) I do—I do—oh, I wish to Moses I had black hair, like she has, then the boys wouldn't laugh at me and call me Bricksie, old Bricktop and Bricks!

LOGAN. Why, the boys don't call you that any more. And you are going to be so beautiful. You *are* beautiful.

CARRIE. No I ain't, I ain't beautiful! Don't you try to humbug me. Oh, I am ugly and I know it. For, a long time ago, when I went down to the grocery to fetch uncle—he had gone down there to get medicine for his ager—Mr. John Logan, I heard a man say, "She is as ugly as a mud fence." Oh, I went for him, you bet your life I made the fur fly! But that didn't make me pretty; I am ugly all the same.

LOGAN. You are beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! (*Carrie softens and approaches him.*)

CARRIE. Am I, Mr. John Logan? And don't you really think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world?

LOGAN. Why!

CARRIE. You do! You do think red hair the ugliest thing in all this born world. And I just dare you to deny it! Higginson, she's got black hair she has, and you like black hair, you do. I despise her—I despise her so much that I almost choke.

LOGAN. Why?

CARRIE. I don't know, and I don't care, but I do. I despise her with all my might and soul and body. Yes I do, and I do hope she likes ripe plu-plu-plums,

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and that when plu-plums get ripe she will take a ripe plu-plum and try for to suck it, and I do hope she will suck a ripe plu-plum seed down her throat and get choked to death on it.

LOGAN. Ah, good-by. (*Going. Carrie after and plucks coat slyly.*)

CARRIE. Oh, Mr. John Logan, don't go till you say something more to—to—Stumps. Come and sit here on this mossy log, right by poor Stumps. He wants you, he likes you. I guess he is in love with you. (*Logan sits.*) There! (*Sits Stumps by him.*) Mr. John Logan, you sit close together, and I—I will sit here. (*Sits off on barrel.*)

STUMPS. Oh, Mr. John Logan, I just fit in.

LOGAN. Yes, you do.

CARRIE. (*Comes down off barrel and business of sitting them close together.*) Oh, Mr. John Logan, don't hold him too tight, you might hurt him.

STUMPS. He don't hold me tight enough to hurt a bit.

CARRIE. (*Back on barrel and dangling feet.*) You—you ain't so lonesome now, are you, Mr. John Logan?

LOGAN. No, I feel quite in company here.

CARRIE. Well, I'll tell you, when you get lonely again, you just come straight to me and I'll—I'll—

LOGAN. Yes, you will?

CARRIE. I'll—I'll let you set with Stumps.

LOGAN. (*Aside.*) You laugh at me. I go back to my cabin. (*Rises and going.*) Good-by.

CARRIE. (*Following.*) Mr. John Logan, now, are you sure you don't think red hair is the ugliest thing in the world. Really now, really?

LOGAN. Look at the trees.

STUMPS. Yes, Carrie, don't you see the beautiful

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red woods of autumn, and don't you know that it is the variety that makes the beauty of the woods, of the world, and that all are equally beautiful? That is what he has said to me, Carrie.

CARRIE. He did. Why didn't he say something nice like that to me? I'll try him. You do like the red bush, don't you? And you did read to Stumps one night from the Bible by your hickory bark fire how that Moses saw the face of God in the burning bush, did you, Mr. John Logan?

LOGAN. Yes.

STUMPS. Yes; he likes the burning bush. For there, he says, is the face of God; every leaf, a miracle. That's what he said to me, Carrie.

CARRIE. Oh, that's so nice. Tell me things like that, Mr. John Logan. (*Sits close at side.*)

COL. (*inside cabin.*) Come along, doctor, going to have a dance in the door-yard, sah. Pioneers' custom, sah, in the autumn, after the corn is ripe, sah. You shall dance with my niece, sah.

(*Enter Col. and Doctor from cabin; Carrie and Logan start up, Col. sees them, and coughs loudly.*)

COL. (*Stately.*) Mr. Logan, step inside my house, sah. Step in, sah.

(*Carrie, business of walking over to Doctor; Logan greatly humiliated.*)

LOGAN. Why, sir, I—

COL. You were never invited in before. I know it; but you have been unfortunate, and I am sorry for you. Not a word, sah, not a word; go in, go in, sah. (*Col. bows Logan into cabin. To Doctor.*) I'm blessed if I don't believe that rascal has been talkin' to my niece. Carrie, answer me, and don't you dare prevaricate.

CARRIE. Well, uncle, what is it? I'm all here.

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COL. When I came out of that door, didn't I see that—that man talkin' to you?

CARRIE. You did, if you could see straight; I believe you did.

COL. Believe! don't you know?

CARRIE. Yes, I—he was.

COL. What was he talking about?

CARRIE. (*Hesitates, swings feet.*) Well—well—the weather, I guess.

COL. Didn't he speak to you of love?

CARRIE. Love! what's that?

COL. What! don't know what love is?

CARRIE. What is love?

COL. (*to Doctor, gleefully.*) Told you so; child—perfect child. Don't know a thing about it. Ha! ha! ha! Don't even know what it is. You will tell her, Doctor. I guess you know more about those little things than I do. (*Going L. to Stumps.*)

CARRIE. (*Sidening up to Doctor.*) Well, I'm ready to learn. What is love? Hey?

DOCTOR. Love? love is ze meeting of two hearts, one thought, one wish, one every sings!

CARRIE. Oh, Mr. Doctor, is that love?

DOCTOR. Love, for one so young, so beautiful, it is ze sun, ze moon, ze star.

CARRIE. Oh, it is, is it? Well, you know a great deal, don't you? Now, I'll bet you don't know what the corn dance is, and we're going to have one here right off.

DOCTOR. Ze corn dance, what is zat?

CARRIE. I'll tell you. Every fall when the Indian corn is ripe, the poor settlers have the corn dance in the door-yard; yes, we do. And we have a queen, and she picks out the greenest man that comes to the dance, and we dance around him, and we call him the

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green corn, and we make it hot for him, too. So you look out.

DOCTOR. Mon Dieu! I'se not green, I is gray.

CARRIE. Well, you may be gray and green, too, you may know a great deal about love, but you don't know anything about the corn dance till you see it.

COL. She don't love him, doctor, she don't as much as know the A B C's of love. I hurt his feelings; I'm sorry.

(Enter Gar., Phin., and Jake, L. M. E., unseen by others; they hide behind set trees, and watch scene.)

Going, doctor? *(Doctor bows.)* I will accompany you as far as the grocery store.

(Exit Col. and Doctor, L. I. E. Gar. and Jake come down stage.)

GAR. Beg pardon, miss, but we was a lookin' for John Logan. He's here, ain't he?

CARRIE. Yes, he is; any of your business?

GAR. Well, we want to see him; but you needn't get sassy. Say, why don't your uncle build a new house? old blossom nose. *(All laugh.)*

CARRIE. Say, why don't you mind your own business? If you dare to say another word against my uncle, I'll make you smoke for it. Yes, I will—I'll call Mr. John Logan and make him put a head on you. *(Goes to cabin door.)*

GAR. *(aside to Phin.)* She flies pretty high now, but I'll clip her wings when I get her.

(Enter Logan from cabin.)

CARRIE. *(To Logan.)* Gar. Dosson, there, wants to see you. *(Aside to Logan.)* And I want you to punch his head.

(Enters cabin; Logan comes down stage.)

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LOGAN. Well, you want to see me? (*All silent.*)
Speak, can't you?

GAR. (*To Phin.*) You talk to him, Phin.; I'd rather you did it.

PHIN. No, not I; you.

GAR. Well, you see (*to Logan. Carrie opens window and watches scene*), we did send for you, and we want to talk with you on a subject of life and death. (*Looks about.*)

LOGAN. Life and death!

GAR. Yes, life and death. You know the old man, the doctor; what do you think of him? you do not answer. He is going to take Bricksie away.

LOGAN. (*Starts.*) Hey?

PHIN. He is going to take Carrie; what do you think of him?

LOGAN. Why, then, I hate him.

GAR. Yes, and we all hate him, for her sake; he has no business in these parts; he is going to swindle us all out of our land, too! Are we going to let him do it? Your mother is buried yonder; he would plough her grave level and plant it with corn.

LOGAN. (*Turns savagely.*) Sooner than that, kill him like a dog!

GAR. Right! we will kill him. He claims all this land for miles, and would take it from us who have long thought it ours. He ain't got no right to do this, and to-day—to-night (*close and sharp*) here, on this spot, where the corn dance is to be, there is to be a death! What do you say? you are with us?

LOGAN. I am; heart and soul. (*Says this savagely, turns, sees Carrie in window of cabin appealing to him, pauses a minute, then turns to Gar.*) If you mean murder, I am not with you.

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(Carrie makes action of lifting her hand as if thankful, then closes window.)

GAR. Is that your answer?

LOGAN. Yes.

GAR. Oh, you coward!

(Carrie opens door, and stands watching.)

LOGAN. Coward!

GAR. Yes, coward! But don't you blow, if you won't do the job, we will; we won't be cheated out of our land, not even though you go back on us. Come, let us leave the coward to himself. But we'll come back, yes; and then, look out!

(Gar., Phin. and Jake go up stage and exit. Carrie comes down.)

LOGAN. *(To himself.)* Coward? am I a coward?

CARRIE. John Logan.

LOGAN. *(Starting a little.)* You here?

CARRIE. Yes, I'm here; I've been watching you. And, Mr. John Logan, I think you're the bravest man that lives. *(Gives hand.)*

COL. *(Outside.)* Come along, doctor, come along. I hear some voices; guess they're the neighbors for the dance.

CARRIE. Oh, uncle is coming, I must go into the cabin. Now, don't be persuaded by them. Be brave and true to yourself. *(Exit in cabin. Enter Col. and Doctor.)*

LOGAN. Yes, and die for it. I will, for she asks it.

DOCTOR. *(Reading, rolls up novel.)* Capital! Dumas' last and best novel. A reech, handsome old roué, zat's me; goes into ze wilde countrie, zat's me; fall in love wiz wildest countrie girl, zat's like me; carries her of, zat's me; and when he dies—no, no, zat's not me. Can't think about die. That die is very bad for me.

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COL. (*Tipsy and grandly.*) Well (*hic*), if you'd rather talk to yourself than talk to a gentleman, you will excuse me, sah. (*Exit in cabin.*)

LOGAN. And this foolish old man is to be murdered, here on this spot, this hour. It draws me to him, somehow.

(*Logan approaches, bows. Gradually darken stage.*)

DOCTOR. Ah, good evening! Pardon, young man. I feel interest in you. Have you lived here long? I should like to know something more of you and of ze countrie around about. Do you know ze countrie well?

LOGAN. I was born near here. If you wish for information, or for help of any kind, I shall serve you honestly, sir.

DOCTOR. (*Aside.*) A bright young fellow, and ze most polite man I see in ze settlement. I like and will trust him. Well, young man, to be frank with you, I'm not, as you suppose, a doctor. Zat is ze reason I did refuse to attend your mother. I am here to take possession and dispose of my lands.

LOGAN. Yes.

DOCTOR. Yes, I buy zis land on speculation. I go away, it grow while I sleep, and now it make my fortune prodigious.

LOGAN. (*Hesitates.*) I hope there will be no trouble.

DOCTOR. Trouble? In town zey tell me ze pioneers kill me. But I have come, I have risk my life, I have set foot on my land. (*Stamps.*) I call you to witness, young man, I set my foot on my land again before ze end of twenty year.

LOGAN. I witness, sir, that you are here.

DOCTOR. Ah, yes, here at last! But I am a man

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of ze world. I travel Europe, Asia, Africa. I have enjoy ze world. But now I getting gray, no children, no wife, no brother, sister, all dead. I am all alone, all alone; not so gay now, not so gay.

LOGAN. But did you live here before, sir?

DOCTOR. Why, I scarcely see ze place! I buy ze land on speculation. But I did live in ze Walla Walla, and I—well I was a young man zen; and I had my day in ze Walla Walla.

LOGAN. (*Aside.*) Walla Walla! my mother's home. This man may have known her. You have chosen to trust me so much, sir, will you tell me your real name?

DOCTOR. My name? (*Gar., Phin., and Jake appear from behind trees, listen, make signs to each other, and disappear. Looks about.*) I will make him my friend, I will make him useful to me till I get my lands and gone wiz ze girl. Yes, I will trust you. You be true to me; you help me here, I will make your fortune. My name, ha, ha, I is shrewd. Zey do not know me—my name—speak'ee low, ze wood may hear. My name is Pierre Calvine.

LOGAN. Pierre Calvine! (*Aside.*) My father! My father! And I ought to murder him here where he stands, for his treatment of my mother. (*Approaches as if about to kill, then suddenly stops.*)

DOCTOR. Ah, I see. Ze name you hear before. Ze settler he swear at zat name. He curse Pierre Calvine. But you, you be true to me; I make your fortune. You will help me? (*Reaches hand; Logan tries to take it, but cannot.*)

LOGAN. I cannot take your hand.

DOCTOR. (*Dark stage—men appear.*) No? You frighten me? Oh, how dark it grow! I am afraid!

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Now, tell me, tell me on your honor, have you not hear zem threaten kill me here?

LOGAN. I have! And they are terribly in earnest!

DOCTOR. Am I in danger here?

LOGAN. Danger? In danger of dying like a dog, here where you stand, as you deserve to.

DOCTOR. And you, you will not help me? Save me?

LOGAN. (*After struggle with self.*) You are a stranger here. You are an old man. You are in the Indian's country. I am an Indian. Yes, I will save you.

DOCTOR. God bless you. (*Reaching both hands eagerly.*)

LOGAN. (*Refusing hand.*) No. But in there, quick. And with my life I will defend you. (*Urges Doctor in cabin, looks about, bolting door. Gar., Phin., and Jake down stage.*)

GAR. Defend him with your life, will you? Suits me exactly. We'll get the gal out and leave Injun and land grabber both together. (*Pounding at door with gun.*) Here! Here! Come out, you that don't want to be burned out! Strike a light, Jake; this pitch cabin will burn like tinder. (*Jake strikes light.*) Now, let the old land grabber come. I'm on the war-path, I am.

COL. (*Head in towel, through window.*) And so am I on the war-path. Now, what do you want?

GAR. We want that old man, and we want Bricksie.

COL. That old man is my guest—the guest, sah, of a Southern gentleman.

GAR. Well, we want him, and we intend to have him.

COL. But, sah, I said he is my guest, sah.

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GAR. What do you mean by that?

COL. What I mean by that? Sah, before the wah, if you touched a Southern gentleman's guest, you did it over his dead bones. I am a Southern gentleman that survived the wah.

GAR. And you won't give him up?

COL. He is under my roof; I'd sooner give up my life, sah!

PHIN. Jackson, there is one word, one name, if whispered in your ear would make you open that door and give him up to death. (*Approaches and hisses.*) That is Pierre Calvine!

GAR. Pierre Calvine, that's come to take our land. Now, open the door.

COL. (*After great effort.*) You ask too much! you ask too much. He's my guest. I don't care if he's the devil come to take my soul away, he's my guest, and you can't touch him! (*Slams window shut.*)

GAR. Then, here goes to burn the nest, rats and cats together. Light her, Jake. (*Jake again strikes light and goes to burn cabin. Col. at window draws sword to cut him down. Gar. covers Col. with gun.*) Stop thar! Down with it. I don't love you any too well. Be careful. This may go off.

COL. Don't, don't, don't burn my house, it's full of guests for the dance. There's a cripple! My God! My poor little orphans.

GAR. Then surrender! Bring out the old man, Pierre Calvine and the children.

COL. And you will let the others pass?

GAR. Every one shall go but the gal and the old man. Come, quick.

COL. One moment, let me have one moment more. (*Enters from cabin.*) Now, I surrender,

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sah. (*Opens door wide.*) Southern gentlemen have surrendered before, sah. (*Gar. crosses and reaches for sword.*) No, sah, they kept their swords, and I shall keep my sword, sah. (*Calls in door.*) My guests, come forth! Pierre Calvine, come here, I have to surrender you. Gentlemen, here are your prisoners, treat 'em honorably. I beg in the name of Southern hospitality. (*All file out, and Logan with head bowed and disguised as doctor has come down stage with Carrie, followed by Stumps. Doctor in Logan's dress and others file off L. and escape.*) Here are your prisoners, sah.

GAR. (*Approaching Logan and Carrie. Carrie clings to Logan.*) Aha! at last, my gal. And you, can't hold up your head, eh? Well, we'll hold it up for you with this rope. And now come, my gal. (*Attempts to take Carrie. She clings to Logan.*) Here, boys, fasten the rope over that limb. Now, hold up your head, can't you?

LOGAN. (*Throwing off disguise, pistol in face.*) Hey? *Picture: Consternation of mob.*

CARRIE. (*To Gar., who slinks away, head down.*) Hold up your head, can't you?

Curtain.

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ACT III.

SCENE: *The banks of the Molalla River. Pioneer's graveyard, L., graves low, barely visible. Set trees L. C. Leaning mossy cross on mound under tree. Backdrop of distant snow peaks and foreground of winding river and late autumn trees. Mossy sloping bank or mound at U. R. H., and practical foot-bridge leading off R. U. E. from same, as if spanning the river. Guide-post on bridge with sign "To Oregon City, 20 miles."*

(Enter Dr. Calvin and Margaret Higginson.)

MARG. No, the pioneers are not so bad. They wanted to kill you because you are a land speculator. Afraid of losing their lands (*aside*)—and such a land to raise a family in. So much room—room for such a large family.

DOCTOR. Come to claim my own. They would kill me for zat? But I have possession, and ze sheriff come and zey all go, every one go. I get my land. Ze sheriff he come, come now, to-day, to-night, to give me possession. Zen I go; my horses zere ready. No more zis for me. But I loves Bricksie.

MARG. You love Bricksie! Oh, you cruel, cruel men, you hard men, you heartless men. There is no understanding you. Scientifically speaking, you will not admit of analysis. Here is a rich old man, with one foot in the grave, and yet with the other kicks every one out of house and home. There's poor little Archibald Shuttlebuck, dying for that same green red-headed girl. And, scientifically speaking, I cannot for the life of me see what there is in her.

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She'd make a miserable mother—red hair, hot temper. Scientifically speaking, inflammable.

DOCTOR. (*Looking off.*) Ah, zere by ze river bank ze two go hand-in-hand, ze Shuttlebuck and Bricksie. Mademoiselle, au revoir! (*Exit L.*)

MARG. (*Alone.*) Just look at that; she attracts like a magnet; draws men right from my side. Why? why? why? It is incomprehensible. Oh, science! science! science! Is there no law of geometry, trigonometry, geology, botany, or anatomy, nothing that will scientifically explain why a sensible man will love a foolish woman? (*Enter Logan, R., flowers in hand, head bowed, and thoughtful.*) Ah, that handsome son of nature! Oh, I can hear my heart beat; my face is on fire. Scientifically speaking, I am in a state of spontaneous combustion. He must look up; I'll cough. Ahem!

LOGAN. Ah, good-evening; I want to see you.

MARG. (*Aside.*) He's going to propose.

LOGAN. Yes, I want to see you; I have something to say.

MARG. (*Aside.*) Oh, dear me, he's so embarrassed, he's going to propose; what shall I do? (*Aloud.*) Oh, dear sir, why you—you quite take my breath away. I—I (*Enter Carrie, L. 3 E., sees Margaret and Logan, R., stops and shakes fist at them. Aside.*) Not that I am untrue to Archie, but oh, the pleasant sensation of a proposal! And I wish to observe the sensation, as we observe the transition of Venus.

CARRIE. (*Aside.*) Oh, that old fishbone with him again, I'll chuck her in that river.

MARG. (*Affectionately.*) You seem sad, Mr. Logan, but you should not be sad. Think how young you are—for your age—scientifically speak-

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ing, and how brave and good and good-looking you do look, for a man.

CARRIE. (*Aside.*) Well, now, don't she spread it on thick. I wouldn't say that much to a man for a horse; not even to John Logan.

LOGAN. Pardon me, but I am about to take one great step in my life, and have something to say. (*Carrie comes waltzing across to them, laughing.*)

MARG. (*Looks affectionately at Logan; sees Carrie. Aside.*) Oh my, why did she come at this supreme moment? Now, what brought you here, my child?

CARRIE. My legs brought me here, and I'm all here.

MARG. Ah, scientifically speaking, I suppose they did.

CARRIE. Oh, Mr. John Logan! (*To Margaret.*) Are you all here?

MARG. Yes; and why not all here, my dear?

CARRIE. Well, I thought you might have left your *heart* with Mr. Archibald Shuttlebuck.

MARG. Scientifically speaking, my dear, you cannot leave the heart in one place and possess the corporeal body in another. Now, run along, child, and amuse yourself at your play.

CARRIE. Oh, now you look here. I ain't no child, I ain't, and I ain't a'go'in' till you tell me somethin' *scientifically speakin'*; you told Stumps and me t'other day that folks in Boston was so smart that if a man in Boston got his nose knocked off, a Boston doctor could take a piece of live Boston chicken and put it on again. Now, is that really true?

MARG. Yes, yes; scientifically speaking, it is true.

CARRIE. That's what I wanted to know. Good-

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by, Miss Higginson; good-by, Mr. John Logan.
(*Exit L.*)

MARG. Oh, I'm so glad she's gone. These interruptions stop the flow of the soulful essence. Well, as you were saying——

LOGAN. Ah, yes, I have something to say. I—I am going——

MARG. (*Eagerly.*) Yes, yes. Oh, I'll—I'm listening to you.

CARRIE. (*L. suddenly and breathless.*) And Miss Higginson, you really say that if a man got his nose knocked off, a Boston doctor could take a live chicken and make him another real, high-toned nose?

MARG. O my! Yes, yes. It has been done. Science, Boston science, my dear.

CARRIE. Well, I'm glad you're sure of it, Good-by. (*Exit L.*)

LOGAN. You must now hear me and pity me. You are the only real friend I have ever found since my mother died.

MARG. Oh, I do pity you, and I will hear you, and I do sympathize and love——

CARRIE. (*Bursting in L.*) And, Miss Higginson-son, if that Boston doctor did put on that nose, and it grew all right, would it have feathers on it?

MARG. Good gracious! don't you see we're engaged?

CARRIE. Oh, engaged, are you? When is it to be? Well, I'll git. But would his nose have feathers on it, Miss Higginson? (*Aside.*) Engaged, eh? Confound her! (*Savagely to Miss H——.*) Would it have feathers on it?

MARG. Yes, yes, yes.

CARRIE. You don't say so? Well, that is funny.

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Good-by. You see, poor little Stumps's legs ain't good like—like yours and other folks' legs, and I came to ask, 'cause his legs ain't good, and he wants to know. Good-by.

MARG. (*Aside.*) O gracious! And now I wish he would precipitate the interrogatory. (*Enter Carrie, hastily.*)

CARRIE. And oh, Miss Higginson-son, would them feathers on that nose be real long ones, or only pin feathers?

MARG. O dear, O dear, I shall go mad! Well, scientifically speaking, I should say long and beautiful feathers. Now go.

CARRIE. Long and beautiful! That settles it. I must hurry and tell Stumps, it'll tickle him. Funny about them feathers. If people had feathers grow'd on their noses, they wouldn't have 'em on their heads. (*Pointing to Margaret's hat.*)

MARG. Oh, she's just horrible.

LOGAN. The plan of my life now is to——

MARG. (*Anxiously.*) Yes? Yes? (*Enter Carrie, out of breath.*)

CARRIE. I say, Miss Higginson-son (*catching breath*)—Miss Higginson-son! Stumps wants to know if feathers did grow on that 'ere nose, and it was a rooster's feathers, would that 'ere man wake up in the night and want to crow?

MARG. Shades of Esculapius! No! No!

CARRIE. He wouldn't? Well, scientifically speaking, I don't believe you know. For Stumps thinks he would, and I think he would. But good-by, I'm going to ask the old doctor. There he goes walkin' under them trees, he's a real doctor, and he knows. I'll go and flirt with him, too, Mr. John Logan! (*Going aside.*) Guess I ruffled her feathers. And

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if John Logan wants to love her lookin' like that, why just let him. I don't care that for John Logan, and he knows it, too. I just hate and despise 'em both, I do. And I hate and despise John Logan with all my might and soul and body. I never did love him. I—I—I—(*Bursts into tears. Exit. L.*)

MARG. (*Aside.*) Why, what a queer child, quite beyond my comprehension. And such questions! Just as he was going to, to—— (*Aloud.*) Beautiful flowers, Mr. Logan, suggestions of—of—

LOGAN. Of the grave.

MARG. The grave?

LOGAN. Yes, here sleep the pioneers. They died in battle's front, hewing out the way for the world to come after them. Unhonored and unsung, the heroes of this age lie here by the wild Oregon. In a little time this rude cross will fall, the wheels of progress will roll over and level them with the earth. The new rich people will plough the lands, and the places that knew the pioneer will know him no more. This man, this heartless speculator, takes possession of all this—my mother's grave, these, all—all, and I must go away; for if I remained, I feel that I should murder him.

MARG. (*Aside.*) Ah! it's not a proposal after all; and he is going away because this man has taken his home. Well, that beats all. He don't want to settle down and raise a family.

LOGAN. (*Scatters flowers on grave.*) I go now. Good-by, my woods, my wind-waving trees, my snowy tents, and embattled home of storms! good-by; farewell forever. Goodby! (*Gives hand to Marg. Carrie enters.*)

CARRIE. Oh, enjoying yourselves this beautiful evening, eh? Well, I've been enjoying this beauti-

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ful twilight, myself. (*Aside.*) Why, she's just a holdin' onto him. Seems to me every woman wants him.

LOGAN. A beautiful girl should not be alone in the woods at night.

CARRIE. Oh, I am not afraid; and I wasn't alone. I have not been alone no more than you have been alone. The doctor has just left me. (*Sighing.*) He is such a fine-lookin' man, too, and he's awful rich, too. O my! How rich he is, too.

LOGAN. Yes, rich.

CARRIE. And he asked about you. He says you saved his life. I shouldn't wonder if he did something splendid for you, if you don't make a fool of yourself with some woman. Oh, he's awful rich. And pretty good-lookin', too, for an old coon. He said some of the nicest things to me ever I heard.

LOGAN. What do you call nice things? What did he say?

CARRIE. Well, he said that I was pretty, and—that I was very pretty. Ain't that a nice thing?

LOGAN. What else did he say?

CARRIE. Well, he said that I was pretty, and—that I was very, very pretty, and that I was very awful pretty, and tremendous pretty, and—and so on.

LOGAN. The monster! Carrie, there is to be trouble, deadly trouble here now. Go away.

CARRIE. Go away?

LOGAN. Yes. The sheriff comes from town to-night to give him possession of these lands; the settlers will resist. They will meet him here, at the bridge, and here will be blood shed. But oh, whatever happens, promise me that you will avoid that man as you would death!

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CARRIE. (*A moment thoughtful, then eagerly.*)
I promise.

LOGAN. Thank God, and thank you.

(*Gar., Phin., and settlers appear, watching from bridge, disappear.*)

CARRIE. Shoo! What is that? (*Shading eyes, and peering after settlers.*)

MARG. Why, I heard nothing.

LOGAN. But I did, and she, too. Ah, you learned people of the East know much about books and that, but we of the wilderness, where life often depends, are quick to hear and see. There is peril here. Oh, why will that old man so tempt these settlers? It will cost him his life.

MARG. Then I will go tell him and save him.
(*Going.*)

LOGAN. Bravely said, and do it at once. Haste! he is there. (*Exit Marg.*) And now, Carrie, good-by!

CARRIE. Now look here, she's gone; tell me are you goin' away 'cause you're afraid of Gar. Dosson. You ain't, are you?

LOGAN. I go because I am afraid—of myself.

CARRIE. Then you shan't go.

LOGAN. Hey? Then you do care if I go or stay?

CARRIE. Yes, yes. No, I don't really care, you know. (*Aside.*) Oh, what a chuckle-head I am. But stay if you ain't afraid of nothin'.

LOGAN. John Logan born and bred here, fitted only for battle, afraid? (*Aside.*) No; if she but care for me, I will stay, keep down my Indian nature, keep down my hot blood, and save my father, though they kill me for it.

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CARRIE. Why, Mr. John Logan, what—what—what are you going to do?

LOGAN. Stay here by the bridge; defend that old man whom I despised and you should hate; turn my hand against my neighbors, your uncle who insults me, all, save this old man, and then——

CARRIE. And then?

LOGAN. And then die for it.

CARRIE. Die for it. You shall not die. Why should you die?

LOGAN. Why should I live?

CARRIE. Because — because — why, because I have got to live, and it will be so lonesome then.

LOGAN. (*Starting, delighted.*) Can—can she love me? Carrie, Carrie, if you—if you had something to say and had so little time to say it in, what would you do? Say, what would you advise me to do?

CARRIE. Why, I'd advise you to say it right out.

LOGAN. Then, I love you!

CARRIE. (*Starts, falls in arms.*) Oh, the trees were never so beautiful as now! The world is a better world now, and heaven bends down in blue and gold, so new, so near that our mountain-tops touch paradise! And you shall live, and I shall love you always, always.

LOGAN. But my duty? If I again interfere, they will kill me.

CARRIE. You shall save his life and then fly.

LOGAN. Fly now? leave you? No; you ask the impossible now.

CARRIE. You shall save him and fly from all this, from those who hate and insult you here, to a gentler land. You shall, you must!

LOGAN. I will go, on one condition.

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CARRIE. And that is?

LOGAN. That you go with me. Will you go?

CARRIE. I will.

LOGAN. God bless you! (*Kisses her.*) Come!
(*Going together, L.*)

STUMPS. (*From without.*) Sister, sister, where are you?

CARRIE. Shoo! my brother. A year ago to-day you know your mother died, and we, you may not know why, but we have gathered flowers for her grave. Go this way (*points R.*), and wait one moment. He must not see you now, and yet I must see him and say good-by; for oh, I will be as dead to them all when I am gone as one of these dead sleeping here. Go, wait there in the wood, and return when he is gone.

LOGAN. Yes. (*Kisses and exit. Enter Stumps, L.*)

STUMPS. O sister! Why, you are all of a shiver. What's the matter, sister?

CARRIE. Yes; I came up here to put some flowers on the graves and—and I am chilly, and you are chilly. You must go back. Here are some sweet flowers; put them on the graves, and then go.

STUMPS. Yes, sister; and, sister, do you know the time we stole the peaches and Mr. John Logan's mother wouldn't sic Bose on you? Well, because she didn't, I gathered some flowers for her grave, I did. (*Shivers.*) And it's so cold, and it's goin' to storm, it is. (*Shivering.*)

CARRIE. (*Drawing him close, and covering with shawl.*) Brother, I want you to promise me to come here next year at this time, this very hour, to our mother's grave, and bring some flowers, the wild flowers that she liked so well. Not garden flowers,

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but wild flowers like these, and place them on her grave as we do to-night. Promise me (*sobbing*)—promise me you will.

STUMPS. I will, sister; I promise you, sister. I will come with you and uncle and bring flowers, the wild flowers that she liked, and put them here on her grave in just one year, sister.

CARRIE. But promise me to come, if I don't come.

STUMPS. If you don't come, sister? If you don't come?

CARRIE. Why, I may be sick or something may happen to me; I may not be able to come. But you—you will come, you can come, you—you can and you will come. Promise me you will.

STUMPS. I will, sister.

CARRIE. I knew you would promise me, and I know you will keep your promise. And you will put them on her grave with your own hands—with this, your own brown, brave little hand—won't you? And you will bring some flowers for her grave, too, for his mother's grave there.

STUMPS. Yes, I will; I will do it, sister, sure I will, because—because she didn't sic Bose on you.

CARRIE. Bless you, my brave little brother. And now here (*moonlight on graves*)—do you see that moonbeam falling there, white as our dear dead mother's face, just across her grave, through the trees?

STUMPS. I do, sister.

CARRIE. Then promise me that there, on this night, at this moment, when you see that shadow fall and that long white beam of moonlight there like God's finger pointing out the graves, that you will

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come and kneel (*kneeling*)—kneel here on this side and pray—pray for *me*.

STUMPS. Why sister, sister.

CARRIE. Promise, oh, promise me.

STUMPS. I will, sister; I will kneel here. (*Kneeling opposite her.*) With wild flowers in my hand I will lift my face on this side of the grave with the moonlight in my face and pray for you, sister, if I live. (*Moonlight on Carrie.*)

CARRIE. And if I live—if I live, so help me heaven, wherever I am and whatever I am, I will come and kneel on this side and over my mother's grave look you in the face, brother. (*Rising and clasping Stumps.*) Hush! I hear a step. (*Gar. appears R., and beckons to others back.*) Go! there is danger! Go, and go at once; you are getting cold, too; go!

STUMPS. But you are coming with me—you are coming home with me?

CARRIE. If you love me, go. Leave me here.

STUMPS. (*Throwing arms about her neck.*) Sister, sister, come with me. I am lonesome, sister, come.

CARRIE. (*Putting him aside and off.*) You love me? You love me, brother?

STUMPS. Love you? I have no one else to love since mother died.

CARRIE. Then go! (*Pushing him off.*) If you love me, go.

(*Exit Stumps, L. Enter Logan, R.*)

LOGAN. Carrie, those men are here to kill him now.

CARRIE. (*Looking off.*) You shall fly now, now, this instant. (*Urging off R.*)

LOGAN. (*Reluctantly going.*) Sees Doctor.

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Aside.) I must come back—must save him. (*Exit. Enter Doctor, R.*)

CALVINE. Bah! The Higginson try to frighten me. What? I hear somezins. Maybe ze sheriff he come now.

(*Shading hand over face, and looking after them. Enter Emmens, Dosson and Jake cautiously, L. Dosson sees Doctor, stops, and raises his gun.*)

DOSSON. I won't be balked again, Phin. I won't be fooled with any more. This shall do the job.

PHIN. (*Stopping him.*) No, no, not that. If it must be done, take the knife. They musn't hear the dog bark. (*Tapping knife in Dosson's belt.*) That is the medicine for him.

DOSSON. Partner, you are right. The dog does bark loud on the bank of a river. (*Handing gun to Jake and drawing knife.*) This, though, shall settle him. (*Enter Logan, bridge.*)

PHIN. (*To Gar.*) Stay; there is the Indian, John Logan!

DOSSON. Curse him!

PHIN. Let us hide in here. It won't be long. The old un will soon be alone, and we can settle him safe enough before the sheriff comes.

(*They retire up L. and exit L. 2 E. Doctor advances a step or two, sees Logan, and starts.*)

LOGAN. Sir!

CALVINE. Ah, you did save my life. You must let me do somethings for you. Somethings grand. But you must get out of here, get into ze great world. I get my land zis hour, when ze sheriff he come. Zen I go. I let it grows. You must go.

LOGAN. But you—you must go now.

CALVINE. What, I? Yes, soon; when ze sheriff

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come; he give me possession. He protect me till I go, and very soon I go.

LOGAN. You must go instantly; *now*; this moment. Nothing can protect you. Go!

CALVINE. But I——

LOGAN. Go! You must leave here *now*.

CALVINE. Oh, thank you, but——

LOGAN. No thanks. Go!

CALVINE. (*Going.*) But let me reward——

LOGAN. I have my reward. It is some satisfaction to save a man's life—however contemptible that man may be. (*Doctor starts and steps back.*) Go! I have done my duty. I can do no more. Now I, too, must fly. Good-by to my mother's grave—all.

CALVINE. (*Aside.*) His mother's grave! I must speak a him. (*To Logan.*) I feel interest in you. Who was your mother?

LOGAN. I do not know. Go!

CALVINE. Do not know?

LOGAN. (*Savagely.*) Why do you not go? You stand here and question me on a subject which is sacred. You stand here on ground that is holy. But I am not ashamed of my mother's life, or race, or name. She was the last of the royal Walla Walla's, and——

CALVINE. Royal Walla Walla's? And her name? her name?

LOGAN. My mother's name was Mokana. (*Doctor starts.*)

CALVINE. But your father?

LOGAN. He disowned my mother. And I disowned him!

CALVINE. Disowned your father?

LOGAN. Yes, and here, by her grave, I would still disown him and his name. For even in my

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childhood I chose out of the great people of my mother's race a name of my own, John Logan.

CALVINE. But she, she?

LOGAN. She could not prove her marriage. She had been betrayed and was abandoned. Her tribe thought her impure and abandoned her, as my father had abandoned her. She crept away here in the dark wilderness to hide her sorrow and her shame, and now she is in this grave.

CALVINE. Mon Dieu! Go on, tell me all, tell me all—all.

LOGAN. There is no more to tell. My mother, heartbroken and abandoned, came here, built her cabin, and hiding away from the world, friendless, sick and alone, she reared me as best she could in the ways of the white man. That is all. A brief and bitter tale. Now, go! go! go!

CALVINE. (*Down stage very excited. Turning suddenly and reaching out hand.*) John Logan, if your father, if he, he—he should come to you now—come to you and kneel and beg——

LOGAN. What do you mean? He must not come, not kneel or beg of me now. It is too late.

CALVINE. (*Excitedly.*) Hear me, hear me. It is a story like a story in a book. I—I have been read a story in ze book. It is of a man who marry a brave, true woman of ze wilderness, but he, proud, ambitious, fond of ze world, he deny his marriage, he go back to ze world he love. Years roll by. Ze man grow gray. His friends all pass away. He alone wiz nothing but moneys. Mon Dieu! How poor! wiz nothing in ze world but moneys! How poor!

LOGAN. How poor, indeed, with nothing but money.

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CALVINE. (*Not heeding.*) In despair he come back to ze wilderness. But he find one day he not alone. Ah! some one for him to love. His son a noble man, braver, better, so better zan he. His heart hunger and cry out in his loneliness, his desolation. He reach him ze hand, his open arms; he offer him all, fortune, position, all—all he has to give. What would you do? (*Logan starts and appears to understand.*) What would you have done, had you been zat son?

LOGAN. I? I? What would I have done? What would I have done, had I been that son?

CALVINE. Ay, what would you have done?

LOGAN. I? I should have remembered by mother's simple trust in the man who came with all the arts and advantages of civilized life. I should have recalled to him her betrayal and desertion. I should have remembered the bitter years of waiting, waiting. I should have remembered when her child came to ask her, where and who was his father? (*Doctor retreating all the time back to bridge, Logan following him up, hissing the words in his face.*) I should have remembered the long and lonely winters of that abandoned mother and her child by the cabin fireside, while the betrayer ranged the world in plenty and in pleasure. I should have remembered when she fell ill and lay there alone, while the boy went forth day after day to earn her bread. I should have remembered when she lay there at last in want, dying, dead. I should have remembered all this. And when *he*, her betrayer, my father, weary at last of the world came to me crying for love, I should have remembered my mother and her wrongs, my own dark and desolate life, and here, here by her grave, I should have

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murdered him. (*They reach bridge, Logan's hand raised, Doctor falls backward into river with a shriek—dash of real water. Enter Sheriff across bridge, and Emmens, Dosson, Jake, L. C.*)

LOGAN. My God, what have I done? He is my father! What have I done?

SHERIFF. You have murdered him! You are my prisoner.

(*Carrie appears, R. 2 E.*)

LOGAN. Murdered him? Great heavens! No, I am innocent!

DOSSON. You are guilty. We are witnesses against you. I saw you do it. I swear it as I live, I saw you.

CARRIE. And I swear, as I live, you lie.

Curtain.

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ACT IV.

SCENE: *Interior of Col. Jackson's log cabin. Door left flat near C. and window in L. flat L of door, both practical, window to show river and snow falling on the outside, and transparent enough to show characters passing. Door in R. flat practical, 2 door open so as to show interior, on the inside, fire in grate R. in 2. Gun and powder-horn and sabre hanging over fire-place. Rustic arm-chair R. near fire-place. Table and three chairs L. C. in 2 door R. about 3. Carrie discovered, business real fire and a little real powder in horn with false stopper. An Indian dress and arms all complete, hanging about fire-place and on flat.*

CARRIE. (*Setting table and fixing fire as she talks.*) Brother will bring me news of him, John. Oh, it is terrible, this storm, and he out in it all. This sudden mountain storm. Terrible! terrible! They say he drowned his father. They couldn't take him—they dared not take him last night on the bridge up yonder. They are hunting him—hunting him in this storm, and oh, this savage mountain storm makes it dreadful. Hunting him from thicket to thicket. He hides with the wild beasts. They come upon him there, he starts up and dashes away; they fire at him, wound him, and they track him by the blood in the snow.

(*Enter Stumps, door L. C., on crutch, is brushing off snow as he comes down to fire.*)

STUMPS. My goodness, sister, this is an awful night. What a cranky country to have such sudden storms.

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CARRIE. (*Eagerly.*) What news, brother, what news?

STUMPS. Oh, it's awful, sister. I tell you it's too awful.

CARRIE. What has happened? Where is uncle? What is it? And he—John Logan?

STUMPS. He's been there, yes he has, he's been up there by his mother's grave. And he's been to the squire's house, but he couldn't get in, for they had a big dog tied to the gate. Sister, they tracked him all around by the blood in the snow.

CARRIE. O brother!

STUMPS. Don't be afraid, sister, he has gone away now, they say. Oh, if he would go away and stay away, far, far away, I'd be just as glad, as glad as I could be.

CARRIE. So would I. (*Aside.*) And I would go with him and help him, follow him to the ends of the earth as I promised that night.

STUMPS. And oh, I tell you, that old feller down there that came to buy the land of Frenchy, he's awful cross, 'cause he paid somethin' and got nothin'. And oh, I tell you, I seed that woman in specs, and oh, I tell you, she was just a'scootin' around with little Archibald Shuttelbuck like a hen in a hail storm. (*Rising and crossing to table, putting crutch on table.*) I'm hungry, sister, ain't you got somethin' to eat? Uncle he's down to the grocery, and Gar. Dosson he's down to the grocery, too, and he swears awfully about John Logan! he says it's the Injun that's in him, that made him kill the old man. Do you think it was the Injun that was in him, sister, made him kill the ole man?

CARRIE. Oh, don't speak of it, please. (*Sets bread.*) There, Stumps, that is all there is to eat,

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only some bread. And you must leave some for uncle. (*Sitting at table.*) And the squire's girls let 'em tie a dog to their gate to keep him away. (*Rises savagely.*) I should have killed the dog first. If John Logan should come here, bleeding, starving, dying, I would open that door to him, take him in here, and if he must die, we would die together.

(*Logan passes window; listens as she speaks.*)

STUMPS. Yes, we would; we'd let him sit by this fire and get warm, 'cause his mother didn't sic Bose on you, sister.

(*Enter Logan stealthily and slow, door L., clothes torn, etc. Is wounded and very feeble.*)

LOGAN. Carrie, I have come to you. Yours is the only door that will open to me now.

CARRIE. (*Springs to arms.*) John Logan! John Logan!

LOGAN. I am dying!

CARRIE. Dying? Oh, Mr. John Logan, come and sit down, it is warm here. (*Carrie, supporting him, leads him to big chair by the table.*) This cabin is open to you, John Logan, always, you know, and why did you not come before? You shall not be driven away from here as you have been from other cabins. (*Stumps has put the bread he was eating on the table.*) And here is something to eat, Mr. John Logan. (*Hands bread, then rises and pins and fixes torn clothes on shoulder, as Logan attempts to eat.*)

LOGAN. (*Solus.*) Oh, I was indeed starving, and they have saved my life. Bread! Bread! Bread! How grateful everybody ought to be for every mouthful of bread.

CARRIE. (*Aside.*) Poor John Logan. But he is naked as well as hungry. I know what I'll do,

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I'll give him the clothes of the old war chief that was killed by uncle's company last year, and they will keep him warm till the storm is over, or he can get away. (*Has taken down buckskin hunting shirt, long strip of skin for head-band, moccasins, belt with knife and tomahawk and beaded leggings.*)

STUMPS. I wish there was more, I do, it ain't much—it ain't much, Mr. Logan, but it is all there is.

LOGAN. (*Aside.*) All there is? And they were eating it. (*Pushes back plate.*) I—I really forgot, I—I am not hungry, I have had my supper, I—I, oh, no, I am not hungry—not hungry! (*Rising.*) Carrie, they have tied a dog to the door over yonder.

CARRIE. There is no dog tied to this door, Mr. John Logan. But don't you know you will surely be taken, killed, if you go out?

LOGAN. Father in heaven, who should know it better than I?

CARRIE. You shall stay in this house here—here in this warm home till you are warm and well.

LOGAN. And be taken, tried and hung as a murderer.

CARRIE. Murderer! I know that men will stand up and swear that you threw him down into the river, but no, no, no, you are not a murderer!

LOGAN. I swear—I swear by the grave of my mother yonder, that this hand is as white as the snow that covers her.

CARRIE. And I believe you. Before and against all the world I believe you.

STUMPS. (*Aside.*) I reckon, I better bar the door. Sis seems awful troubled, and I reckon he'll stay awhile. (*Stumps goes up and bars door L. C.*)

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CARRIE. But did you know he was your own father?

LOGAN. I did, I did. This was the man to whom my mother owed all her misery. And then to question me at such a time, at such a place! Carrie, as he stood before me there by my mother's grave, all my mother's wrongs, her desolation, her death, all my wrongs, the scorn and the persecution—all my Indian nature sprang up within me; the hot blood of my mother's race outran that of yours, and I felt that I could murder him.

CARRIE. But you did not.

LOGAN. I did not touch him. And now that he is dead, I feel that I ought to have forgiven him when he asked me to. And, Carrie, I have forgiven him—I have forgiven him as I hope to be forgiven.

CARRIE. But to-morrow, when warm and strong, you will fly, far, far away.

LOGAN. No, Carrie, I will not go far. I do not fear death. Yonder in her grave lies the only being who ever befriended me. I will die here. But I have one wish, one request, only one. I know you are weak and helpless and can't do much, and I ought not to ask you to do even this.

CARRIE. Whatever it is you ask, John Logan, I'll do it.

STUMPS. (*Coming close.*) And I'll help her too, Mr. John Logan.

LOGAN. Thank you, thank you both. No, I will not fly far. Then how could I ever escape? God has set a mark on me. All would know me. No, I will die here. It may be to-night, it may be to-morrow. It may be now, as I turn to go out at that door. It may be as I kneel bleeding in the

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snow at my mother's grave. But sooner or later it will come.

CARRIE. Oh, this is dreadful. But please, John Logan, what is it we can do?

LOGAN. Listen; all the days of my life have been dark and dreary. I am about to die now, and I want you to see that I am buried beside my mother up yonder. I am so weak; so weary, and I could rest there; and then, she, poor broken-hearted mother, might not be so lonesome then.

CARRIE. Oh, if it must be——

LOGAN. Do you promise?

CARRIE. (*Resolutely.*) I do promise. I will do this, John Logan, if it must be. I will do this; I swear it!

LOGAN. Thank you! Thank you! And now, good-night. I must be going, lest I draw suspicion on you and yours. Good-night. Good-night. God bless you. (*Going.*)

CARRIE. No, you shall not go out into the cold, clad so. Here, put on these, the old war chief's clothes. What better use for them could be found?

LOGAN. But they—well, I will put them on. (*Puts on coat and belt and then falls in seat, and Stumps puts on leggings as he talks. Carrie meantime puts on headband.*) But do you know, Carrie, when I look upon this Indian warrior's garb I feel a strange, wild thrill of fire in my blood? My veins fill full and run hot at the touch and sight of this, my people's battle garb! And I am removed a thousand years from the source of civilization or the white man's face. (*Rises and grows stormy and fierce.*) And now that I am girt and clad in this token of command and the chieftainship of my departed race, I grow strong and bold

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and lionlike, eager for blood and ready for desperate battle.

CARRIE. (*Shrinking away.*) Oh, how changed, and yet how grand and noble he has grown. But I fear his wrongs have made him mad.

LOGAN. Ah, now I see the ruin of my race, and I feel these centuries and centuries of wrong that has driven us from sea to sea, and swept us from the earth. The whole dread story passes before my vision. I see my simple people kneeling on the sand with outstretched arms to welcome the sea-worn and famished strangers to our shores; we take them to our hearts, we warm them at our fires and feed them well. We tell them stories of peace and cheer and good will, and give them lands and homes and heaps and heaps and heaps of gold. And in return take poison, disease, treachery, insult and shame, death and the annihilation of a race of gentlewomen and mighty warriors! (*Snatches knife and tomahawk from belt.*) Ah, I could kill! kill! kill! (*Turns, meets Carrie, she looks him in the face.*)

CARRIE. John Logan, John Logan, don't you know me? Don't you know your little Carrie?

LOGAN. (*Looks at her and is gentler.*) Your eyes, your sweet face, the sight of you makes me gentle again. You bring me back to the peace and tranquility of your own soul, as I look into your dear eyes, and I, the Indian, am once more even as you are.

CARRIE. Oh, that I could lead you, guide you, by word or deed, to safety and from all trouble. Will you not go?

LOGAN. Yes, that is it, go and seek safety in

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flight. You are right. It would be foolish, wrong to remain here and shed blood. Good-by, good-by.

CARRIE. No, no, not good-by, but good-night; and go; and wherever you are or whatever you are, I love you. Go, quick! I hear something. (*Forms appear at window, look in, pass, and then pound at door. Carrie running to door, R. C.*) Here! Here! In here, quick, quick! You are safe here.

(*Exit Logan, R. Carrie closes door as Stumps unbars door in L. flat, and after entrance bars door again. Enter Marg. and Archie; ulsters, a basket borne heavily by Archie.*)

STUMPS. (*Aside and delighted.*) Only the old hen and her one little chicken. Well, what in the born world does Boston want to turn out in a snow storm for, anyhow? Guess they must like it.

ARCHIE. (*Brushing snow.*) Good-evening, miss; pleasant weather.

MARG. Very pleasant weather and profitable weather. Snow good for fruit, crops, grain, cereals of all kinds. Scientifically speaking, the ammonia contained in snow is——

ARCHIE. Oh, scientifically speaking, let up, so that I can let down this basket. (*Business, all time of bearing basket heavily.*)

MARG. Archie! But I do insist, miss, the weather is very deliciously delightful.

STUMPS. (*Timidly.*) I reckon you mean to say, mum, that the weather is very delightful, compared to Boston weather.

MARG. Boston weather is of age, I guess, and can speak for itself; what I mean to say is that this is delightful weather, very delightful weather for picnics.

STUMPS. (*Aside.*) O my, what a lie.

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MARG. Yes, and Archie and I are going to have a picnic, too. You see we were going to have it under the trees up on the mountain. Archie is fond of carrying little baskets like that up on mountains. But then this little snow came on, and as the twilight had gently faded away in the far and transcendant——

ARCHIE. In other words, as it was dark. Oh, hurry up. Carrie, we want your table to put our picnic on. (*Sets heavily on table.*)

MARG. Yes, that's it exactly. We said to ourselves, well, now it is wet under the trees, said we to ourselves, and although the snow is beautiful and pure and inspiring and useful for fruit and grain, one cannot be too familiar with her. One cannot, to use a Westernism, one cannot sit down on nature with impunity, without injuring one's health.

ARCHIE. No, you cannot sit down on nature, you see, if nature is too moist, that's it, and so we are going to sit down on you, if you don't stop. The fact is, Carrie, we got the picnic all ready. (*Setting table, white cloth and tempting dishes*). And so it snowed and people would not come up there under the trees to eat it, why we thought if you would furnish the table and the—the—the water (*Stumps brings water*), why we'd have a booming big picnic right here. And if that poor fellow, John Logan, should come (*Carrie starts and looks*), why, there would be enough for all to eat and some to throw away. (*Sings and sets table.*)

My father had a muley cow,
She came to him astray;
She gave milk enough for all to eat
And some to throw away.

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(*As ringing.*) First bell and last bell; sit right down, and if you love your country, eat.

STUMPS. (*Eats greedily. Aside to Carrie.*) The Boston people ain't so bad after all, are they sister? Look here, they did it on purpose, sis. They know'd we was short, they did. They ain't bad, they ain't.

CARRIE. No, no, poor starved little Stumps, they are not bad. (*Takes food slyly, slips away, and contrives to put it through door to Logan. Business Marg. watching, surprised, etc.*)

STUMPS. (*Choking.*) No, I guess Boston people ain't really bad, but only cranky. They're cranks. But the good kind of cranks they are.

MARG. (*To Carrie.*) And Logan? Do you know where he is?

CARRIE. (*Greatly embarrassed.*) I—I—he wants to be buried by the side of his mother.

MARG. Buried! Buried! He doesn't want to be buried. He wants to live. He's just got ready to live, richest man in all the West. That old Frenchman was his father. Drowned now and a good riddance. He's rich. All he wants is some one to manage him. Just like all men, though. Never was a man yet that didn't need a woman to manage him. Why, that man shouldn't be running away and hiding like that. He's worth half a million. The whole country here is his, and he's hiding away from a web-footed sheriff and a lot of border ruffians. Why, in my hands he'd be sitting in his carriage with his educated and refined wife by the side of him, teaching him the origin of the Greek roots.

CARRIE. (*Starting up.*) I—I can't make you out. I'm afraid of you. I think you are mean,

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yes, I do, 'cause you love John Logan. You are mean.

MARG. I, mean?

CARRIE. You are so mean that if you was a cow you wouldn't give down your milk; yes, you'd only give down water, and dirty water at that.

MARG. (*Aside.*) Poor, dear, wearied, and worn-out child of nature. My little sister, it is not mean to love John Logan; else you, my child, would be very mean. Was it mean to get up this little dinner for that poor boy who has enjoyed it so? Is it mean to leave this here for poor Uncle Joe when he comes home from the grocery? And if John Logan should come now——

CARRIE. Forgive me. It is I that is mean. You shall, you must manage, think for him; that is best.

MARG. There, there, your great little heart is flowing over.

ARCHIE. (*Wiping her eyes.*) Now, you just let her manage; she's as sharp as she's angular, and that's saying she's pretty sharp, and good; but she's been a school-marm, and wants to run everything, that's what's the matter with her. And then she's chuck full of science and all sorts of Greek roots, Bunker Hill, and Pilgrim fathers. But don't you mind her. You don't, do you? You wouldn't mind a grizzly bear if it was to come in at that door, would you? Now, what would you do if a grizzly bear was to come in at that door?

CARRIE. What would I do? Why, I'd just take him by the jaw and twist his jaw off of him.

ARCHIE. Good, good. You ain't afraid of anything, are you? (*Aside.*) Ah, that's the kind of a girl, that's the kind of backbone I like. I don't

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like people that's got their backbone all in their tongue.

CARRIE. Well, I'm going to trust her anyhow, and before the sheriff and Gar. comes up from the grocery, I'm going to let John Logan go, right now. I'm going to trust you, both of you Boston folks. (*Springs to door, and opens.*) Here, John Logan, go, go for your life, before they come. (*Margaret and Archie cry out. Faces of Gar, Sheriff, Col. seen at window, as Logan, after embracing Carrie, is about going. In despair, returns to room. Enter all; surprise at table. Gar. rude, Col. gentle; lifts his hat and bows politely to strangers, Stumps and Carrie, and staggers to chair at R. of table.*)

GAR. Hello, Carrie, you know'd I was acomin', didn't you? Set the table and got yourself fixed up, didn't ye? The bouncingest gal that ever sucked a paw paw! Purty, ain't she? And when is it going to be, Bricks? pretty soon now, eh? Old blossom nose, pretty soon, I guess, now that I've got rid of that Injin.

COL. Umph! I—I've got 'em again, Carrie. Fly around, Carrie, and get us somethin' to eat (*hic*), fly around, Carrie, fly around like a (*hic*) house afire.

CARRIE. Yes, uncle. Oh, you are shaking like a leaf.

GAR. He's drunk, that's what's the matter with him.

CARRIE. He's not drunk; it's ague. Poor, poor Uncle Joe.

GAR. He ain't drunk, eh? Well, I got somethin' to show ye; sheriff brought it up from town just now. (*Takes poster out of pocket, staggers up, and pins it on flat.*) Look at that! (*Reads.*) One thou-

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sand dollars (*hic*) for capture of John Logan for murder. Can't let Injins murder people (*hic*). (*Staggers up to Carrie.*) What do you say to that, Reddie? That's a fine fellow to have for a lover, ain't it? That's what I call a valuable lover—worth a thousand dollars, eh, old blossom nose? Guess I'll git to sell him, anyhow.

COL. (*Rising.*) You will, will you? Well, maybe you will (*hic*), but if you do, if you catch that man, and if you get a cent of that money (*hic*) for catching that man, you don't enter that door again. No, sah! don't lift that latch-string again, as long as old Col. Jackson has a fist to lift.

CARRIE. (*Rushing up, and embracing Col.*) Good for you, Uncle Joe, dear, good, brave old Uncle Joe. I like you—I love you for that.

COL. No, sah! don't hit a man when he's down, sah! That's the true doctrine of a gentleman, sah, the true doctrine of a Southern gentleman is (*hic*) the little horse in the horse race, sah, the bottom dog in the dog fight, sah, the—(*hic*). (*Falls helpless on Carrie's shoulder. She sits him in chair. Sheriff keeps up stage.*)

GAR. The true doctrine of a gentleman. The sheriff, Bricksie (*points*), he gave me that 'ere bill, he did. He's goin' round to all the houses in the settlement and swearin' 'em all on a book that they don't know nothin' about John Logan. Oh, can't let an Injun go! Now, if it war a white man, it wouldn't be so bad. Yes, sheriff, he's come to search and swear ye.

CARRIE. (*Starting.*) But what for? Why has he come here?

GAR. 'Cause he wants to know what you know about John Logan.

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COL. Fly around, Carrie, fly around. The sheriff and the strangers are here (*hic*)—fly around, fly around.

SHERIFF. Sorry to disturb you, colonel, and you, miss, sorry indeed to disturb you both. But you see I've been searchin' 'em all and swearin' 'em all, and it's only fair to serve all alike.

COL. Sah, you honor me with your presence. But, sah, he is not here. Upon the honor of a Virginia gentleman, he is not here, sah.

GAR. (*Has staggered across and found Logan's old hat which Carrie threw away. Shouting excitedly and savagely.*) He is here. And I as an honest man am goin' to earn a thousand dollars for the sake of justice. I have found him (*flourishing hat*)—found him all by myself. And you, strangers, can't have no hand in my find. (*All excited. Gar. rushes up to door R. flat and attempts to kick it open. Stumps has previously gone up there, and is standing guard, crutch in hand.*)

STUMPS. That's my sister's bedroom, and if you kick that again, I'll knock your cussed head off.

COL. Right, my boy, right. The sheriff is the only man that shall search Col. Jackson's house.

SHERIFF. Quite right, colonel, quite right, but who is there?

GAR. (*Loud and aggressive.*) John Logan is there. I have found him. I will break that door down. I have found him, I will have him! (*Knocks Stumps aside, and lays hold of door.*)

CARRIE. (*Catching hold of powder-horn and jerking out stopper with her teeth, holding it over fire-place, some powder is let fall, and flame burst up.*) Break that door open if you dare. This horn is full of powder, and if any man dares open that

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door, I'll blow you all into eternity. (*Sheriff starts to door where Logan is.*) Mr. Sheriff, please don't go there. I tell you, Mr. John Logan is not there.

ARCHIE. (*Wild with delight.*) Bravo! (*Then runs away and crowd cowers.*)

GAR. (*To Sheriff.*) But he is here, Mr. Sheriff, I tell you he is here. That's his hat. I found him, and I want him, and I want that thousand dollars. Search!

CARRIE. Won't you take my word, won't you, please, Mr. Sheriff?

GAR. No, you shall take my word.

SHERIFF. Miss, I'll take your single word against a thousand such dogs. (*Putting on cap and starting up stage; Carrie, delighted, drops horn on table.*)

GAR. But he is here. The thousand dollars, Mr. Sheriff.

SHERIFF. Hold your tongue. (*Stops, turns to Carrie, twisting cap.*) Miss, officers sometimes have duties that are more unpleasant to them than to the parties most concerned. You say he is not here?

COL. On the honor of a Virginia gentleman he is not here (*hic*). I say the man is not within my mansion, sah.

CARRIE. (*Before Sheriff, clasping hands.*) Oh, he is not here, Mr. Sheriff, he is not here.

SHERIFF. (*Hesitating.*) And would you mind to swear that he is not here, as the other neighbors have? Carrie bows head. So much the better, and that will be quite satisfactory. Ah, here is a Bible on your mantle shelf. (*Crosses, takes Bible, holding it to Carrie standing to R. of her, thus leaving C. open. Col. falls asleep in chair.*) It may be my duty, miss, to search the house after what that ruf-

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fian said, and I expect it is my duty. But, miss, I am not the man to embarrass you before one as would like to see you bullied. And then that poor fellow that came back here, miss, a bleedin', crawlin' back here on his hands and knees to die here at his mother's grave. I— (*wipes tears away from his eyes with hand, then lifting his hand says*) swear, miss!

GAR. (*Aside.*) She can't. She believes in the Book, and she can't.

SHERIFF. Hold your hand on the book, miss, and swear as I swear, miss.

CARRIE. (*Hand on Bible.*) I am ready, Mr. Sheriff.

SHERIFF. Say it, as I say it. I do solemnly swear—

CARRIE. I do solemnly swear—

SHERIFF. That John Logan—

CARRIE. That John Logan —

SHERIFF. Is not here.

CARRIE. Is—

LOGAN. (*Throwing open door.*) Is here! (*Comes strtight down to Carrie.*) God bless you! God bless you and God will reward you for this. I lose my life, but you have saved my soul. (*Turning to Sheriff.*) Now, sir, John Logan is ready to die.

GAR. (*Very loud and blustering.*) I want that thousand dollars. That's what I want. It's mine. I found him, and it's mine. Do you hear, Mr. Sheriff, all mine. Hang him as soon as you like, but I want my thousand dollars. You offered that, and I want it.

MARG. Hold! Not too fast. For what did you

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offer reward, Mr. Sheriff? For the capture of John Logan?

SHERIFF. I offered the reward for the capture of a murderer. It was my duty, miss, duty. I am ashamed of it, too. I would rather be a rail splitter than hunt down men. But it was duty, miss, duty. You see, miss, this young man murdered his father, Dr. Pierre Calvine.

MARG. How do you know? How do you know that old Pierre Calvine did die? Science, law, equity demand proof, proof, sir.

SHERIFF. Well, miss, I was coming down from town with the documents to put the doctor in possession of his lands. I was to meet him at the bridge on the banks of this river. But when I came thar last night to the bridge above thar, I saw this man throw him over the bank—murder him. Maybe his foot slipped and he fell hisself. But *he* did it, I saw it.

GAR. And I seed it too.

MARG. (*Adjusting specs.*) You *seed* it, did you?

GAR. Of course I did.

CARRIE. I was there, and I swear that he is innocent. But my oath, the oath of poor Bricks, is worth little against all these.

MARG. But who can swear the man is dead? Where is his body? (*All start and look surprised.*) Scientifically speaking, where is the corporeal substance, the body?

GAR. (*Furiously.*) He is dead. (*Aside.*) He's got to be dead. We loose the land if he ain't. I lose a thousand dollars! If he's left the country again for good that's all right. But he's dead. (*To Margaret.*) I seed the remains, I did. (*Taps breast.*)

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MARG. You seed the remains?

GAR. I did!

MARG. And where did you see the remains?

GAR. Floatin' on that river (*points out window*), down below. You didn't suppose I seed 'em up, floatin' up, did you? No, I seed 'em a floatin' down.

MARG. You seed 'em a floatin' down?

GAR. Of course, I did. And that Injin killed him.

DOCTOR. (*Enters C., shivering and dripping, and battered hat, and as half drowned. Shivering, teeth chattering.*) Umph if I had not been the best swimmer! (*Shivers down C., crowd falls back.*)

CROWD. Hey?

DOCTOR. I fall in ze river. (*Shivers, looks about, sees Logan with Gar., rope in hand, at his side, and Carrie clinging to him.*) Why, what zis mean?

CARRIE. Why, they mean to hang him for killing you. Why didn't you come before if you wasn't drowned? Ye old sardine? Ye old water-rat?

GAR. He's alive. Good-by.

SHERIFF. (*To Gar., who is going.*) Hold, I want you! (*Irons him.*) That will keep you quiet. You swore this man was dead. Swore you saw his dead body. We want you.

DOCTOR. (*Grasping hands.*) My son, can you forgive me?

LOGAN. With all my heart.

CARRIE. Me, too, if you'll behave yourself and—(*Business of asking blessing.*)

DOCTOR. (*Gives Carrie to Logan, blessing.*) Take her, you are rich now. (*To Col.*) And now, you see ze world and culture. I have my lesson; ze settler keep his land. I am rich; he is rich; we no want it; we go away.

AN OREGON IDYL

MARG. Yes, let us return to the most civilized spot in the world.

ARCHIE. And that is—

COL. Old Virginia, sah.

MARG. No, Boston. Virginia is a very good country. But Virginia is too far away from Boston to be much of a place.

Curtain.

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